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CAPTAIN INNOCENCIO

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THE moon was not yet two hours high when Captain Innocencio prepared to let himself over the side of the schooner. Outside, the Caribbean was all agleam, save where the coral reef teeth gnashed it into foam; inside, a sand beach, yellow in the moonlight, curved east and west like a causeway until the distance swallowed it. Back of that lay the groves of cocoanut trees, their plumes waving in the undying undulations that had never ceased since first the trade-winds breathed upon them. Beneath the palms themselves the jungle was ink-black, patched here and there with silver. The air was heavy with the slow rumble of an ever restless surf, and, all about, the sea was whispering, whispering, as if minded to tell its mysteries.

It was the sort of night that had ever wakened wild impulses in Captain Innocencio's breast. It was on such a night that he had first felt the touch of a woman's lips; it was on such another night that he had first felt a man's warm blood upon his hands. That had been long ago, to be sure, in far Hayti, and since that time both of those sensations had lost much of their novelty, for he had lived fast and hard and his exile had plunged him into many evils. It was on such a moonlight night, also, that he had begun his wanderings, fleeing southward between moonrise and moonset, southward, whither all the scum of the Indies floated. But, even to this day, when it came to the full of a February moon, with the fragrant salt trades blowing and the sound of a throbbing surf beneath it, the sated, stagnant blood of Captain Innocencio went hot, his thin mulatto face grew hard, and a certain strange exultance blazed within him.

His crew had long since come to recognize this frenzy, and had they now beheld him, poised half nude at the rail, his fierce eyes bent

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upon the forbidden shore, they would have ventured no remark. As it happened, however, they were all asleep, all three of them, and the Captain's lips curled scornfully. What could black men know about such subtleties as the call of moonlight? What odds to them if yonder palm fronds beckoned? They had no curiosity, no resentfulness; otherwise they, too, might have dared to break the San Blas law.

It was four years now since he had first begun to sail this coast, and even though he was known on every *cay* and bay from Nombre de Dios to Tiburon, and even though it was recognized that the Señor "Beel Weelliams" paid proper price for cocoa- and ivory-nuts, his head trader had never beaten down the people's distrust. On the contrary, their vigilance had increased, if anything, and now, after four years of scrupulous fair dealing, he, Captain Innocencio, was still compelled to sleep off-shore and under guard, like any common stranger.

'ONE NIGHT HE SLIPPED OVER SIDE AND SWAM ASHORE"

It had made the Haytian laugh, at first; for who would wish to harm a San Blas woman, with the streets of Colon but a hundred miles to the west? Then, as the months crept into years, and for voyage after voyage he never saw a San Blas woman's face, he became furious. Next he grew angry, then sullen, and a sense of injury burned into him. He set his wits against theirs; but invariably the sight of his schooner's sails was a signal for the women to melt away — invariably, when night came, and he and his blacks had been herded back aboard their craft, the women returned, and the sound of their voices served to fan the flame within his breast.

Night after night, in sheltered coves or open river-mouths, the Captain of the *Espirita* had lain, belly down, upon the little roof of the deckhouse, his head raised serpent-wise, his gloomy eyes fixed upon the cook-fires in the distance. And when some woman's figure suddenly stood out against the fire-lit walls, or when some maiden's song came floating seaward, he had breathed curses in his bastard French, and directed a message of hate at the sentinel he knew was posted in the jungle shadows. At times he had railed at his crew of spiritless Jamaican "niggers," and lusted for a following of his own kind — men with the French blood of his island in their veins, men who would follow where the moonlight flickered. He had even gone so far, at one time, as to search the water-fronts from Port Limon to Santa Marta in quest of such fellows; he had winnowed the offscourings of the four seas gathered there, but without success. They were villainous chaps, for the main part, crossed with many creeds and colors, and ready for any desperate venture; but he could not find three helpers of sufficient hardihood to tamper with the San Blas virgins. Instead, they had retold him the tales he already knew by heart: tales of swift and sudden retribution overtaking blacks and whites; retribution that did not halt even at the French or the hated *Americanos*. They told him that, of all the motley races gathered here since earliest Spanish days, the San Blas blood alone retained its purity. It was his boss, the Señor Williams, who had gone back farthest into his-

"HE LAY UPON THE ROOF OF THE DECKHOUSE, HIS GLOOMY EYES FIXED UPON THE COOK-FIRES IN THE DISTANCE"

tory, and it was he likewise who had threatened him with prompt discharge if he presumed to trespass. The Señor Williams was not one to permit profitable trade relations to be jeopardized by the whim of a Haytian mulatto.

Innocencio had listened passively, then, when alone, smiled. He owed no loyalty. He had no law. Even the name he went by was a fiction.

He continued to make his trips, and when he came driving in ahead of the humming trade-winds, his schooner laden with the treasures of the islands, the back streets of Colon awoke to his presence and prepared to greet him. But, however loud the music in the *cantinas*, however fierce the exultation of the liquor in him, however wild the orgy into which he plunged, he could never quite drown the memory of those sleepless vigils far to the eastward; and ever in his quiet moments he heard the faint song of San Blas women wafted by the breath of the sea, ever in his dreams he saw the slim outlines of girlish figures, black against a flaring camp-fire.

Four years this thing had grown upon him, during which he haunted the San Blas coast. And then, one night, he slipped over side and swam ashore. It was not so dangerous as it seemed, for, once he had gained the shelter of the jungle, no less than a pack of hounds could have followed him, inasmuch as the thickets were laced by a network of trails that gave forth no sound to naked soles, and the rustling branches overhead, played upon by the never-ceasing breeze, drowned all signal of his presence. Once he had defied the tribal law, he knew no further peace. It was like the first taste of blood to an animal. Thereafter Innocencio the outlaw, whose name was a symbol of daring, became a jackal prowling through the midnight glades, casting the scent of the villages, and staring with hungry eyes from just beyond the shadow's edge. Rather, he became a panther, for in his caution was no cowardice, only a feline patience. Village after village he hunted until he had marked his prey. Then he waited to spring.

To be sure, he had never spoken with the girl, nor even seen her clearly; but the sound of her voice made him tremble.

To accomplish even this much had taken many trips of the *Espirita*, had meant many sleepless nights and some few tense moments when only the shadows saved him from betrayal. There had been times, for instance, when the quick simulation of a wild pig's grunt or the purr of *el tigre* had served to explain the sound of his retreat; other times when he had stood motionless in the shadows, the evil, rust-red blade of his machete matching the hue of his half-nude body.

To-night he crouched behind the deckhouse and ran his eye over the schooner in one final glance of caution. It was well that all should be in readiness, for the moment of his spring might come within the hour, or, if not to-night, then to-morrow night, or a week, a month, a

year from to-night, and then a tackle fouled or a block jammed might spell destruction.

He thrust his head through a loop of the leathern scabbard, and swung the huge knife back until it lay along the crease between his shoulders; then he seized the port stay and let himself softly downward over side. The water rose to his chin. Without a ripple, he glided into the moonlight astern, and a moment later his round black head was no more than a piece of bobbing drift borne landward by the current.

Down past the village he swam, noting the rows of dugouts on the beach. He saw a blot in the big mahogany *cayuca*, a great canoe hewn from one priceless trunk, and recognized it for the sentinel. On he floated, then worked his way ashore behind the little point. Once he felt the hard, smooth sand beneath his soles, he waited until a cloud obscured the moon, and, when the light broke through again, he was dripping underneath a wide-leaved breadfruit tree at the jungle's edge. Removing the machete from his neck, he wrung the water from his cotton trousers. Over his head a night-bird croaked hoarsely.

The girl was at her father's house, tending a fire on the dirt floor. It was a large house, for the old man was rich in daughters, and, by the San Blas rule, their husbands had come to live with him. He had waxed fat long ago on their labors, and now only this youngest one remained unmarried. But the ceremony was set. Innocencio had heard the news upon his arrival three days before, and had grudgingly bought a big store of tortoise-shell from the groom-to-be, knowing full well that the money was intended for the wedding celebration. Markeeña was the fellow's name, a straight, upstanding youth who more than once had excited the Haytian's admiration for his skill with a canoe. But since that day the latter had regarded him with smoldering eyes.

The big thatched roof with its bark-floored loft stood on posts blackened by the smoke of many feasts; there were no walls. The jungle crept close to it from the rear, and hence the watcher could witness every movement of the girl as she passed between the hammocks or stooped to her task. He could see, for instance, the play of her dark round shoulders above the neck of her shift. He ground his yellow teeth and gripped the moist earth with the soles of his naked feet, as a tiger bares its claws before the leap.

It was very hard to wait.

For an hour he stood there. Once a dog came to him and sniffed, then, recognizing a frequent visitor, returned to the house and resumed its slumber beside the fire. From the houses beyond came the sound of voices, of a child crying querulously, and of a woman quieting it. People came and went. An old hag began pounding grain in a mortar, crooning in a broken voice. The girl's father came rolling into view, and, after a word to her, struggled heavily up the ladder to his bed. He was snoring almost before the structure had ceased to creak beneath him. In the thicket a multitude of nocturnal sounds arose, the insect chorus of the night.

And then, before Innocencio realized what she was up to, the girl had stolen swiftly out and past him, so close that he could hear the scuff of her sandals on the beaten path. The next instant he had glided from cover and fallen in behind, his pulses leaping, his long, lithe muscles rippling; but he moved as silently as a shadow.

Had he been a less accomplished bushman he might have lost her, for she plunged into the jungle unhesitatingly. However, he had long ago learned these trails by daylight, and knew them better than the lines of his own palm; hence every moonlit turn, every flash of her white slip, found him close upon her track.

It puzzled him at first to discover her reason for this unexpected sally, but soon he decided she must be bent upon some mission. Then, when he saw that she purposely avoided the village and was bending toward the open palm grove abreast of his anchorage, he knew she must be going to a tryst. So Markeeña was the sentinel! That fellow in the mahogany *cayuca* was her lover! Innocencio, the dissolute, felt a flame of rage suffuse him; and when, at last, his quarry emerged into the mysterious half-light under the high roof of palms, and paused, he strode after her. She gave the melancholy call of the night-bird that had sounded in the breadfruit tree over his head earlier in the evening; then, seeing him close beside her, uttered a little cry of pleasure. Not until he was too near for flight did she discover her mistake, and then she seemed to freeze. Her utter silence was more menacing than a scream.

It was the instant for which he had schooled himself, so he spoke to her in her own tongue:

"Make no outcry! I will not harm you."

She drew back, at which he laid his great, bony hand upon her, his eyes blazing. She was deathly frightened, being little more than a child.

"I have waited for you many nights," he explained. "I feared you would never come." Then, as she continued to stare up at him uncomprehendingly, he ran on: "I am Inno-

"HE STRETCHED HIMSELF IN THE SHADE AND EYED HER COMPLACENTLY UNTIL HE FELL ASLEEP"

cencio, the trader. Every night I have watched you at your work. I want you for my woman."

Her voice had forsaken her utterly, but she struggled weakly, so he tightened his grip until his fingers sank into her flesh. She began to gasp as if from a swift run; the open neck of her garment slipped down over one shoulder; her eyes were distended until he saw them ringed about with white. The terror of this tall yellow man with the hungry eyes robbed her of power, and she let him drag her toward the lapping water as if she were no more than some weak, wild thing that he had trapped.

Of course she knew him, for, while the San Blas law may banish women, it can not blind them, and she too had studied him from concealment. Although his words had made no impression whatever upon her, his grasp and the direction he was drawing her in at last translated what was in his mind. Then she burst into life. But she made no outcry, for it takes strength to scream, and every atom of her

force was directed against his. She began to moan. Her every muscle writhed. With her free hand she tore at his entwining fingers, but they were like jungle creepers that no human strength could serve to loosen. And all the time he drew her with him, speaking softly.

Then she felt him pause, and her distracted vision beheld another figure entering the shadows from the shore. She called to her lover hoarsely, and saw him halt at the strange note, peering inward for a sight of her. She voiced words now for the first time, crying:

"The stranger! The stranger!"

Then, hearing the scrape of her captor's machete as he drew it from its scabbard, she renewed her struggle more fiercely.

Captain Innocencio held the girl at his left side until the last moment, balancing the great knife-blade as if to try his arm; then, when the Indian was close upon him, coming straight as a dart, he freed himself. A slanting moonbeam showed Markeeña's ferocious visage and his upraised weapon, but the Haytian met the falling blow with a fierce upward stroke that once before had done him service. It was the stroke that had made him an exile years before.

Innocencio's physical strength had ever been his pride, if also his undoing; above all things, he prided himself upon the dexterity and vigor of his wrist. His early training on that blood-red Caribbean isle, and a later life in thicket and swamp, had served to transform the cumbrous weapon into a thing of life at his hands. More than once, for instance, he had harried a serpent until it struck, for the mere satisfaction of severing its head in midcourse; and now he felt the wide blade enter flesh. Before his antagonist could cry out twice he had slashed again, this time downward as if to split a green cocoanut. The next instant he had seized the girl as she fled into the jungle.

But she had found her voice at last, and he was forced to muffle her with his palm. When they were out into the moonlight, however, with the dry sand up to their ankles, he let her breathe; then, pointing with his machete to the *Espirita* lying white and ghostlike in the offing, he drove her down into the warm sea until it reached her waist.

"Swim!" he ordered, and, when she would have renewed the alarm, he raised his blade, grimly threatening to call the sharks with her blood.

"Swim!" he repeated, and she struck out, with him at her shoulder.

But the village was roused. A confused clamor betrayed its bewilderment, and, before the swimmers had won more than half way to the schooner, figures came running along the shore. Innocencio cautioned the girl to hold her tongue, and she obeyed him, thoroughly cowed by his roughness. She turned upon her side and swam with her face close to his, her eyes fixed upon him curiously, wonderingly. Her easy progress through the water showed that her fright had largely vanished, and showed likewise that had the Haytian been no uncommon swimmer himself she might have distanced him. All the way out to the boat she stared at him with that same fixed look, maintaining her position at his side. The moon and the salt brine in his eyes played him tricks, else he might have fancied her to be half smiling, as if in some strange exaltation akin to his own.

Not until he finally dragged her, panting, to the deck of the *Espirita*, and her white-clad figure stood out clearly from the shore, did her tribesmen realize the nature of the alarm. Then the vibrant turmoil suddenly stilled for the space of a full minute, while the enormity of the outrage made itself felt. They drew together at the edge of the sea, staring open-mouthed, amazed, before they raised their blood-cry.

The man and woman rested a moment, their eyes upon the shore, and where they stood twin pools of water blackened the deck. Then Innocencio turned to look upon his prey. The girl's flimsy cotton shift was molded to her figure, and he saw that she was even fairer than he had pictured; so, in spite of his need for haste, he paused to gloat upon the favor the moon and the salt sea had rendered him. As for her, she flung his glance back bravely until he wrenched open the cabin hatch and pointed to the dark interior. Then she weakened. But she had a will of her own, it seemed, for she refused to be locked inside. He strode toward her, and she clutched the rigging desperately, turning her glance to one of appeal.

"You may come up in a moment," he translated, but still she clung to the stay. "If you try to escape—" He scowled upon her terribly, at which she shook her head. Having already tasted her strength, he knew there was no time to force her, so he leaped at his crew.

The three blacks were snoring forward of the deckhouse, so he seized a bucket of water at the rail and sluiced them into wakefulness, keeping his eye upon the girl meanwhile. When he saw that in truth she made no move, he let his caution slip, and raged over the ship like a tiger, beating his half-clad crew ahead of him with the flat of his machete; but by the time they had gained their wits the tribesmen were massing at the canoes. As the mainsail rose creaking he broke out the jib with his own hand, then with one stroke of his knife severed the manila mooring-rope, and

the *Espirita* fell off slowly ahead of the breeze. Innocencio ran back to spur his befuddled "niggers" to further activity, only to find the girl still motionless, her eyes following his every movement. Under his curses, the schooner slowly raised her wings and the night wind began to strain at the cordage.

But at last, when the Jamaicans were fully awake to the state of affairs, they threatened mutiny, whereat the mulatto flung himself upon them so savagely that they scattered to arm themselves with whatever weapons lay at hand. Then they huddled amidship, rolling their eyes and praying; for out from the shore came a long mahogany *cayuca*, and it was full of straight-haired men.

It takes a sailing-craft some time to gain its momentum, and as yet the full strength of the trades had not struck the *Espirita;* hence the canoe overtook her rapidly. Innocencio called to one of his men and gave him the tiller, then took stand beside the girl, the naked blade of his weapon once more beneath his arm.

The schooner's helmsman gave himself to God, while the cordage overhead began to whine as the deck rose. It was upon the Haytian's lips to warn his pursuers off, when one of them called to the girl, bidding her leap. Innocencio heard the breath catch in her throat, but she made no move, and the command was repeated.

This time she answered by some exclamation that he did not understand, whereat the canoemen ceased paddling, as if her word had paralyzed them. They hurled their voices at her savagely, but she remained motionless, the while the waters beneath her began to foam and bubble. The *Espirita's* crew ceased their prayers, and in the silence that ensued the sea whispered at the bow as the craft listed more heavily under the full force of the wind.

Innocencio could not fathom the meaning of the subdued colloquy among the San Blas men, so he shouted a warning, but, strangely enough, they made no answer. They only crouched, with paddles motionless, staring at the dimming figures facing them, until the *Espirita*, "wing and wing" ahead of the trades, was no larger than a sea-gull. As yet they had not learned of the other tragedy hidden in the shadow of the palms; had they suspected what lay weltering at the edge of a trampled moonlit glade behind them, no threat of Innocencio's, no plea of his new-found woman, could have held them back.

Once the schooner was under way, the Haytian led the girl to the deckhouse and thrust her roughly inside, closing the hatch. Then with his own hands he took his craft through the reef and out into the leaping Caribbean. Not until the San Blas coast was a mere charcoal line upon the port quarter and the salt spray was driving high did he deliver over the helm; but at last he gave his crew instructions for the night, and went below, closing and bolting the hatch behind him. When the smoky lamp that swung between the bunks was lit and its yellow gleam had illumined the interior, he saw the girl's eyes fast upon him. He went toward her across the tilting floor, and she arose to meet him, smiling.

II

Señor Bill Williams was in a fine rage.

"Didn't you like your job?" he questioned.

Innocencio shrugged languidly.

"Oh, yes! The job was good."

"You knew I'd fire you!"

"*Si!*"

The American tempered his indignant glare with a hint of curiosity. "You must love that San Blas girl."

"What do you say?"

"You must love her — better than your job, at least?"

"*Si, señor!* I suppose so."

"What is she like, Innocencio?"

"Well, she is just like other women. All women are alike — only some are fat. One time I had a female from Martinique, and she acted just the same as this one."

"Humph! If she is like all the others, what the devil made you — do it?"

"Señor, you have plenty of money, and yet one night I saw you bet two thousand pesos on the *rouge*. Why did you do that, eh?"

"That is altogether different."

The Haytian smiled. "I am tired of these females at Colon. They are common people — very common. Then, too, those San Blas people, they are so scared that somebody is going to steal a woman! Maybe if they had left me sleep on shore I would never have noticed no woman at all. But they don't trust me, so, sure enough — I steal one."

"And you say she came willingly?" queried Williams incredulously.

"Oh, yes! When her people commanded her to jump from my schooner, she refused them. I did not understand at the time, but by an' by she told me." He swelled his chest with pride. "I guess she never seen so brave a man as me before. Eh, señor?"

"Humph! I guess I never will *sabe* you niggers," acknowledged the American.

Innocencio corrected his recent employer, but without show of the slightest heat:

"I am no nigger, señor; I am Haytian. She is San Blas Indian. My father was not even so dark as me. Black men have thick heads and you have to beat them, but nobody ever beat me, not even a white man. When those niggers sleep I lie awake and study; I make schemes. That is why I left Hayti."

"Do you understand that you've got me into a hell of a fix? I've got to take a trip down there myself to square things."

Innocencio lighted a black cigarette and blew the smoke through his nose. Evidently other people's troubles did not concern him. Recognizing the futility of reproach or indignation, the former speaker continued:

"But see here, now! This girl? You can't keep her."

"Eh? Who's going to take her away?" interrogated the Haytian quickly. "Bah! One man tried that, and — I killed him with my machete." His thin lips drew back at the memory, and for an instant his yellow face showed a hint of what had made his reputation.

"She won't stay with you."

"Oh, yes, she will. She was wild, very wild at first, but — she will stay."

"And how about her people? They're bad *hombres*. Even the government lets them alone — fortunately for you."

"They won't make no trouble about that Markeeña. He is quite dead, I think."

"By Jove! You're a cold-blooded brute."

"Señor! You told me once that nobody had ever married a San Blas female, eh?"

"Yes. Even the old Spaniards tried it, but the blood is clean, so far; something unusual, too, in this country."

Innocencio began to laugh silently, as if at a joke.

"Some day, maybe, you will see a San Blas half-breed playing in the streets of Colon," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"I'll bet you my wages — two hundred pesos. Come! I'll show you."

"You get out of here," said the American roughly. "That's something I don't allow anybody to joke about." And, when the mulatto had gone, he continued aloud: "By Heaven, this is sure a tough country for a white man!"

Innocencio strode through the streets toward the swamp that lies behind the town, oblivious to the grilling midday heat that smote him from above, from the concrete walks beneath, and from the naked walls on every side. It was before the days of the American occupation, and the streets were nothing more than open cesspools, the stench from which offended sorely. Buzzards flapped among the naked children at play in the mire beside the sewer-ditches.

The place was filled with everything unhealthy, and had long been known as the earth's great festering sore. Neither the Orient nor the farthest tropics boasted another spot like Colon, or Aspinwall, as it had been called, with its steaming, hip-deep streets and its brilliant flowering grave-yards. So hateful had it proved, in fact, that when seamen signed articles binding themselves to work their ships into any corner of the globe, they inserted a clause exempting them from entering Aspinwall.

Now, however, the town was lively, for this was the dry season, when the fever was at its lowest, and the resorts were filled with the flotsam and jetsam of a tropic world. It was a polyglot town, moreover, set upon a fever-ridden mangrove isle serving as one terminus of the world's short cut, and in it had collected all the parasites that live upon the moving herd.

The French work of digging had but served to augment the natural population by a no less desperate set from overseas, and now from the open doors of their cubby-holes women of every color greeted the passer-by.

Innocencio, whose last exploit was already a thing of gossip, received unusual attention, there being no color line in Colon town. White, yellow, and black women fawned upon him and bade him tarry; but he merely paused to listen or to fan their admiration by a word, then idled onward, pleased at the notice he evoked.

Once fairly out of the pest-hole, he threaded his way through the swamp toward the other shore of the island. Blue land-crabs scuttled among the mangrove roots at his approach; the place was noisy with the hum of insects; on every hand the heated mud gave forth a sound like the smack of huge moist lips. But on the other side he came into a different domain. Here the sea breeze banished the hovering miasma, the shore was of powdered coral sand, a litter of huts drowsed beneath a grove of cocoa palms, while a fleet of *cayucas* lay moored to stakes inside the breakers or bleaching in the sun.

Captain Innocencio was a person of some importance here, for, besides his occupation as a trader, he exacted toll from a score or more of lazy blacks. They were a lawless crew, gathered from the remotest corners of the Indies, and composed of Jamaicans, "Bajans," and Saint Lucians, all reared to easy life and ripe for such an occasional crafty pilgrimage as Innocencio might devise. They had gathered around him naturally, paying him scant revenue, to be sure, yet offering a certain loyalty that had its uses. Although

the village was but a mile from the town itself, Innocencio's word was law; and when the Colombian soldiers were called upon to visit the spot, they came in numbers, never singly.

The girl was seated on the rickety porch of his cabin, her feet drawn under her, her chin upon her knees. The other women were gossiping loudly, staring at her from a distance; but her black eyes only smoldered sullenly. He swore at the curious negro wenches, and sent the girl about her household duties, then stretched himself in the shade and eyed her complacently until he fell asleep.

It was a week later that one of his men came to him breathlessly to announce that the San Blas Indians were in the town.

"How many?" queried Innocencio.

"Four boat-loads."

"Did they come to trade?"

"Oh, yes, boss."

This was no unusual thing, for they often displayed their little cargoes of nuts and fruits and vegetables upon the water-front. Innocencio rose lazily and stretched, then, calling the woman, explained the tidings to her.

"I will go see them," he announced finally.

"Oh, boss," cried the black man, "they will kill you!"

He shrugged his brawny shoulders, and, thrusting the machete beneath his arm, took the trail out through the mangrove swamp.

Straight to the Colon water-front he went, and there flaunted himself before the men from down the coast. Here and there he strolled, casting back their looks of hatred with a bravado that attracted all the idlers in the neighborhood. Wenches nudged each other and tittered nervously, pointing him out and telling anew the story of his daring. Men watched him with wondering admiration, and he heard them murmuring:

"Ah, that Innocencio!"

"*El diablo!*"

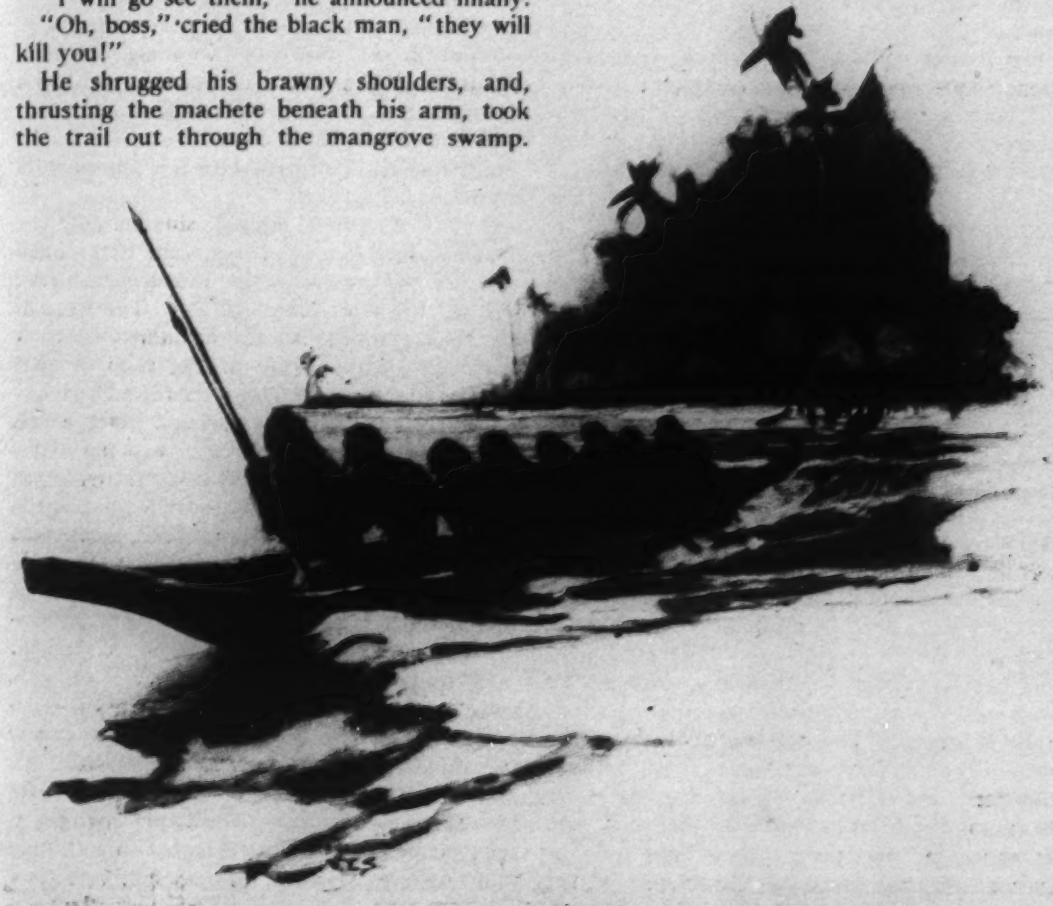
"And so brave! He would fight an army."

"See the great arms of him, and the eye like a tiger."

It was the keenest pleasure he had ever tasted.

But as for his enemies, they kept their silence. They bartered their stock, and, having made their purchases, raised sail and scudded away down the coast whence they had come.

Innocencio got drunk that night — for who could withstand the lavish flattery that poured from every *cantina* up and down the length



"OUT FROM THE SHORE CAME A LONG MAHOGANY CAYUCA, AND IT WAS FULL OF STRAIGHT-HAIRED MEN"

of Bottle Alley? Who could resist the smiles of the chalk-faced females of Cash Street, all eager to laud his bravery? Sometime before morning he reeled into his shack beneath the palms, to find the woman waiting fearfully. He cursed at her for staring at him so, and fell upon his bed.

In the months that followed he seldom lost an opportunity of showing himself to the San Blas men when they came to town; but in time this pleasure palled as all others had, for his woman's kindred seemed incapable of resentment. Gradually, also, he became accustomed to her presence, and spent much of his time among the women of the Cash Street dives. On one occasion he returned from an orgy of this sort to find her talking to one of his men, a young Barbadian with a giant's frame. It was only by accident, due to the liquor in him, that his hand went wild and he missed killing the fellow; then he beat the woman unmercifully.

Chancing to meet the Señor Williams on the street some time later, he said:

"*Buenas dias, señor!* You see, Captain Innocencio is still alive and the woman has not run away."

His former employer grunted, as if neither phenomenon were worthy of comment.

"I've heard how you rub it into those San Blas fellows," Williams remarked. "I can't understand why they never avenged Markeeña."

"Bah! They have heard of me," said the Haytian boastfully; then, with a grin, "You remember our bet, señor?"

"I never made you a bet," the American denied hotly. "But I've a mind to. I've been here ten years, and I think I know those people."

"Two hundred pesos!"

"You'll never have a child by her. They won't allow it. They'll get her, and you too, in ample time. I tell you, their blood is clean."

"Two hundred pesos that she brings me a San Blas half-breed within two months," smiled the mulatto insolently.

And Williams exclaimed: "I'll do it. It's worth two hundred 'silver' to see a miracle."

"*Bueno!* I'll bring him to you when he comes."

Thereafter Innocencio gave over beating the woman.

Back at the little settlement beyond the swamp the coming event did not pass without comment, and although the black women were kind to their straight-haired neighbor, she never made friends with them, nor did she ever accompany Innocencio to town. On the contrary, she seemed obsessed by an ever-present dread, and whenever she heard that her own people were near she concealed herself and did not appear again until they were gone. Bred into her deepest conscience was the certainty that her tribe would make a desperate attempt to preserve its most sacred tradition, and hence, as the days dragged on and her condition became more pronounced, her fears increased likewise. She began to look forward to the birth of the child as the crisis upon which her own life hinged. Innocencio did his best to dissipate her fears, explaining boastfully that the mere mention of his name was ample protection for her, and, did he wish it, not even the army of the Republic could take her from him. But still she would not be convinced.

And then, in the dark of the December moon, the expected came. It was the season when the rains were at their heaviest, when rust and rot might be felt by the fingers. A gray mold had crept over all things indoors; a myriad of insect pests burdened the air.

In the rare intervals between showers every faintest draft deluged the huts from the dripping palm leaves overhead. From the swamp arose a noxious vapor whenever the sun exposed itself; the tree-toads shrilled incessantly. Outside, the surf maintained its sullen murmur, and through the gloom of starless nights its phosphorescent outlines rushed across the reef like phantom serpents in parade.

In the dead of a night like this the visitors arrived.

Even the heavy animal slumber of the blacks was broken by the scream that issued from the hut of Captain Innocencio. And then the sound of such fighting! The negroes might have rushed to the assistance of their leader had it not been for the echo of that awful woman-cry hovering over the village like a shadow. It filled the air and hung there, saturating the breathless night with such unnameable terror that the wakened children began to whimper and the women buried their heads in the ragged bedding to keep it out. Death was among them, and the bravest cowered, while through the quivering silence came the sounds of a mighty combat, lasting for such an interminable time that the listeners became hysterical.

At length they discovered that the night was dead again, save for the sudden patter of raindrops on the thatches when the palm fronds stirred. One of them called shrilly, and another answered, but they did not venture forth. Afterward they fancied they had heard the thrust of paddles in the lagoon and strange voices dwindling away to seaward, but they were not sure. Eventually, however, the stillness got upon them more fearfully than the

former noises had, and they stirred. Then, in time, they heard the voice of Innocencio himself cursing faintly, as if from a great distance. A light showed through the cracks of a hut, and Nicholas, the least timid, emerged with a lantern held on high. He summoned the rest around him, then went toward the black shadow of Innocencio's dwelling with a score of white-eyed, dusky faces at his shoulder.

The door was down, and from the threshold they could see what the front room contained. It was Nicholas who, with chattering teeth and nerveless fingers, dragged a blanket from the bed and covered the woman's figure. It was he who traced the feeble voice to the wreck of a room behind, and strove to lift Innocencio out of the welter in which he lay. But the Haytian blasted him with curses for opening his wounds; so they propped him against the wall by his direction, and bound him about with strips torn from the mattress. Then he called for a cigarette, and its ashes were upon his breast when the French doctor arrived from the hospital on the Point.

When the white man's work was done, the mulatto addressed him weakly:

"Will m'sieu' do me a great favor?"

"Certainly."

"M'sieu' is acquainted with the American, Señor Williams?"

"*Oui.*"

"Will *m'sieu' le docteur* please to tell him that Captain Innocencio has won his wager."

"I don't understand."

"Listen! In the room yonder, under the bed, m'sieu' will find a little boy baby rolled up in a blanket. The woman heard them at the door, and she was just in time. Oh, she knew they would be coming."

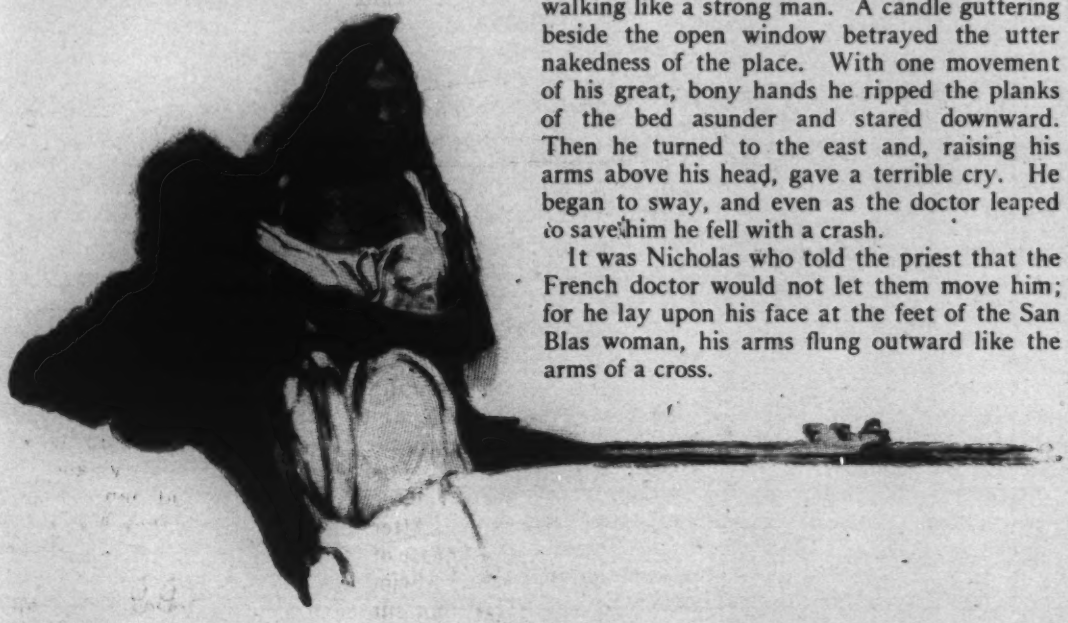
The French doctor nodded his comprehension.

"But — your wife herself?" said he. "Perhaps when you are well again you can have your vengeance. The soldiers will ——"

"Bah! What is the use?" interrupted Innocencio. "The world is full of women." Then, strangely enough, he bared his yellow teeth in a smile of rarest tenderness. "But this boy of mine! They came to kill him, m'sieu', and to show that the San Blas blood can not be crossed; but the woman was too quick of wit. They did not find him, praise God! *Le docteur* has seen many children, perhaps, but never a child like this." He ran on with a father's tender boastfulness. "M'sieu' will note the back and the legs of him. And, see, he did not even cry, the little man! Oh! he is like his father for bravery. He will be my vengeance, for he has the San Blas blood in him; and he will be a man like me, too. Bring him to me quickly; I must see him again." He was still babbling fondly to the negroes about him when the doctor reappeared, empty-handed.

"The child is dead," said the white man simply, and in the silence Innocencio rose to a sitting posture. His fierce eyes grew wild with a fright that had never been there until this moment; and then, before they could prevent him, he had gained his feet. He waved them aside and went into the room of death, walking like a strong man. A candle guttering beside the open window betrayed the utter nakedness of the place. With one movement of his great, bony hands he ripped the planks of the bed asunder and stared downward. Then he turned to the east and, raising his arms above his head, gave a terrible cry. He began to sway, and even as the doctor leaped to save him he fell with a crash.

It was Nicholas who told the priest that the French doctor would not let them move him; for he lay upon his face at the feet of the San Blas woman, his arms flung outward like the arms of a cross.



THE POOR MINSTREL

BY

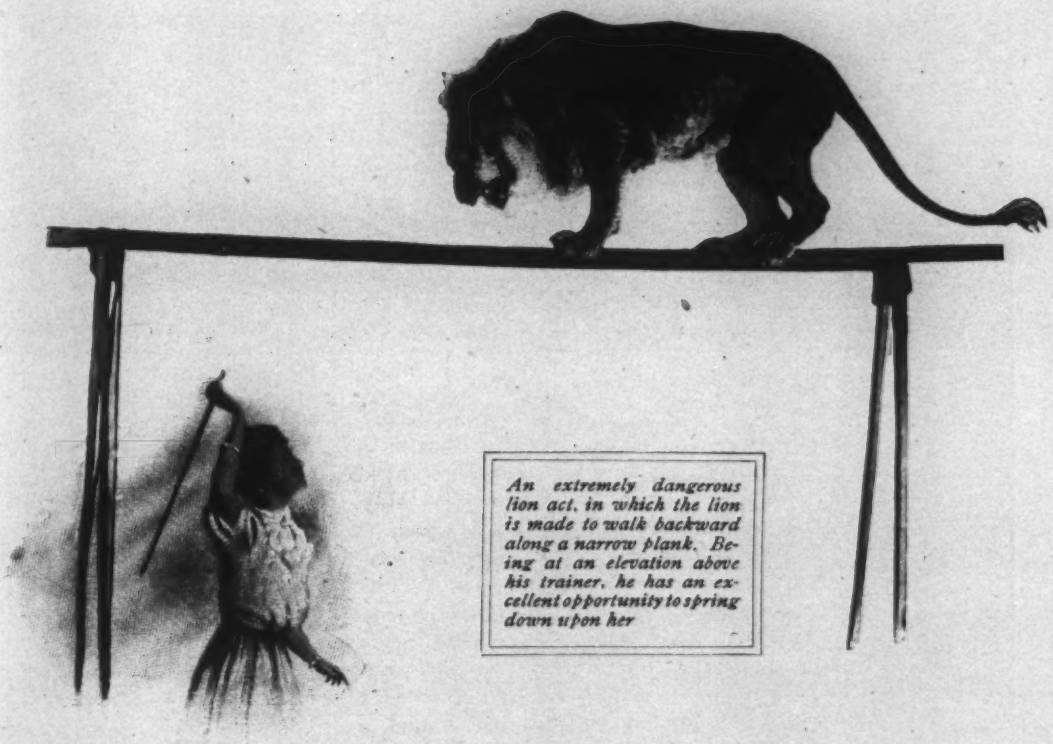
WILLA SIBERT CATHER

DOES the darkness cradle thee
Than mine arms more tenderly?

Do the angels God hath put
There to guard thy lonely sleep,
One at head and one at foot,
Watch more fond and constant keep?
When the blackbird sings in May,
And the Spring is in the wood,
Would you never trudge the way
Over hilltops, if you could?
Was my harp so hard a load,
Even on the sunny morns,
When the plumèd huntsmen rode
To the music of their horns?
Hath the love that lit the stars,
Fills the sea, and moulds the flowers,
Whose completeness nothing mars,
Made forgot what once was ours?
Christ hath perfect rest to give,
Stillness, and perpetual peace;
You who found it hard to live,
Sleep and sleep, without surcease.

Christ hath stars to light thy porch,
Silence after fevered song.
I had but a minstrel's torch,
And the way was wet and long.
Sleep. No more on winter nights,
Harping at some castle gate,
Thou must see the revel lights
Stream upon our cold estate.
Bitter was the bread of song
While you tarried in my tent,
And the jeering of the throng
Hurt you as it came and went.
When you slept upon my breast
Grief had wed me long ago;
Christ hath his perpetual rest
For thy weariness. But, oh! —
When I sleep beside the road,
Thanking God thou liest not so,
Brother to the owl and toad,
Couldst thou, Dear, but let me know,—

Does the darkness cradle thee
Than mine arms more tenderly?



An extremely dangerous lion act, in which the lion is made to walk backward along a narrow plank. Being at an elevation above his trainer, he has an excellent opportunity to spring down upon her

CRITICAL MOMENTS WITH WILD ANIMALS

BY

ELLEN VELVIN, F.Z.S.

AUTHOR OF "BEHIND THE SCENES WITH WILD ANIMALS" AND "WILD-ANIMAL CELEBRITIES"

IT is no longer necessary to tell the public that any performance with wild animals is always attended by very great danger. The old assumption that the animals were "doped" or drugged, or that their teeth had been pulled and their claws drawn, or that they were "nothing but a lot of tame cats anyway," has more than once been disproved.

Wild animals are not drugged before a performance. People who know anything at all about them know that to drug an animal as a preparation to exhibiting it in public would be practically to ruin the whole performance, and certainly to run some very serious risks. Drugs would either make the animal so sleepy, languid, and stupid that it would be virtually helpless in the arena, or so wild and savage that it would be dangerous, if not impossible, to handle.

To pull the teeth of any of the large carnivora would not only be a task of great difficulty, requiring tremendous strength, but would lessen the value of the animal, not to speak of probably ruining its digestion. The teeth and claws of a carnivorous animal are an essential part of its body, and to draw out the claws would not only be a scandalous piece of cruelty, but might also cause the animal's death by setting up inflammation, suppuration, etc.

As for the old-fashioned theory that wild animals become "tame," it is very seldom now that one even hears the word used in connection with wild animals. But the public does not and can

THE MOST CRITICAL MOMENT IN MISS CLAIRE HELIOT'S PERFORMANCE WITH TWELVE LIONS. THE GREATEST DANGER IN THIS ACT IS FROM THE LIONS AT THE BACK OF THE ARENA. ALTHOUGH THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT THE INSTANT MISS HELIOT LAY DOWN, TWO OF THE LIONS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN TO CREEP DOWN FROM THEIR PEDESTALS. SHOULD ONE OF THEM REACH HER BEFORE SHE GETS UP, NOTHING COULD SAVE HER

not realize the moments of extreme danger that occur at every performance with wild animals. These critical moments, as a matter of fact, are scarcely ever perceptible to the onlookers.

A snarling lion that stands and defies its trainer calls forth thrills of suspense and nervousness from the audience; a tiger that reaches forth its paw and tries to claw at its trainer is stared at with awe and dismay; and yet, more often than not, this is mere child's play compared with some of the things that take place in the very parts of the performance that the public thinks are harmless. Keepers and trainers of wild animals take their lives in their hands many times a day; and in every performance the supreme moments of danger pass unnoticed by the general public.

Any one who has seen Miss Claire Heliot perform with her twelve lions will remember that, after making them do various acts together, she sends all but two back to their pedestals; the two she singles out do special tricks by themselves. This looks very easy, but there is always one great danger in this performance. One of her most treacherous lions is behind her. Until this was called to my attention I had not noticed anything unusual, except that occasionally one of the lions at the back would get down from its pedestal.

From this time on I watched carefully, and at every performance I saw that this particular lion crept with apparent indifference off his pedestal, and was ordered sharply to return to it by his trainer. While the animals remain on their pedestals she is safe, but a lion prowling about has nothing to think about but mischief. Many a time Miss Heliot turned round only just in time, and there is always the fear that one of these days she will not turn quickly enough.

Lying Across Four Lions — Miss Heliot's Most Dangerous Act

Another dangerous moment is when Miss Heliot, after making the four biggest lions lie down in a row, herself lies down on top of them. This is the most critical moment in the whole performance, for while she is prostrate a thousand things might happen. Should one of the lions get up suddenly she would be at a terrible disadvantage, for one of the first necessities of a trainer is to keep on his feet. No wild animal has the slightest respect for man or woman once down. But the chief danger lies with the

lions at the back of the arena. It will be noticed in the photograph on the opposite page that, although this picture was taken at the very instant at which Miss Heliot lay down, two of the lions at the back have already moved from their positions, and one is half way down from his pedestal. Should one of them reach her before she gets up, nothing could save her.

Speaking of Miss Heliot calls to mind the interesting history of this beautiful and courageous woman, and her marvelous escape from being killed by one of her favorite lions. She is the daughter of a Leipzig professor. Her father died when she was very young, and she found it necessary to earn her living. After one or two ventures at teaching, it was suggested to her that, as she was so fond of wild animals, she should train one or two young lions in the Leipzig Zoölogical Gardens and give exhibitions with them.

Miss Heliot Attacked and Nearly Killed by Her Favorite Lion

After a little consideration, Miss Heliot determined to try, and began with two little lion

MISS CLAIRE HELIOT AND HER FAVORITE LION

THIS LION CAME VERY NEAR KILLING MISS HELIOT. HE WAS BEING DRIVEN INTO HIS CAGE, WHEN THE KEEPER PUT DOWN THE SLIDE TOO SOON, CATCHING HIS TAIL. AS MISS HELIOT TRIED TO PUSH THE TAIL IN, THE LION, WILD WITH PAIN, CAUGHT HER BREAST, TEARING HER SO FEARFULLY THAT SHE ALMOST BLED TO DEATH

ALTHOUGH THIS ACT IS APPARENTLY RATHER TAME COMPARED WITH OTHER PARTS OF THE PERFORMANCE, IT IS IN REALITY THE TRAINER'S MOST DANGEROUS MOMENT. TWICE HE HAS BEEN BADLY CLAWED BY THE LIONESS, THROUGH FAILING TO PUT HIS ARMS QUICKLY ENOUGH ABOUT HER NECK

cubs. She was so successful that before long she was performing in the Zoölogical Gardens with nine lions and two dogs. This was in 1899, and it was considered at that time an almost unheard-of feat for a woman.

When Miss Heliot was in New York, I went, at her invitation, to have afternoon tea with her at her hotel. We had a delightful time, chatting about lions, lions, lions. She loved every one of hers; but one, "he was so dear, so dear! And he so — so fond of me! So always what you call affectionate! He ever scratch or bite? Why, yes; but all ze lions do that, even the little cubs. But he is always so very what you call affectionate."

And then followed a recital of how her favorite lion once nearly killed her. The performance was over. The tail of the last lion was almost in the cage, when the helper put down the slide from the top too soon, catching the lion's tail, and no doubt causing the animal frightful agony. Miss Heliot, realizing what had happened, told the man to lift up the slide a little, and tried to push the tail in. But the lion, half turning round in his narrow cage, and wild with pain, caught her left breast, and, before he let go, tore her so fearfully that she almost bled to death before a doctor could be got to staunch the flow of blood.

"But he did not know! He was suffering so much, the poor dear!" she explained to me. And it is this very same lion with whom she was photographed afterward, her head resting on him and his head partly resting on her breast.

Eating with a Lioness from the Same Strip of Meat

In Mundy's animal show at Luna Park, Coney Island, a trainer in one act put his arms round the neck of a lioness and rested his head calmly on hers. It was not much to look at — rather tame, in fact, after some of the other acts; but it was the most dangerous moment in the whole of that trainer's performance. He had twice had serious accidents at this part of his performance. He told me that, as the lioness came forward at his signal, unless he put his

THIS TRICK, WHERE THE LIONESS SEIZES THE END OF A PIECE OF MEAT WHICH THE TRAINER HOLDS IN HIS MOUTH, IS ONE OF TERRIBLE DANGER. ON ONE OCCASION THE LIONESS, FAILING TO CATCH HER END OF THE MEAT, SPRANG AT THE TRAINER, TORE HIS THROAT, AND NEARLY KILLED HIM

arms around her neck almost instantly, she would strike out at him sharply with her paw. His face still bore deep scars from previous accidents.

Another trick with this lioness was one in which the trainer took a long strip of meat, put one end of it in his mouth, and let the lioness take the other in hers. Hardly any one in the audience realized the terrible danger of this act. To allow any wild animal to put its face in such close proximity to the face of a person is in itself dangerous; but to give it also the opportunity of snapping or biting at such close quarters is, in my own opinion, foolhardy.

This act generally passed off very quietly, and it was not particularly popular with the audience; but one evening, when the lioness was in a bad humor, she missed catching the other end of the meat, and instantly sprang for the trainer. The table between them probably saved his life, and he had the presence of mind to throw the piece of meat away from him; but even then she tore his throat and nearly killed him. Few people in the audience realized that there had been any accident at all, so quickly was the act ended and both the trainer and the lioness out of the arena. But I was told afterward that the trainer refused to do the act again.

Another very dangerous moment in a lion performance is when the animal is made to walk the tight rope. The instance shown in the photograph on page 377 is particularly dangerous, because the trainer is driving the lion back on the rope that he has already walked, a distance of forty-six feet. The lion, being at an elevation above the trainer, has an excellent opportunity of springing down upon her; and if he should do this her chances would be practically *nil*.

Captain Bonavita's Most Dangerous Moment

I asked Captain Bonavita once what he considered his most dangerous moment when he performed with his twenty-seven lions. He said that he thought it was when he first entered the arena. The moment before, when he had to drive this great herd of lions in, was almost as bad; but the first few minutes when the crowd

of lions entered were terribly uncertain and undoubtedly the most dangerous.

In the first place, with such a crowd, there was the danger of being pushed or knocked down. Then, there was the danger of tripping among them, or of stepping on their tails; for many of them would lie down and roll over and over as a preliminary to the performance, and, if he were not struck by their feet, he was just as likely to be struck across the face or body by their strong, ropelike tails.

In getting them into their places there was also considerable danger, for in such a crowd it is difficult to treat each animal according to its peculiar idiosyncrasies, and a flick of the whip intended for one lion who would be fairly indifferent to it, is likely to be caught by another to whom it will mean instant revolt. In any sort of revolt the whole number will always side with the one that caused it.

Captain Bonavita's Fight for Life with an Enraged Lion

And yet, it was not at this time that Captain Bonavita received from the notorious lion, Baltimore, the terrible injuries that necessitated the amputation of his right arm. The accident happened quite suddenly and unexpectedly, as such accidents do. The perilous moments of waiting were over — for waiting in the runway with twenty-seven lions in readiness to enter the arena is truly a perilous time, and one that the audience never thinks of. The twenty-seven lions had walked, ambled, or rushed, as the case may be, into the arena, followed by Captain Bonavita. The two doors at the back, with their little eyelet-holes, through which the helpers watch for danger, had been closed and locked. The band had struck its opening chord with which the trainer always makes his preliminary bow to the audience, and, one by one, the lions got up on their pedestals, while Captain Bonavita, quiet, calm, but always keenly alert and watchful, walked about, here and there pointing to a pedestal, flicking his whip lightly at those lions that appeared to forget what they had come for. The performance seemed well on its way, when, in a sudden turn of his lithe, well-built body, Captain Bonavita became aware of a huge brown mass facing him, and two enormous paws striking savagely at his head and shoulders.

The trainer knew in a moment what it meant. The brown mass was Baltimore, and the next

CAPTAIN BONAVITA, WHO, IN A PERFORMANCE WITH TWENTY-SEVEN LIONS, WAS ATTACKED BY THE MOST SAVAGE OF THEM, BALTIMORE, AND RECEIVED INJURIES THAT NECESSITATED THE AMPUTATION OF HIS RIGHT ARM. BONAVITA CONSIDERED THE MOST HAZARDOUS PART OF HIS PERFORMANCE THE ACT OF DRIVING THE GREAT HERD OF LIONS INTO THE ARENA

A VERY DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS ACT, REQUIRING AN EXTREMELY WELL-TRAINED HORSE. THE MOST CRITICAL MOMENT IS WHEN THE HORSE IS MADE TO STAND STILL (AS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH). THE CHANCES ARE THEN TEN TO ONE THAT THE LION WILL SPRING AT HIS TRAINER

moment he was fighting for his life. The story has been told many times, with many variations; but the terrible truth is always the same. Before the helpers at the back could rescue the trainer, his right arm had been so terribly mutilated that it had to be amputated. And this was before a Coney Island audience that had come down to "enjoy" themselves!

And yet, Captain Bonavita, after nearly a year of nerve-racking agony (following three or four frightful operations), actually went back to the show business, and performed with the very same lion, who was noted for his surliness and ill humor. I once saw him being photographed with that lion; and as I watched him with the brute that had so nearly ended his life, while they were being posed for the photograph, I was unable to detect in the man one little motion of fear, even a flicker of the eyelids!

Driving a Sullen Tiger Out of the Arena

There is one well-known wild-animal performance with a tiger, where the audience sits in fearful silence, watching the snarling beast get nearer and nearer to his trainer, until, with a wild growl of fury, he launches himself full at him. The trainer always vaults lightly to one side, and the tiger vents his rage on an innocent wooden chair, which he deliberately crunches to pieces. There is undoubtedly danger in this,—for instance, if the trainer miscalculated his distance or slipped to the floor,—but it is part of the performance, and there is little danger in it compared to that incurred when the time comes to send the tiger back to his cage.

Getting him out of the arena is bad enough, but it is when he is in the narrow runway, alone with his trainer, that the supreme danger comes. He then has his trainer completely in his power, and it is only the tiger's animal ignorance that enables the trainer, by sheer will power, to drive him, step by step, into his cage.

The audience watch this tiger being sent out of the arena with indifference. There is nothing

exciting about it, nothing thrilling. All they see is a morose, sulky tiger, who no longer snarls, but who sullenly and almost silently moves round the arena, dodging the door at the back until he is forced to enter it, and a trainer who quietly insists upon the animal's obeying him. The tiger is finally sent through the door, the band sends forth its final chord at the exit, the trainer bows repeatedly,— all the while keeping a keen lookout lest the tiger should return and take him unawares,— the doors are closed, and the audience straightway forgets all about both man and tiger, while the trainer has once more to go through the most dangerous moments of the whole performance.

Teaching a Lion to Ride Horseback

At Mr. Frank Bostock's animal show there is a lion who rides with a dog on the back of a horse. It looks very simple and easy, but, should the lion jump off, the trainer would have great difficulties to face. The horse, of course, has been most carefully trained for this performance, which is unique in many ways; and a great deal of training is necessary, for horses have a strong objection to lions, and for a horse to go so far as to permit a lion to ride on his back means a great deal.

The saddle has to be specially made, and is of the very toughest leather, well padded, to prevent the lion's claws from injuring the horse. It will be noticed in the photograph on page 383 that this saddle extends over the hind quarters of the horse nearly to the root of the tail; also, that the horse's neck, right up to his ears, is covered with a neckpiece of large spangles, under which is tough leather. Both are for the protection of the horse, for one can never tell when the lion might like to sharpen his claws, cat-fashion, on the horse's neck.

Once let the horse be injured, or even scared, and wild confusion would follow; and wherever there is confusion among wild animals there is double danger. The most critical moment, however, in this performance is when the horse is made to stand still (as in the photograph). The little dog has been well trained to stay where it is, but the lion is quite likely, when the horse stops, to jump down, and he is just as likely to jump at his trainer as anywhere else.

Critical Moments with Trained Elephants

There is one well-known elephant act in which, after firing off a cannon, the elephant holds up one foot as if he were wounded, while two other elephants pick up the American flag in their trunks, walk over to the trainer, who is supposed to have been killed by the discharge of the cannon, cover him with it, and then pick him up with their trunks and carry him off.

The moment when the elephants come forward is the most critical moment in the whole performance. There is the terrible danger that either of the huge creatures may put down one of his feet in the wrong place, on top of the trainer; and there is also the danger that one or both of them may make a mistake, and, instead of lifting the trainer up carefully, as each has been taught to do, throw him to the ground again.

A trainer in the Barnum and Bailey show once told me that he had two tricks coming close together — the battle trick that I have just described, and another in which an elephant is taught to pick up a greyhound and throw him over his back as a punishment for being saucy. Now, few people realize how difficult it is for the trainer to make a wild animal understand which trick he wants it to perform, until it has become thoroughly accustomed to its cues. Even then the animal makes mistakes and sometimes begins the wrong trick.

This, as a rule, does not matter much; but when it comes to the elephant tossing the trainer instead of the dog over its back, it becomes a serious matter, and this particular trainer, after having been once thrown and bruised in this manner, decided to cut the trick out of his program altogether.

Mr. Harry Mooney, one of Barnum and Bailey's elephant trainers, told me that in teaching an elephant to throw up his hind legs there is always a critical moment. The elephant might suddenly veer round with his legs in the air, and, ten chances to one, he would either knock the trainer senseless or kill him outright.

The well-known elephant act where five young women get on the backs of five elephants, each elephant politely holding out his foot for his fair rider to mount, contains many dangers that the public does not even think of. The huge foot is likely to be put down suddenly at any moment,— for there is never any knowing what an elephant will do,— which would mean an ugly fall, with the possibility of being stepped on by the elephant; or the huge beast might calmly put up his trunk and lift his rider off. This is a pretty, graceful act, but most uncomfortable in many ways for the girl performers. The rough hair of the elephants cuts their hands and ankles; they come in contact with the dirt and grease of the animal's skin; and the few moments that they stand on the elephant's back while they give their little salute are very insecure.

Madame Morelli's Narrow Escapes with Trained Leopards

Among the many well-known wild-animal trainers, perhaps Madame Morelli, who is noted for her wonderful control over the most treacherous of all wild animals, the leopards and jaguars, has had some of the most critical moments. At one time, when turning round, her foot caught in the lace of her skirt, and she only just saved herself from falling to the floor by clutching at the iron rails of the arena. Another time, a leopard, in throwing out his paw, caught her hair, and for a second it looked as if terrible things would happen; but a sharp word, a snap of the blank cartridge, and the audience scarcely realized what an extremely terrible accident might have happened but for this trainer's nerve.

But Madame Morelli has plenty of nerve. She dislikes even to speak of her accidents, and always makes light of them, even after she has been in the hospital for weeks.

Fatal Accidents in Wild-Animal Training

In performing with wild animals, the most terrible accidents often happen without any warning whatever. In 1886 Ellen Bright, a young English trainer, was killed by her trained tiger because she missed giving him his cue. In 1890 a powerful negro trainer lost his life; he stepped on some slippery substance and fell to the floor, and his trained bear and hyena sprang upon him. With both of them upon him, he was powerless to get to his feet again. In Mr. Frank Bostock's show, at one time, a young helper, being told to go and feed three young lion cubs, went whistling behind the cages, carrying a basket of bones and scraps of meat, and, not noticing what he was doing, opened the wrong door and deliberately walked into the cage of one of the biggest and fiercest tigers ever kept in captivity. The moment the poor boy realized what he had done he probably knew there was no hope for him. The snarling, savage beast at once pulled him down; and although, a few minutes afterward, he was, with the greatest difficulty, dragged out of the cage, while the tiger was beaten back with irons, he was dying, and breathed his last a few seconds later. Truly, entering that cage was a critical moment for him!

An extremely critical moment occurred to Madame Pianka at Buffalo. Receiving a huge bunch of red roses just before her performance with her lions, she carelessly took them into the arena with her, thinking that they would give a pretty touch to her costume. The lions, possibly thinking that the red mass was meat, instantly sprang at her, and only her presence of mind in throwing the roses away from her saved her. As it was, her arms and shoulders were badly torn.

Not only among trained wild animals, but among any wild animals in captivity, dangerous accidents are likely to occur. In Copenhagen, after chloroforming a lion with a sore paw, in order to doctor it, the attendant surgeon and his helper were badly mauled by the lion, who suddenly recovered consciousness.

I have related only a few of the critical moments with wild animals. There are many others. In fact, it would be extremely difficult to say what moment is not critical, whenever a man permits himself to be at the mercy of the beasts of the forest. Wild animals are always wild animals, no matter how long or how well they may have been trained.

THE STAR

(A Fragment from Plato)

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

STAR of me, watching the mother skies
Where thine elder sisters be,
Would I were heaven, with all its eyes—
All of its eyes on thee!

GREAT CASES OF DETECTIVE BURNS

BY DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE

HOW ABE RUEF CONFESSED

THE Oregon, Washington, and California land-fraud cases and the San Francisco graft prosecution have made William J. Burns the most famous detective we have ever had in this country. He had a brilliant record of twenty-two years in the Secret Service of the United States Government when he left to undertake the investigations with which the following story deals. He was known as the "star of the service." Chief Wilkie said of him: "He is the best man we have." After he had successfully concluded the San Francisco graft case, he decided to establish a detective agency of his own. In December, 1909, he was selected by the American Bankers' Association to protect the 11,000-odd banks in this organization, the largest single client in the world, and he is, in addition, now engaged in some of the most important investigations in this country. Mr. Burns has the reputation of never having failed in any case he has undertaken.

His experiences furnish material for wonderful stories, and Burns is a capital story-teller. His stories are dramatic because his cases are dramatic. Burns loves the dramatic for its own sake. He recognizes its value and consciously utilizes its tremendous power to work upon human nature. His methods of work are always elastic, and he is apt to seize the dramatic opportunity — as he talks of his cases his stories reveal instance after instance of artfully stage-managed climax.

It is the excitement of exercising his resourcefulness and ingenuity that makes Mr. Burns' difficult and arduous career worth while to him. But he has had a keen appreciation of a character, too; he has always felt admiration for the courage and good qualities of the man who happened to be his opponent in the game. Every one of his stories, of course, turns upon some powerful trait in human nature; sometimes upon elements of character rarely brought to light. Burns' understanding of the greed or ambition or weakness which is the compelling motive in his opponent is not the least important element in his successful handling of criminals.

The first story of this series, for instance, presents the strongest and subtlest portrait of the San Francisco Boss, Abe Ruef, that has ever been given to the public. One feels, as one hears Burns tell the story, that the detective studied Ruef until he knew the man as if he had made him with his own hands, and that it was Burns' knowledge of Ruef's mental processes that enabled him finally to master the Boss. A French criminologist said:

"It is the tendency of every criminal to play into the hands of the man who knows him through and through. The clever criminal cannot resist trying to find out how well his shadow understands him. He may try to keep a hand

on himself, but little by little he will reveal himself to that understanding that he feels all the time about him, and that attracts him so powerfully, even though he knows his danger."

Burns is the son of an Ohio merchant tailor, and was himself trained to be a cutter. He is stout and florid, curly-haired and strong; he looks most, perhaps, like a genial and prosperous business man. A good diplomat must not look like a diplomat, and even Burns' eyes do not suggest the story-book detective. They are mildly gray, not large or piercing; yet, after all, there is something hard and steely-pointed far within, which unexpectedly bores its way out at times and transforms the whole man.

Burns insists that the practice of his profession, like the practice of law or medicine, is the practice of common sense; that the detective's success is the result of straight thinking, good judgment, hard work — and an aptitude for the business. The old *Fireside Companion* detective, with his many disguises, "dauntless courage," and rich oratorical style, has become a pathetic back number; the practical modern detective, with his curt speech, perfected technical methods, and high efficiency, has put him out of business.

Tracking an Anonymous Letter-Writer

"The public," Burns says, "sees only outside facts and results, and the missing links make the results look mysterious. Now, I'll illustrate:

"One morning in 1905, while I was investigating the Oregon land frauds, I walked into the office of the Secretary of the Interior [Hitchcock]. He seemed excited, and as he was usually very placid, I asked him what was the matter. He pointed to a letter he had just read.

"'Mr. Burns,' he said, 'it makes me very angry to think we have intelligent people in this world who are in possession of valuable information that would greatly facilitate the prosecution of big thieves, and who lack the moral courage to come to the front and furnish us with this information. There is a letter' — he fairly brandished it — 'with valuable information — and from such a coward!'

"I read the letter.

"'Mr. Secretary,' I said, 'there'll be no trouble in getting this man.'

"'But he doesn't sign his name! How are you going to find him?'" (Here Burns dropped into the voice and manner of the second speaker without prefatory comment.)

"'We have a way sometimes.' I spoke with purposeful mystery. The secretary looked at me, and I seemed to hear him thinking. But all he said was:

"'You think you can do it?'

"'Yes, I think so.'

"In a few weeks we got the letter-writer, and subsequently he was indicted in connection with the land frauds.

"Now let's see how this particular mystery pans out." (Burns leaned forward, his hand uplifted, preoccupied again with the pleasure of the chase.)

"The letter was from San Francisco. You can get an anonymous letter mailed anywhere, but this letter came from some one who, when the land frauds were committed, was close in with Benson and Hyde of San Francisco, the principal defendants. He was delivering goods that not more than twelve people could have handed out.

"Taking up the case by the process of elimination, I decided that the letter was from some person who had actually participated in the work. He told things he could not otherwise have known; his information was accurate. The letter went on to say that Burns was on the right track, but that he should keep up his work. The writer thought I had quit.

"When I made my secret investigation in San Francisco, nobody knew anything about it. Later I had to come out into the open in order to interview the people who had taken up State lands through the manipulation of the land thieves. When I began to do that, Hyde realized for the first time that he was up against it. But, even then, he had such a strong hold on the powers at Washington who controlled the Land Office that he felt they'd be able to squelch the report when it was finally made.

"I was so persistent that these people who were acquiring the lands, that is, who were letting themselves be used as dummies, fled to Hyde for refuge; he communicated with his Washington powers, but found that this time they were not responsive. They told him Burns reported directly to the Secretary, and no one below the Secretary could call him off.

"It began to look serious to Hyde. He addressed a thousand-word telegram to the Secretary, calling attention to the fact that he (Hyde) had been investigated, time and again, because of idle rumors that had been noised about, but that each special agent who undertook an investigation had found nothing against him; and that this man Burns was making things very unpleasant for every one and making a general nuisance of himself; that he (Hyde) knew the Secretary's very high regard for what was right, and was sure that he would not permit this ungentlemanly Burns to carry this investigation any further.

"The Secretary sent a copy of the thousand-word composition to me. 'You seem to be a very, very bad man,' he wrote across the top.

"Well, as I was saying, I was able to determine that whoever wrote the anonymous letter was in possession of certain facts that he could not have had unless he had been in the confidence of the land thieves. By the process of elimination" — it is a favorite phrase, and the detective never fails to linger over it lovingly— "I was able to narrow the possible list of twelve down to five or six people. This included the defendants themselves, though it wasn't likely they were giving out information on themselves.

"I inserted a personal in the San Francisco papers to the effect that the letter had been received and the information it contained was valuable; that certain further information was desired, and would the writer communicate with the Secretary and tell where he might be reached by letter.

"The personal got the right man, but he was discreet. He advertised that he could communicate only through personals in the newspapers.

"I took a chance on the biggest of the men I had in my eye. I formulated some questions that could be answered only by Hyde, Benson, or an attorney who had acted for them. The reply came with the correct answers. My theory had worked. The anonymous letter-writer proved to be Hyde's former attorney, who was trying in this way to collect ten thousand dollars from Hyde, which he claimed was due him. He was a most surprised gentleman when he was later called to the witness-stand at the preliminary hearing of Hyde and Benson and confronted with his anonymous letters by Francis J. Heney."

Burns takes no particular account of the obvious fact that if he had not known his case from end to end like his own pockets, if he had not had a fund of information acquired through many preceding months of hard sleuthing, all this fine logic would have been as inoperative as a gun without lock, stock, or barrel.

Burns' Pet Criminal — Abe Ruef

Burns' best stories are often of small cases, or cases little known to the public, or cases long forgotten by it; but there's no doubt about it that his pet criminal is notorious enough. Abe Ruef was a foe worthy of his steel, and Burns appreciates him almost tenderly. His name came up after Burns had been emphasizing the necessity of putting yourself in the criminal's place and reasoning as he would reason.

"But who can reason like a fool?" he cries. "I can't! Lord deliver me from working against a fool.

"Sometimes," he goes on, "he may be fool enough to help you out a lot; still, there's not much fun in it then. There was that saloonkeeper who showed me all about counterfeit money — his counterfeit money, too. We had good reason to believe a lot of bad dollars were coming from his place. I went there and gave him two dollars for a drink, and got a pocketful of his junk in change. Then I went out around the block and came in again for another drink, and gave him one of his own dollars.

"He said it was queer. I was astonished, naturally, and interested. I worked that man into showing me all about what was the matter. If he'd known his business he'd have taken as many of these dollars as flowed back to him, even if it was painful.

"No, sir," he continued; "give me a shrewd antagonist — the shrewder the better. Abe Ruef was about as shrewd as they make 'em, and at the same time he could keep you guessing with his weaknesses as well as his shrewdnesses. I'm not asking any harder game than the one I played against Ruef. I never expect to enjoy any one more than I did Ruef.

"I won't admit that the cleverest scoundrel can plot up an underground tangle that can't be untangled by a man taking the mental attitude of the plotter and following his processes."

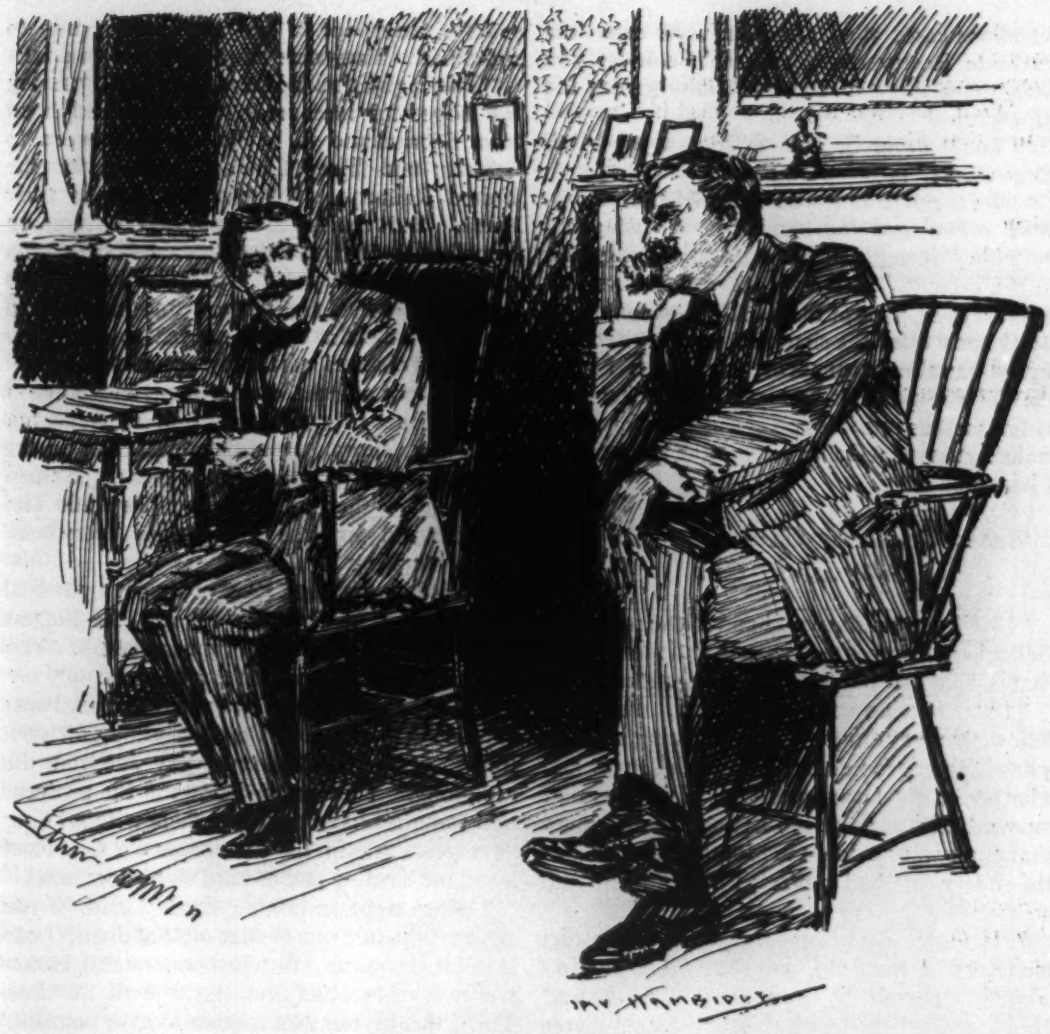
This was advanced as a simple and easy formula; but in the next breath Burns admitted that in one case, at least, there was some difficulty in following it.

"Yes," he repeated, "Ruef was a keen one. There were lots of keen ones out there; but their mental attitude — Lord! how they could keep it up is beyond me. They lost six million dollars and their reputation trying to defend men that everybody knew were crooks! And the outcome of it all for Patrick Calhoun was to make him a mainstay of as hard-working a bunch of blackmailers as ever bled the life out of a man.

The First Move toward Getting Ruef's Confession

"I never devised in my life," he went on abruptly, "as I did to get a confession out of Ruef. When we caught him, we put him in the St. Francis Hotel under the guard of the elisor. We were afraid to put him in jail, as the sheriff and all the jail officers were his creatures. This was on the 8th of March. My first move was to make a formal appointment with him.

"'When you feel you can give me the privilege,' said I, 'I want to sit down and have a long confidential talk with you.'



"I SAT DOWN TO MY FIRST TALK WITH RUEF"

"Now, this was extremely important as a first step," Burns explained, "for my purpose was to set his mind working on the idea that I was about to ask him for a confession. I wanted him to begin figuring in his mind something like this:

"'What is best for me to do? How can I avoid telling what I know? How can I work up a confession that'll take in this man, save me, and maybe not hurt some of the other fellows?'" Burns cogitated as the sly, crafty Jewish Boss.

"There is no rule for making a man confess. You must study your case beforehand, and then be ready to drop all your carefully formulated plans at a moment's notice and follow any new tack. Seize the psychological second and press your point.

"I sat down to my first talk with Ruef in the St. Francis Hotel. I had my talk ready — good and strong.

"'Ruef,' said I, 'I suppose you know the prosecution proposes to get down to the root of this corruption. We are here to stay until this is done, and there isn't any power you can handle that can stop us. Rudolf Spreckels is ready, if necessary, to spend his fortune in the prosecution.'" Burns brought his fist down heavily and leaned forward, the relentless inquisitor; the gimlet-points in his eyes appeared.

"'No matter what men's reputations have been, men are going to be held accountable if they are guilty. Everything has become so rotten that your machine is going to pieces. *You* are being blamed. You got the money, and people are saying so. We caught you redhanded; and we now have sufficient evidence to send you to prison for life. We'll convict you in the French restaurant cases; there isn't any finessing by which you can crawl out. We'll convict you in the prize-fight case; we'll convict you in the gas case; in the Pacific States

telephone case; the United Railways case; the Parkside Realty case; and we'll convict you with the bribery of other officials besides the supervisors.'

"'You'll never be able to convict me in all those affairs,' interrupted Ruef.

"'We'll prove that you received the money. We'll prove that you handed it to Gallagher.'

"Now," interpolated the detective, returning to the present, "although the supervisors had been trapped, none of them had as yet confessed. But I knew from the shadows' reports that Gallagher was always connected with Ruef; I knew that a bribe-giver places himself in the hands of as few men as possible; so it was easy for me to make a guess that Gallagher was the go-between. I hazarded it.

Burns Makes a Good Guess in the Supervisors' Case

"'We'll prove that you handed the money to Gallagher,' I repeated, with conviction; 'and that Gallagher passed it to the supervisors.'

"I was playing on a guilty mind. Ruef was following everything I said, watching me like a hawk, trying to find out how much I knew and whether or not I was guessing. But from that moment, although he did not admit it, I knew that there was no doubt in his mind that some of the supervisors had confessed. He interrupted no more.

"'It wastes lots of time for you to contradict me, Ruef,' I went on, 'so listen. You needn't commit yourself in any way. Just listen.' He seemed satisfied with this, and I went a step further.

"'I'm not authorized by the prosecution to make you any offers of immunity,' I said; 'you must take your punishment in the French restaurant case; but it now depends on yourself whether you'll be pushed to the limit. The people are not in the mood to stand any trifling.'

"With this much to meditate on, I left him. I found it enough to start the ball rolling. Ruef sent for Henry Ach, his attorney, and began playing for time. When I saw him again he seemed more receptive; he was a wily one.

"Meanwhile his friend, State Senator George Keane, was trying to get a bill through the legislature by which Ruef's case could be transferred from Judges Lawlor and Dunne to courts that the corporations could manipulate. The corporations were in a fix: the Boss was hanging confession over their heads if the change of venue bill was not passed, but they did not dare admit connection with him by openly aiding him. All the interests, however, were sending messages of assurance to him and begging him to stand pat. They were all in a precious muddle.

"The legislature adjourned without passing the hoped-for measure. Keane hurried back from Sacramento to be Ruef's go-between to Schmitz and Tirey L. Ford, counsel for the United Railways. I knew what was in their heads. Between them, they hoped to frame up a confession that was not a confession — some cock-and-bull story that would call us off and still shield Ruef, the Mayor, and the United Railways officials. They needed to get busy, for Ruef's chances were daily becoming blacker. We had got all the supervisors, and when I granted Ruef's request to let him see Gallagher and Andy Wilson, two of the ablest men on the Board, they turned deaf ears as he begged them to take back their admissions. They told him they'd stand with the prosecution; every man was scrambling for himself.

"This interview left Ruef in almost a physical collapse, but he revived; he was the biggest coward I ever saw, but rubber-fibered. You never knew what tack he'd take next.

"'I don't like Heney,' he flattered, when I next approached him; 'but I'd do anything for you, Burns. I wish you'd been on my side from the beginning. Those other fellows in the prosecution wouldn't have been anywhere without you; let them shine in the newspapers.' Oh, Ruef loved me hard — just as hard as he does now!

"'Keep right on talking, Ruef,' I said, 'if you get any pleasure out of that kind of dope; I can stand it, if you can. But, just understand, I know you're for Abe Ruef first, last, and all the time. You'd throw your own mother to save yourself.'

"He reddened up, but we got on better. I think Ruef almost respected me every time he failed to make me fall to his talk. After his touching love-gag failed he tried appealing to my sympathy. Tremendously moved, he told of his losses in the earthquake and fire.

"'Think of it, Burns,' he wept — I never saw any one, even on the stage, the equal of Ruef in the tear-producing act. 'Think of it — three hundred thousand dollars; loss after loss! Then, besides, all my other income is cut off,' he added piteously. The pathos of it was lost on me; I knew that this income had come from brothels, dives, and the corporations.

"I think it was his greed that was his undoing," said the detective, turning aside for a moment. "The Boss was the greediest man I've ever known; he knew no friends when it came to dollars. His downfall came principally from the turning of men who had worked for him politically and whom he had betrayed. He held out money on Schmitz. Myrtle Cerf, who was like a slave to Ruef, ruined himself through

loyalty to the Boss; but when, at the end, he asked Ruef to lend him two hundred dollars, the old hold-tight refused. Even the attorneys for the defendant had to sue for their fees."

Ruef Employs Detectives to Investigate 'Burns' Career

"Ruef's greed was unequaled, and he had not one atom of honesty in his composition. At the very time he was flattering me, telling me how much he loved me, he was buncoed out of two thousand dollars, trying to get hold of something shady in my record. He told me about it afterwards. G. Ray Bagg of New York, formerly connected with the Secret Service, pretended that he had some such information which he'd sell for two thousand. The Boss promptly sent on the money, and the poor fellow was grieved to death when he found out he was buncoed. He didn't call for my sympathy this time, though. Later he had me investigated from my boyhood up.

"He finally began to weaken. We moved him to Mayor Schmitz's former residence in Fillmore Street. I was with him night and day, urging him to confess. He said now that he wanted to confess, but that he was afraid the men he had taken money from would kill him.

"His cowardice was the limit. Once, at midnight, he got me out of my bed to come to him. Some of the boulders in the street pavement in front of the house were loose, and his panicky fears had conjured up a possible riot in which those boulders would be used to kill him. Ruef didn't have any virtue — unless persistency is one. He was a moral leper.

Ruef's Old Greek Professor Comes to See Him

One day Mr. Bunnell, formerly professor of Greek at the University of California, asked to see Ruef. Mr. Bunnell was one of the leading citizens of California, and intensely interested in the suppression of graft in San Francisco.

"'I was his Greek professor for four years,' he said. 'I believe I could appeal to his better nature, and recall to him the days of his boyhood when he read Plato.'

"'By all means see him, if you can do him any good,' I answered. I had strong doubts, however, about the influence Plato would have on Ruef. But the professor was enthusiastic.

"'I'll point out to him the duty he owes to the city that educated him; and that he can make atonement by confessing everything.'

"When I saw Ruef after the interview, he laughed. 'The old Greek professor came to see me,' he laughed. 'He wanted me to confess.'

"'What did you say?' I asked.

"Ruef burlesqued his answer: 'Oh, I told

"I FOUND HIDDEN IN THE FLOOR OF SCHMITZ'S BEDROOM A PLUSH-LINED BOX"

"'HE'S BEEN JUST LIKE A BROTHER TO ME'"

him how deeply touched I was by his interest in me. And how contrite I was. I handed him the same sort of bull he gave me.'

"After a second interview the professor gave it up; he told me that his former pupil was hopeless. He was shrewder than Ruef suspected.

"The Boss was prepared to throw even Schmitz to the wolves; many things indicated this to me. I found hidden in the floor of one of the bedrooms in the Schmitz house a plush-lined box, undoubtedly a cache for the Schmitz plunder. The Mayor rose to the ingenious explanation that this was where he kept his fiddle. I experimented, and found that a violin wouldn't go into that box. This circumstance tickled Ruef almost to death; he wanted the newspapers to know the joke.

"'I'm getting more than my share of blame out of this,' he whined.

"And, in fact," said the detective, "although I'm inclined to think Schmitz, whom Ruef discovered as an insignificant, harmless orchestra fiddler, would never have made a big crook under less skilful instruction, yet we got plenty of proof that the Mayor was an apt pupil; ex-commissioners under Schmitz declared that he often suggested and devised graft to the Boss.

"Each time I saw Ruef there was some new quibble. He was a continuous vaudeville performance, always coming up with an entirely new and unexpected turn. Now it would be haggling about Schmitz. He laid before us a proposition that Schmitz be allowed to make a confession, resign his office, and leave the State with a promise never to return. Of course, we turned deaf ears to these overtures. In fact, the Mayor had sent emissaries of his own, unknown to Ruef, to the District Attorney's office, to say that Schmitz would like to make some arrangement with the prosecution. But we were not making deals with the Mayor; he was a high official and must take his medicine.

"'Well, what do you want me to tell?' asked Ruef, one day, unexpectedly — though nothing should have been unexpected coming from that eel. It was while we were drawing the grand jury for his trial in the French restaurant cases.

"'All,' I answered; 'and every word must be corroborated.'

"He rubbed his head; he screwed up his face. I knew some scheme worth while was going on in his head.

"'Wouldn't you be satisfied with only the big things?' he insinuated finally.

"'No; we must have all.'

"'What is the use of going into the little things, Burns?' he wheedled.

"'You can't come in with us,' I answered firmly, 'unless you come in fully. You'll tell the little things, too.' I had a fair idea that by 'little things' he meant the Municipal Crib at 620 Jackson Street, the most horrible house of prostitution ever devised,— and under municipal management,— the income that poured in to him from various other brothels, from the slot-machines, from the innumerable grafts of the public works and the grafting sale of goods to the city.

"'You'll tell the little things, too,' I repeated.

"With tears in his eyes, he pleaded: 'I don't have to involve Tirey L. Ford, do I, Burns?'

"'You involve every person who had anything to do with the bribery of the supervisors.'

"This was too much for Ruef. He wept brokenly. 'I hate like hell to betray Ford!' he sobbed. 'He's been just like a brother to me.'

"THEY WERE URGING RUEF TO PLEAD GUILTY"

And because of this brotherly love he refrained from confession that day. Ruef had a big heart; it held both Ford and me.

The Plot to Kidnap Ruef

"It was about this time that a very interesting development in the situation took place. A plot was formed by a number of his former friends to kidnap Ruef. The plan was to take him to the mountains in the interior of California, where a place had been selected. Detectives of the United Railways secured quarters from which they commanded a view of Ruef's temporary jail. We immediately became aware of the situation, and subsequently were informed by one of the men engaged to participate in the kidnapping — a man who never intended carrying out his part, as he was a conscientious citizen, and who had been selected because he was known as a fearless official when he had the position of deputy sheriff in one of the interior counties. Later we secured a confession from one of the men who was to take a leading part in the kidnapping, and, through him, learned that Ruef was to be in on the plan, but at the last moment got cold feet. Ruef feared they would actually do away with him.

Ruef Tells Schmitz that Every Man Must Save Himself

"I wasn't the only one interested in the Boss at this time. There were continual rumors about town that he was about to confess — that he had confessed. It was following such a rumor that the first open rupture came between him and Schmitz. The Mayor, in great fear, came to see his partner in crime, who showed a momentary and extraordinary gleam of honesty. He said it was a time when each man must save himself first. From that hour Schmitz was his enemy. Abe Ruef, through some strange code of honor all his own, evidently felt himself now justified in making every effort to expose Schmitz. He wanted the exposure apparently to emanate from some other source than himself. Why, I'm not sure. I think that it was simply because he couldn't do anything straight; scheming was as natural as breathing to him. I don't think the odium of throwing down his partner cut much ice with him.

"Anyway, he started out by saying that the Mayor's brother Frank had systematically robbed the city in purchasing goods when he was superintendent of the almshouse. After the fire, according to Ruef, when the Relief Corporation sent wagon-loads of provisions and blankets for the inmates of the almshouse, Frank Schmitz charged these to the city and then collected for them. The Mayor's brother, said Ruef, was also a partner in the concern that graded the Parkside district, and, through him, the horses cast off by the city Fire and Police Departments were got for the company to use, and the workmen were fed at the almshouse.

"Though he went on slyly incriminating Schmitz, the day was approaching when he himself must stand trial on the charge of extortion, or confess and plead guilty. He begged to be spared the humiliation. We went right on drawing the jury, and the box was nearly filled. He must act, and act quickly; he was right up against it. I was now calling on him regularly; I did not know what moment his story would come.

"He finessed to the end; he always had some new complication to be straightened out. We had conference after conference with the District Attorney, William H. Langdon, and with the Special Assistant, Mr. Francis J. Heney, who had exclusive charge of the cases. These conferences were held at Mr. Heney's office, and Henry Ach, the lawyer, and Rabbis Nieto and Kaplan represented the Boss. They were urging Ruef to plead guilty to the extortion charge. Should he take what punishment the court saw fit to inflict for this and become a State's witness, he was promised immunity for the rest of his crimes.

Ruef Decides to Make a Clean Breast of It

"One morning, when I called, I found Rabbi Kaplan and Ruef's father and sister with him. Mr. Kaplan opened ceremonies.

"'Mr. Ruef has decided to confess,' said he.

"'Yes,' chimed in Ruef; 'I've decided to make a clean breast of everything to you, Burns.'

"'That's good,' said I. 'But, remember, it's all off unless you come through fully. You're to tell the whole story, and keep back nothing.'

"'Who's to be the judge of the truth?' he asked. It was a Ruef-like question. I laughed; the idea of Ruef serving as judge was funny.

" 'Langdon, Heney, and I,' I answered.

"Then we two were left alone. We sat down on opposite sides of the table and got down to business. I knew the moment had come.

"'What was the first matter you bribed the supervisors in?' I began. He answered reluctantly, but straight. The hardest thing on earth for Ruef to do is to give a straight answer.

"I KNEW THE MOMENT HAD COME"

"'The fight trust. The supervisors were paid five hundred dollars each, and Schmitz five thousand. I was promised twenty-five thousand dollars.'

"I wrote down his entire statement about the fight trust matter.

"'What next?' I questioned.

Ruef Tells What He Got Out of the Gas and Telephone Companies

"'The gas company. After I became political boss, Frank Drum placed me on their pay-roll for twelve hundred a month. One day Drum came to me. "We want to have the gas rate raised to eighty-five cents," he said. "That's too much," I answered. "I can't fix it — on twelve hundred a month." "How much?" asked Drum. I speculated on the expenditure of my time, trouble, and money. "Twenty thousand'll be about right." "Very well," agreed Drum; "go ahead." I went ahead, and got the pay,' added Ruef, and he considered it virtuous compensation.

"Ruef then went on to explain to me how the gas company covered up this transaction in their books. The board of directors voted themselves an extra salary amounting to twenty thousand dollars. As soon as the sum was paid once, they rescinded the resolution and removed the bonus from the pay-roll.

"'What next?' said I, when the gas case was finished.

"'The Home Telephone Company — one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Sixty thousand went to the Board of Supervisors, through Gallagher; the other sixty thousand was divided between Schmitz and me.'

("Thirty thousand apiece for them," said Burns, interrupting his story, "while each of the eighteen supervisors, poor devils, who were necessary to grant the franchise and who served as a cloak, were glad to get away with their little three thousand apiece.)

"There were absolutely no bounds to Ruef's greed. He is the only boss I've ever heard of who never showed an atom of loyalty or gratitude to those who served him. He admitted that, although for years he had received from the Pacific States Telephone Company one thousand dollars a month, when Detweiler of Toledo, president of the Home Telephone Company, outbid the Pacific States, he went over straightway. And in connection with the transaction Ruef told this story.

"'The Pacific States corporation,' said he, 'attempted to do some individual bribing of the supervisors on their own account. They thought they could beat me' — and Ruef swelled out his chest. 'Their local agent, Theodore V. Halsey, had made an arrangement with Boxton of the Board, who had promised to procure the

pledges of ten of the supervisors to favor the old corporation,— a majority of the eighteen, you see,— when I was informed by some of the Board of what was going on. They came to ask me what to do. "Sure, take the money from the Pacific States people," I advised. "All you can get. And then give them the double cross." So Halsey started his little game,' said Ruef. 'Oh, he thought he was laying me out. He engaged a room in the Mills Building; Krause, his secretary, who has since committed suicide in Europe, ushered the supervisors into the inner office, where Halsey handed each a package containing from twenty-five hundred to five thousand dollars. Halsey told them that the balance making ten thousand for each would be given them at the expiration of their terms of office, provided they refused the franchise to the Home Telephone Company.

"'Halsey paid out about seventy-five thousand dollars in this way,' grinned Ruef. 'Then, when the Home people got their franchise, he went wild. He came to me and wept and begged me to make the supervisors give him back his money; he said he'd lose his job if he didn't get it back. "It serves you right, Halsey," said I, "for trying to steal my supervisors from me." (Burns imitated Ruef's virtuous indignation.) "But I'll see what can be done." I then told the supervisors to return to Halsey one half of the Pacific States Telephone bribe; I knew they wouldn't; only two of them did.'

"But I was going to tell you the Ruefesque wind-up of this telephone affair," Burns resumed. "For in this the Boss surely did shine as a dyed-in-the-wool grasp-all. He forced the supervisors to credit their Halsey money to the Home Company's account. The Pacific States actually paid their rival's bribes to the supervisors, and Ruef pocketed all the Home people gave.

"'I FILLED THE SHIRT-BOX, THEN WRAPPED THE OVERFLOW IN A NEWSPAPER'"

"'Now tell me about the United Railways trolley franchise transaction,' I said.

"Ruef balked — not because of President Patrick Calhoun, he protested, but because of his beloved friend, Tirey L. Ford, general counsel for the company.

"'Don't ask me to tell on Ford,' he pleaded. 'I can't, Burns. I think too much of him.'

"'Now, I know you're a loving fellow, Ruef,' I answered; 'and I also know that you've already been preparing Ford. I know that you've sent him word kindly warning him that some one must have squealed, that the prosecution seemed to know all. You're covered yourself, my friend, so come across.'

"Ruef knows when he has to stop fooling, so he settled down to business once more. He just had to shillyshally a while; he does it as naturally as eating.

"'Well,' he admitted, 'I had been on the pay-roll of the company since 1902 at five hundred dollars a month, but when the new Board of Supervisors was elected my

salary was raised to twelve hundred. I had to work extra hard breaking 'em in, you know.

Carrying a Hundred Thousand Dollar Bribe in a Shirt-Box

"'Some time before the fire, Ford told me that the United Railways wanted a permit to operate an overhead trolley on the cable lines. The matter was arranged and the price fixed; but the fire came along, and then there was a rearrangement whereby I was to receive two hundred thousand dollars. It went through the Board of Supervisors in June, after the fire, and I was paid one hundred thousand dollars in two fifty-thousand instalments by Ford. In August he told me that the other hundred thousand was waiting for me at the car-barns at Oak and Broderick streets, and that I'd better bring along something to carry it in, as it was such a bundle. I drove to my cousins' store, Hirsch Brothers, haberdashers, in Fillmore Street, and got a shirt-box. My chauffeur, Alec Latham, will testify that he drove me to the car-barn, where Ford's office was located.'

("I didn't need any chauffeur's corroboration on these points," smiled the detective. "I knew all this from the reports of my 'shadow,' who was following Ruef all the time the investigation was being secretly conducted. The Boss was telling the truth.)

"'I was nervous on this trip,' Ruef went on, 'because the money was so bulky. I filled the shirt-box, then wrapped the overflow in a newspaper, and took it all out to my automobile. After going to my office, I hurried to the Western National Bank and placed the money in safe-deposit boxes.'

"Ruef got this far, and then he had to shy and balk again.

"'HALF THE REMAINDER I DIVIDED WITH SCHMITZ'"

'Ruef Suggests that Burns' Men Commit Perjury

"'Can't I avoid testifying that I received this money from Ford?' he asked. 'Can't you use the evidence without my giving it?'

"'How would you suggest?' I asked, in turn. I was curious to hear his ideas.

"'Why not,' said he, 'have some of your men say they were looking with glasses through the windows opposite and saw me get the money? Or why not have them say they were peering through the light-well in Ford's office?'

"I cut him short. I saw he could concoct loopholes to squeeze himself through all day long.

"'Those are very lovely plans, Ruef,' I said, 'only I don't ask my men to commit perjury.' He saw he couldn't pass the buck to some one else.

"'All right,' he submitted; 'I'll testify straight. Of the two hundred thousand dollars received by me, I turned over eighty-five thousand to Gallagher for the supervisors; this meant four thousand apiece for fifteen members of the board, ten thousand for Andy Wilson, and fifteen thousand for Gallagher. Half of the remainder I divided with Schmitz, at his residence in Vallejo Street. We were alone, and as I went there often, the fact that I was in the house at the time of the payment would not be corroborating evidence. You see, I got only $57,500 out of that deal, after all, Burns,' he whined, in conclusion.

"'Now, what about the Tevis Bay Cities Water Company?' I questioned.

"Ruef heaved a sigh — it was almost a groan. A million dollars to be divided between himself, Schmitz, and the supervisors had been promised, but this biggest deal of all had been spoiled by the graft prosecution. The Water Company could well afford to pay Ruef a million dollars; for it was afterward proved in the prosecution of Fremont Older, who was tried for criminal libel, that this was only an audacious scheme for selling to the city, for ten million five hundred thousand dollars, options that cost two hundred thousand. After conquering his grief, Ruef went on to tell about the frustrated deal of such promise.

"ONE MIRROR WAS NOT ENOUGH; HE REQUIRED TWO"

"'Colonel Wheeler, Tevis' right-hand man, first came to me and arranged for me to meet his employer at Tevis' office in the Mills Building, in January, 1906. After that we met several times, and Tevis always urged me to put the Bay Cities scheme through the Board of Supervisors; I was to get one third of the profits. "If this goes through," said Tevis politely, "you need never work again, Mr. Ruef. There ought to be a million dollars in it for you." I told Schmitz we would be able to divide a million dollars, and he asked me if I thought Tevis could deliver the water to go ahead. So I sent for Gallagher and told him that the Bay Cities deal meant seventy-five thousand for him and twenty-five thousand apiece for the other supervisors. Schmitz immediately appointed three engineers, who suggested that a number of water schemes be submitted; but these men refused to accept the Bay Cities' proposition while Hetch Hetchy was competing against it. The water supply from Hetch Hetchy was not only closer and easier of access to the city, but also there was not any purer water within a radius of many miles. It was the logical source of water supply, and the Board of Engineers made the stand for it. To ease the conscience of the Board, the Mayor then offered the solution of withdrawing all the companies from competition and leaving only the Bay Cities Water Company in the field. But the engineers resigned. Schmitz had mistaken his men. The city engineer was still working on the matter when the graft prosecution put a quietus on it,' sighed Ruef. He sighed again when I mentioned the Parkside Realty franchise matter.

"'I didn't get to do a thing with that, Burns. I got fifteen thousand dollars down, and the assurance of twenty-five thousand more if I got a franchise for a railway through Nineteenth Avenue to the Parkside district. But the investigation came on, and I did not dare risk trying to deliver bribes to the supervisors.'

"Ruef would have been unhappier still," smiled Burns, "if he had known that I knew from the first just how he was trapped, and that I used the circumstances to play the supervisors against the Boss. I'd have had a much harder task trapping the supervisors without the knowledge of these facts. He never knew how much I knew.

"After I'd taken down exactly what he had said, it was difficult to arrange the facts to suit him. He sent for his sister, a stenographer. I read over his statements about the United Railways bribery, and was not satisfied with it.

"'You're lying about some of these features, Ruef,' I said, 'and you know it. I don't propose to stand for any of that. Unless you make up your mind to be honest and sincere, I'll have nothing more to do with you.'

"I was aware that Ruef's sister was nudging

him, but some telepathic sense seemed to tell him when he could not whine.

"'Now quit your kicking me,' he ordered her. Then, turning to me with all the ingenuousness in the world, he said: 'She's kicking me under the table; but I'm going to tell you the truth.'

"After this interview the Boss really collapsed. Telling the truth had been too much for him, and we had to send for a physician. When he was revived, we drew up an immunity contract on condition that he plead guilty in the French restaurant extortion case — which meant five years in the penitentiary for him — and that he take the witness-stand for the prosecution.

"'I never want to be known in this agreement,' said Ach, Ruef's attorney. 'People will say I'm the worst —— in town; and I am.'

How Ruef Went to the Witness-Stand

"Because Ruef had signed his contract he did not cease to be an eel. He at once tried to worm his way out. As I've said, he weeps easily.

"'I don't want to go into the court-room and plead guilty,' he whined and sobbed.

Henry Ach and other friends of Ruef's haunted Mr. Heney's office. They seemed to come up through the floor, and armed with every imaginable argument. Ruef's own fertility of imagination was not impaired, either. One formidable argument against pleading guilty was particularly touching.

"'The testimony of a self-confessed felon will be sure to injure the prosecution, Burns,' he said.

"'Now, don't you be wasting your time worrying about our side,' I answered. 'We appreciate it, but realize you have troubles of your own.'

"Then he tried the sympathy gag: 'If I confess, it will kill my parents and sister.'

"Yet, singularly enough, when he found that he could not squirm out of taking the first step in the contract, he said:

"'Understand, I'm not going to confess for myself, but for the sake of my parents and sister. They don't want me to go to San Quentin for life.'

"It has been said that Ruef had real devotion to his family," says Burns. Maybe he had. It would be hard for an ordinary man to know what form devotion might take in a composition like Ruef. At any rate, he did do a lot for them — in his way. He made his father his bookkeeper, and his sister his cashier.

"From the beginning it had been evident that he'd give trouble to the end. No promises or contract bound him. When he concluded that the District Attorney's office was inexorable, he went off in a rage.

"'All right; I'll go into court and plead guilty,' he threatened. 'But it'll be in my own way.'

"'What do you mean by that?' I asked.

"'When I confess in court, I'll state my reasons for pleading guilty.'

"'Just as you please. Only tell the truth.'

"He quibbled to the very day of his trial, which had many postponements. Ruef was not downcast — not he; he was preparing to appear before a few hundred people, and I believe Ruef would be satisfied to serve a term of years in prison if he were assured that he would have an audience of ten thousand people to listen to him when he came out.

"Ruef's vanity was even better illustrated during Schmitz's trial, a month later. Early in the morning he sent for a barber, and had his face shaved and his hair trimmed; one mirror was not enough — he required two. He walked up and down before the large looking-glass, turned round, surveyed himself approvingly from side and back, giving suggestions to the barber. He went through the entire form of giving his testimony.

"'I go on the witness-stand to-day,' he explained to the amazed barber. 'There will be a big crowd.'

"'Guilty!' the ex-Boss entered his plea at his own trial, and I gave a sigh of relief such as I never sighed before. Schmitz and the Mayor's attorneys were beside themselves with rage. Ruef's last musical adherent dropped away that day.

"And Henry Ach, who had advised and arranged the immunity contract, rose like a righteous, astonished advocate. He took up his hat and with picturesque indignation addressed the court:

"'Your Honor, I beg leave to withdraw from this case. I knew nothing of my client's intention.' And out he went.

"'Don't you think I did that well?' asked Ach, when I saw him next.

"This ended my connection with the San Francisco graft investigation, but along with the story I want to say this:

"The time will come when the people of California will honor the memory of Rudolf Spreckels, Francis J. Heney, Fremont Older, James D. Phelan, Bartley P. Oliver, and William H. Langdon for the work they have done. Mr. Spreckels was the man who supplied the money necessary to conduct the investigation. It has been said, by those who are in a position to know, that the amount expended came to as much as $250,000. William H. Langdon

showed the kind of man he was when the political Boss sought to deliver his office to the gamblers and crooks. Langdon took the bit in his teeth and, single-handed, raided the crooked gambling games and drove the gamblers from the city. Later, when the graft prosecution was begun, he appointed Heney Special Assistant District Attorney to carry on the work. Mr. Heney's wonderful activity in the matter is so familar to the public that it is unnecessary to go into details. Mr. Older started the graft prosecution, and came to Washington and arranged to secure the services of Heney and myself. He had been fighting grafters in San Francisco for nine years. He still continues to fight them.

"I must also say a word for Hiram Johnson, now Governor of California, and for Mr. Matt Sullivan. They jumped in when Heney was shot, and carried on his work and convicted Ruef. Even the citizens of California had no idea of the sacrifices these men made and of the personal dangers they went through. The world already knows the story of how Francis J. Heney was shot during the trial, but little is known of the plots that were made against the lives of many of the men actively engaged in the investigation."

In this first story I got, indeed, very little idea of Burns' "technique" — of his methods of setting to work upon a case. His interest in Ruef made his first story more a character sketch than a narrative. The second story, however, which will appear in the March number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, takes up one of Burns' most celebrated cases, and gives one an excellent idea of the more technical side of the detective's work: the patient shadowing of criminals, the nursing of clues, and the careful interpretation of evidence so slight that it would mean nothing at all to the unprofessional mind.

GHOSTS

BY ALFRED NOYES

O, to creep in by candle-light,
When all the world is fast asleep,
Out of the cold winds, out of the night,
Where the nettles wave and the rains weep!
O, to creep in, lifting the latch
So quietly that no soul could hear;
And, at those embers in the gloom,
Quietly light one careful match —
You should not hear it, have no fear —
And light the candle and look round
The old familiar room;
To see the old books upon the wall
And lovingly take one down again,
And hear — O, strange to those that lay
So patiently underground —
The ticking of the clock, the sound
Of clicking embers . . .
Watch the play
Of shadows . . .
till the implacable call
Of morning turn our faces gray;
And, or ever we go, we lift and kiss
Some idle thing that your hands may touch,
Some paper or book that your hands let fall,
And we never — when living — had cared so much
As to glance upon twice . . .
But now, O bliss
To kiss and to cherish it, moaning our pain,
Ere we creep to the silence again.

WOMEN LAUNDRY WORKERS IN NEW YORK

BY

SUE AINSLIE CLARK AND EDITH WYATT

WHAT do self-supporting women away from home in New York give in their work, and what do they get from it, when their industry involves a considerable outlay of muscular strength? For a reply to this question the National Consumers' League turned to the reports of women's work as machine ironers and hand ironers, workers at mangles, folders and shakers of sheets and napkins from wringers in the steam laundries of New York.

For, although the labor at the machines in the laundry wash-rooms is done by men, and all work in laundries consists largely of machine-tending, still women's part in the industry can be performed only by unusually strong women.*

In the winter of 1907–8 the National Consumers' League had received from different parts of New York a series of letters filled with various complaints against specified laundries in this city—complaints stating that hours were long and irregular, wages unfair, the laundries dirty, and the girls seldom allowed to sit down; and containing urgent pleas to the women of the Consumers' League to help the women laundry workers.

After consulting some of the laundrywomen, the League determined to secure through a special inquiry a well-ascertained statement of conditions as a basis for State factory legislation for uniform improvements. A few months before, the constitutionality of the present New York legislation, as well as of almost all of the State legislation concerning the hours of work of adult women in this country, had been virtually determined by the decision of the Federal Supreme Court in regard to the ten-hour law for women laundry workers in Oregon. The opinion of the National Supreme Court, which practically confirmed the passed New York laundry laws and made future laws for fair regulation for the women workers seem practicable, will be given after the account of women's work in laundries in New York.

Miss Carola Woerishofer conducted the inquiry, which was confined to steam laundries, as hand laundries were more favorably described by many reliable authorities. Among these, the large laundries were commercial laundries, such as we all patronize, and hotel and hospital laundries. The features chiefly observed in all these establishments were sanitation, the danger of injury, and wages and hours of labor. For the account of the hospital and hotel laundries the Consumers' League of the City of New York obtained the services of Miss Elizabeth Howard Westwood of Smith College and Miss Mary Alden Hopkins of Wellesley College. As a means of investigating commercial laundries, Miss Woerishofer, answering advertisements as they came, worked in laundries in trade, employed in nearly every branch of the industry in which women are engaged throughout the borough of Manhattan.

I

Naturally, the first question which faced me was that of finding a job. For this I turned to the laundry want "ads" in the newspapers. To my surprise, as my investigation was made in the summer, which is, curiously enough, by

*Its severity may be indicated by an account of the work a machine ironer in Illinois regularly performed before the passage of the Illinois ten-hour law, when conditions in that State were as they now are in the hotel and hospital laundries of New York. Miss Radway used to iron five hundred shirt bosoms a day. Holding the loose part of the shirt up above her head to prevent the muslin from being caught in the iron, she pressed the bosom in a machine manipulated by three heavy treads—by bearing all of her weight on her right foot, stamping down on a pedal to the right: then by bearing all her weight on her left foot, stamping down a pedal to the left: then by pressing down both pedals with a jump. To iron five hundred shirt bosoms required three thousand treads a day.

far the slackest season in New York commercial laundries, I was never without work for more than a day at a time, although I changed continually, for the sake of experience, averaging about a week in a place.

The first establishment to which I went was known as a model laundry. It was large and well ventilated, and had a dry floor. These sanitary conditions may be said to be fairly typical. In only one laundry did I find a girl who was compelled to stand in a wet place, though water overflowed sometimes into the girls' quarters from the wash-rooms where the men worked. In some of these wash-rooms the water is at times ankle-deep, a condition due only to bad drainage, as other wash-rooms are absolutely dry. Whatever the condition of the work-rooms, the women's dressing-rooms frequently had insanitary plumbing, and were verminous and unhealthful. In one laundry the water supply was contaminated, smelling and tasting offensive when it came from the faucet, and worse after it had passed through the cooler. The women here at first kept bottles of soda water. Some old women had beer. But on a series of hot days, with hours from half past seven to twelve, and from one till any time up to ten at night, 10 cents' worth of beer or soda water a day did not go far to alleviate thirst, and soon drank a big hole in a wage of $5 a week. A complaint was sent to the Board of Health. After nearly three weeks the Board of Health replied that the complaint must be sent to the Water Department. From the Water Department no reply could possibly come for several weeks more. And, in the meantime, all the women workers in the laundry, impelled by intolerable thirst, drank the contaminated water.

Laundry Workers Risk Mutilation from Unguarded Mangles

The work-room where I was employed had, on the whole, plenty of windows. These were left open. But when a room is large and full of machinery, artificial light is needed all day, and the outside air does not come in very far to drive away the heat and the dampness. On going out at noon from a laundry where I had dipped shirts in hot starch all the morning at a breakneck pace, I was struck by the coolness of the day. That night I discovered that the thermometer had been registering 96° in the shade. A few fans should be put in each laundry. They could be run by the power that runs the machines.

In the "model laundry," I worked at first at a mangle, running spreads and sheets and towels between two revolving cylinders. Here I found there was danger of slipping my fingers too far under the cylinder in the process of feeding. The mangle had a guard, to be sure — a flexible metal bar about three quarters of an inch above the feeding-apron in front of the cylinder. But I learned that this acted as a warning rather than a protection. "Once you get your fingers in, you never get them out," Jenny, the Italian girl beside me, said repeatedly. The Italian girls Anglicized their names, and Jenny had probably been Giovanna at home.

At the collar machine, at which I was stationed after lunch, there was an adequate guard where the collars were slipped in. Where they came out, however, they had to be pushed in rapid succession under the farther side of a burning hot cylinder with no guard at all. To avoid touching the cylinder with my arm in this process, I was obliged either to raise it unnaturally high, or to stand on tiptoe. "You didn't get burned to-day or yesterday," said Jenny, "but you sure will sometime. Everybody does on that machine."

In the ironing of collars and cuffs by machinery, there is continual risk of burns on hands and arms. At a sleeve-ironing machine, in another place, I received some slight burn every day. And when I asked the girls if this were because I was "green," they replied that every one got burned at that machine all the time. Each burn is due to "carelessness," but if the girls were to be careful, they would have to focus their minds on self-protection instead of the proper accomplishment of their task, and would also have to work at a lower rate of speed than the output the laundries usually demand. A graver danger than that from hot surfaces and from slightly protected gas flames is from unguarded belts and gears.

At mangles, too, the danger is grave. What the girls call "millionaire work" — work that has to come out straight — in contrast with "boarding-house work," must be shoved up to within a quarter of an inch of the cylinder. Fingers once caught in such mangles are crushed. Consider, in connection with these two facts, the high rate of speed at which the girls feed the work into the machine, and the precarious character of their task will be realized. However, in many laundries, good mangles for table and bed linen are in use, which either have a stationary bar in front of the first cylinder, or else have the first roll, whether connected or not with the power, attached to a lever, and so constructed as to lift

the pressure immediately from the finger, should it be slipped underneath.*

Dangerous Machinery in Manhattan Laundries

For the purpose of inspecting the machinery I visited with different factory inspectors, through the courtesy extended by the Department of Labor, all, so far as I was able to determine, of the commercial steam laundries in the Borough of Manhattan. Out of sixty laundries inspected, I found that twenty-six had either unguarded or inadequately guarded mangles, collar-pressers, and collar-dampeners, or else unguarded or inadequately guarded gears and belts. In a laundry visited when the boss was out, we conferred with the engineer about one particularly bad mangle.

"What's this machine for? To cut girls' hands off?" asked the inspector.

"Well," said the engineer, "it came pretty near finishing up the last girl we had here — caught her arm in an apron-string and got both hands under the roll — happened over two months ago. Fingers cut off one hand, and all twisted and useless on the other."

Instead of having the machine guarded, after this mutilation, the owner had employed a man to take chances here, instead of a girl.

This and all the illegal defects discovered were ordered remedied by the factory inspectors. But New York labor legislation, no matter how excellent, cannot be enforced, with the present number of inspectors. An inspector will arrive on one day; will discover that rules are violated; will impose a fine; will return in the next week and discover that rules are not violated; will, perforce, return to another part of the field; and after that the violation will continue as if he had never observed it.

Further, it is difficult for the inspector to discover, through employees, violations of the State laws enacted in their interest, as they risk being discharged for complaints. In addition, moreover, to this danger, bringing a charge means that the complainant must go to court, thus losing both time and money. A union organization would be the only possible means of settling the matter. Made up of the workers themselves, it is always present to observe violations; and it offers to

*State Labor Law, paragraph 81.— Protection of Employees Operating Machinery: ". . . . If a machine or any part thereof is in a dangerous condition or is not properly guarded, the use thereof may be prohibited by the Commissioner of Labor, and a notice to that effect shall be attached thereto. Such notice shall not be removed until the machine is made safe and the required safeguards are provided, and in the meantime such unsafe or dangerous machinery shall not be used."

Photograph by Hine

LAUNDRY WORKERS SORTING OUT PIECES

AN ILL-PAID AND PARTICULARLY EXHAUSTING FORM OF LAUNDRY WORK. THE GIRLS HAVE TO BE CONSTANTLY ON THEIR FEET, BENDING AND STOOPING OVER THE PILES OF CLOTHES

Photograph by Lewis

LAUNDRY WORKER FEEDING PIECES INTO THE MANGLE

THE MANGLE SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH IS GUARDED; IN NEARLY FIFTY PER CENT, HOWEVER, OF THE COMMERCIAL STEAM LAUNDRIES INSPECTED, THE MACHINERY WAS EITHER UNGUARDED OR INADEQUATELY GUARDED. IN ONE LAUNDRY A GIRL GOT BOTH HANDS UNDER THE ROLL. THE FINGERS OF ONE HAND WERE CUT OFF, AND THE OTHER HAND WAS SO MUTILATED AS TO BE PERMANENTLY USELESS

the workers the advantage of reporting to the State, not as individuals, but as a body. The coöperative spirit present among almost all of the laundry workers should make organization entirely feasible.*

On entering a new situation I found, as a rule, cordiality and friendly interest. On several occasions it was expressed by this social form:

"Say, you got a feller?"

"Sure. Ain't you got one?"

"Sure."

The girls are really very kind to one another, helping one another in their work, and by loans of lunch and money.

In one place a woman with a baby to support — a shaker earning $4.50 a week, and heavily in debt — used to borrow weekly a few pennies apiece from all the girls around her to pay her rent. And the pennies were always forthcoming, although the girls had hardly more than she had, and knew quite well that they were seldom returned. There was a great deal of swearing among the women in almost all of the laundries, but it was of an entirely good-natured character.

While there was a natural division of labor, there was also an artificial one, created during lunch hours. A deep-rooted feeling of antagonism and suspicion exists between the Irish and the Italians, each race clubbing together from the different departments in separate bands.

Aside from this distinction, there is another social cleavage — the high-wage earners sitting apart from the low-wage earners, through natural snobbishness. In one laundry, the high-wage

* Here is a letter from the Secretary of the Woman's Trade Union League, stating the results of organization in the West in the laundry trade: "The laundry workers in San Francisco eight years ago were competing with the Chinese laundries. The girls working in the laundries there received about $10 a month, with the privilege of 'living in.' Three days in the week they began work at 6 A. M. and worked until 2 A. M. the next morning. The other three days they worked from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. Since organization they have established the nine-hour day and the minimum wage of $7. They have extended their organization almost the entire length of the Pacific Coast."

Photograph by Hine

LAUNDRY WORKERS DRAWING PIECES OUT OF A MANGLE

MANGLE WORK GENERALLY BRINGS FROM $5 TO $6 A WEEK IN COMMERCIAL LAUNDRIES. THE WOMEN STAND ON THEIR FEET TEN AND TWELVE HOURS AT A STRETCH, WITH ONLY ONE BREAK OF HALF AN HOUR OR AN HOUR FOR LUNCH. THE WORK HAS TO BE DONE AT EXTREME SPEED, AND, WHERE THE MACHINERY IS UNGUARDED, IS EXTREMELY PRECARIOUS

earners, though they often treated the $5 girls to stray sardines, cake, etc., were in the habit of sending young girls to the delicatessen shop to get their lunches, and also to the saloon for beer. Then the girl had to hurry out on the street in her petticoat and little light dressing-sack that she wore for work, for they gave her no time to change. For this service the girl would get 10 cents a week from each of the women she did errands for. They did not — the boss starcher explained to me with quiet elegance — think of such a thing as drinking beer behind the boss's back, but they "just didn't want him to know."

The same difficulties in enforcing the law about protected machinery in laundries exist in the enforcing of the law requiring that adult women in laundries shall not work more than sixty hours in a week. Just as in the case of protected machinery, these difficulties might be partly removed through trade organization.

Working from Seven in the Morning until Midnight Without Overtime Pay

Nearly all laundry work is performed standing, and on heavy days, when the work is steady, except at lunch-time, very few women get a chance to sit down during any part of the day. The chief difference between laundry work and that of other factories is in the irregularity of the hours. A manufacturer knows more or less at the beginning of the week how much work his factory will have to do, and can usually distribute overtime, or engage or lay off extra girls, according to his knowledge. The laundryman can never estimate the amount of work to be done until the laundry bundles are actually on the premises. He can never tell when the hotels, restaurants, steamboats, and all the small "hand" laundries, whose family laundries he rough-dries, and whose collars and table and bed linen he finishes,

will want their washing back. Hard as this is for the employer, it is still harder for the workers. The small hand laundry can seldom keep customers waiting longer than from Monday till Saturday. On this account, the steam laundry will be obliged to rush all of i s work for the "hand" laundry through in one or two days. I found some steam laundries in which no work at all is done on Monday or Saturday, but in the busy season the place keeps running regularly on the other four days from seven in the morning till half past eleven and twelve at night. Very seldom is there any compensation for these long hours. Few of the laundries pay overtime. Of these, some dock the girls proportionately for every hour less than sixty a week they work. No laundries in which I worked, except one, give supper money. A piece worker at least gets some advantage to counterbalance long hours. But the week worker not only lacks recompense for actual labor, but is often put to greater expense.

She does not know when her long day is coming, so she must buy her supper, when supper is waiting for her at home. She is often so tired that she must spend 5 cents for carfare, instead of walking. Seven cents is a fair average spent upon supper — 2 cents for bread and 5 cents for sausage, cheese, or meat. If overtime is worked three nights a week, the girl is out of pocket 36 cents — not a small item in wages of $4.50 and $5 a week, where every penny counts. Often, also, she either has not extra money or she forgets to bring it. Then she has to share some one's else lunch. The girls are always willing to divide, however slight their own provisions. I once saw a one-cent piece of cake shared by four girls.

Long Hours of Standing the Laundress' Greatest Hardship

There are two kinds of long hours: t.ose due to bad systematizing of laundry work, creating long waits between lots; and those due to very heavy work. In regard to the first kind, it must be said that the shirt-starchers, who are the main sufferers from waiting for work, are the best paid, and hence are not as indignant at frequent overtime as the week workers are. Besides, though obliged to stay in the workroom, they are frequently seated throughout their waiting time, which sometimes lasts for four or five hours. I saw one woman about to be confined who sometimes starched shirts until two in the morning, after arriving at the laundry at half past seven on the morning before.

The other kind of long hours involves constant standing, and is most apt to occur in laundries where only mangle work is done. These laundries do not tend to work late at night, but they more frequently violate the sixty-hour law than the others do. Work is almost absolutely steady. The women stand on their feet ten and twelve hours, with just half an hour or an hour for lunch, and work with extreme speed.

If your job is shaking the wrinkles out of towels and sheets, this in itself is violent exercise. The air is hot and damp because you stand near the washers. You are hurried at a furious rate. When you finish one lot you have to roll heavy baskets, and dump them upon your table, and then go on shaking and shaking again, only to do more heavy loading and dumping. One girl always had a headache late in the afternoon. After standing ten or twelve hours, there are few whose feet or backs do not ache. The effect on the feet is perhaps the chief ground of complaint. Some merely wear rags about their feet, others put on old shoes or slippers which they slit up in front and at the sides. The girls who press skirts by machine and those who do the body ironing have to press down on pedals in order to accomplish their tasks, and find this, as a rule, harder than standing still. An occasional worker, however, pronounces it a relief. But several I met had serious internal trouble which they claimed began after they had started laundry work. Few laundries give holidays with pay. Some give half a day on the legal holidays. In the others, "shaking" and "body ironing" and all the hard, heavy processes of laundry work continue straight through Christmas day, straight through New Year's day, straight through the Fourth of July, just as at other times.

In recompense for these long hours of standing, the piece worker often has fairly high payment financially. But the opposite is true of the week worker. In the downtown laundries, where the wage scale runs lower, the amount is usually inadequate for the barest need.

Wages in Laundries Range from $3 to $25 a Week

The payment in laundries is extremely varied. The wages of the majority of women I talked to in laundries amounted to between $8 and $4.50 a week. But wages ranged from the highest exceptional instances in piece work, in hand starching and in hand ironing, at $25 a week, for a few weeks in the year, down to $3 a week.

High wages generally involved long hours. For instance, in one laundry, young American

Photograph by Hine

"FOLDERS" AT WORK

THE STANDARD WAGE FOR THIS WORK IS $6 A WEEK. THE FINER PROCESSES OF FOLDING REQUIRE GREAT ACCURACY AND CARE

women between twenty and thirty were employed as hand starchers at piece work. They made $10 a week, when times were slack, by working once or twice a week, from seven in the morning until eleven at night. In busy times they sometimes made $22 a week by working occasionally from seven o'clock one morning till two o'clock the following morning.*

Although Italians, Russians, Irish, Polish, Germans, Americans, and Swedes are employed in New York laundries, the greater part of the work is done by Irish and Italians. The Irish receive the higher prices, the Italians the lower prices. The best paid work, the hand starching of shirts and collars and the hand ironing, is done by Irishwomen, by colored women, and by Italian and Jewish men. The actual process of hand starching may be learned in less than one hour. Speed in the work may be acquired in about ten days. On the other hand, to learn the nicer processes of the ill-paid work of feeding and folding at the mangle — the passing of towels and napkins through the machine without turning in or wrinkling the edges, the passing of table-covers between cylinders in such a way that the work will never come out in a shape other than square — to learn these nicer processes requires from thirteen to fifteen days. The reason for the low wages listed for mangle work seems to lie only in nationality. Mangle work, as a rule, is done by Italians. In two laundries I found, working side by side with American and Irish girls, Italians who were doing exactly the same work, and were paid less solely because they were

* Perhaps a better survey of the standard of wages for all departments of laundry work in which women are employed can be given by the table below. By the word "standard" I mean the usual wage of a worker of average skill who has been at work in a laundry for a period of at least one year.

Hand starching (shirts)	$12.00
Hand ironing	10.00
Hand starching (collars)	9.00
Hand washing	8.00
Machine ironing	7.00
Feeders	6.00
Folders	6.00
Catchers	5.00
Machine starching (shirts)	5.00
Collar ironing	5.00
Machine starching (collars)	4.50
Shakers	4.50

Italians. The employer said he never paid the Italians more than $4 a week.

In the next best paid work after hand starching, the work of hand ironing, paying roughly from $8 to $18 a week, Italian women are practically never employed.

The worst part of mangle work, the shaking, is done by young girls and by incapable older women of many nationalities. One of the ill-paid girls who had $4.50 a week gave $3.50 a week board to an aunt who never let her delay payment a day. She had only $1 a week left for every other expense. This girl was "keeping company" with a longshoreman who had as much as $25 in good weeks. She had been engaged to him, and had broken her engagement because he drank — "he got so terribly drunk." But when I saw her she was in such despair with her low wage, her hard hours of standing, and only $5 a week ahead of her, that she was considering whether she should not swallow her well-founded terror of the misery his dissipation might bring upon them, and marry him, after all.

The Shakers — the Worst Paid and Hardest Worked Employees

The shakers are the worst paid and the hardest worked employees. The young girls expect to become folders and feeders. The older women are widows with children, or women with husbands sick or out of work or in some way incapacitated. Indeed, many of all these laundry workers, probably a larger proportion than in any other trade, are widows with children to support. "The laundry is the place," said one of the women, "for women with bum husbands, sick, drunk, or lazy." The lower the pay and the damper and darker the laundry, the older and worse off these women seem to be.

The low wages and long hours of the great majority of the women workers, the gradual breaking and loss of the normal health of many lives through under-nourishment and physical strain, are, in my judgment, the most serious danger in the laundries. The loss of a finger, the maiming of a hand, even the mutilation of the poor girl who lost the use of both of her hands — the occasional casualties for a few girls in the laundries — are, though so much more salient, far less grave than the exhaustion and under-payment of the many.

This, then, is the situation in general for women workers in the commercial laundries. With respect to sanitation, the heat is excessive wherever ironing is done by machinery. Many of the rooms are full of steam. Some of the laundries have insanitary toilet- and cloak-rooms. With respect to danger of injury, in a large proportion of places there is unguarded or inadequately guarded machinery. In respect to hours of labor, these often extend over the sixty-hour limit in rush seasons. The hours are not only long, but are irregular. A twelve- to fourteen-hour working day is not infrequent. In a few places closing on Mondays and Saturdays, or open for short hours on Mondays, the working day runs up on occasions to seventeen hours. Almost all the laundry work is done standing. Wages for the majority of the workers are low.

The League's conclusions in regard to legislation will be placed at the close of the following accounts of the laundries of the large New York hospitals and hotels, the first report being written by Miss Elizabeth Howard Westwood, the second report by Miss Mary Alden Hopkins.

II

By a decision of the District Attorney, hotel and hospital laundries, provided they do no outside work, do not come under the jurisdiction of the Department of Labor. Women may work far beyond the sixty-hour limit on seven days of the week without any interference on the part of the government. Nor is there any authority that can force hospitals and hotel-keepers to guard their machinery.

While the hospitals did not, as a rule, exceed legal hours, were excellent as a rule in point of sanitation, and paid better wages than the commercial laundries to all but the more skilled workers, the machinery was adequately guarded in only one of the eight hospital laundries where I worked.

In some, the belt that transfers the power was left unscreened, to the danger of passing workers. In others the mangle guard was insufficient. In all the hospitals I heard of casualties. Fingers had been mashed. A hand had been mashed. An arm had been dragged out. Unguarded machinery was, of course, a striking inconsistency, more inexcusable in the hospitals than in hotels or in commercial laundries. For hospitals are not engaged in a gainful pursuit, regardless of all humanitarian considerations. On the contrary, they are not only avowedly philanthropic in aim, but are carried on solely in the cause of health.

The Living-in System

The living-in system prevails in the hospitals, and wages are paid partly in board and lodging. The laundry workers share the dormitories and

dining-rooms of the other hospital employees. The dormitories were in every case furnished with comfortable beds, and chiffonniers or bureaus and adequate closet space were provided. Miss Hopkins and I did not sleep in, but had our beds assigned us, and used our dormitory rights merely for a cloak-room. Here we lingered after hours to gossip, and here we often retired at noon to stretch out for a few minutes' relaxation of our aching muscles. The dormitories varied in size. Each hospital had several large and several small ones. In most cases these dormitories were on upper floors. In one they occupied the basement. Here, however, a wide sunken alley skirted the house wall and gave the windows a fairly good access to the air.

MISS JOSEPHINE GOLDMARK
WHO COLLECTED THE FACTS ON WHICH MR. LOUIS BRANDEIS BASED HIS DEFENSE OF THE OREGON TEN-HOUR LAW FOR WOMEN LAUNDRY WORKERS. THE CASE WAS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE IN ESTABLISHING A PRECEDENT FOR THE LEGAL REGULATION OF WOMEN'S WORK

In all but two hospitals the food was excellent and the meals decently served. There were eggs and milk in abundance. The soups were delicious, the meats of fair quality and well cooked. There were plenty of vegetables, and the desserts were appetizing. We sat, as a rule, at long tables accommodating from ten to twenty. Sometimes we had table-cloths and napkins; sometimes a white oil-cloth sufficed. We were waited on by maids.

In most of the hospitals there is a fifteen- or twenty-minute rest in the morning and in the afternoon, when milk, tea, and bread and butter are served. These oases of rest and nourishment were of extraordinary value to us in resisting fatigue. Their efficiency in keeping workers in condition is a humane and practical feature of the laundries which should be sharply emphasized.

There was little variation in wages between the different grades of workers. As a rule, only two prices obtained — one for all the manglers and plain ironers, another for the starchers and shirt and fancy ironers. In one laundry the wage fell as low as $10 a month. In the others it was $14 and $15 for the lower grade of work, and $16 and $20 for the higher. One of the laundries gave board, but no room, and here the universal price was $20 a month.

As to hours, three of the hospitals had an eight-hour day; four had a nine-and-a-half-hour day. In one of these there was no work on Saturday afternoon, so that the weekly hours were forty-four. Another hospital worked seventy-two hours a week, with no recompense in the form of overtime pay. Generally the catchers at the mangles sat at their work. In one hospital the feeders also sat, using high stools. We wondered why this was not more often the custom. The difference in vigor in our own cases when we worked sitting was marked. Sitting, we escaped unwearied; standing all day left us numb with fatigue. In only one hospital was artificial light necessary in the work-room. The rooms, as a rule, were well ventilated and the air fresh when one came into them.

Discontent Among Hospital Laundresses

We often noticed that the workers in the hospital laundries were far less contented than

those in the other classes of laundries. It was not surprising that they lacked enthusiasm for their work, for laundering is not an interesting task; but, with conditions far beyond any other type of laundry, it was strange that the hospital workers should be the most shifting, fault-finding, and dispirited laundresses we encountered. Part of this we attributed to the depressing effect of an atmosphere of sickness, part to the fact that workers living out are doubtless stimulated by the diversion of having a change of scene — of seeing at least two sets of people, and, above all, generally by some special sympathy and concern for their individual fortunes. In the last hospital laundry where we worked, one conducted by the Sisters of Charity, though the hours were long and the wages only $10 a month, there was an exceptional air of cheerfulness and interest among the workers. This was due to no special privileges of theirs, but to the contagious spirit of personal interest and kindness inherent in all the Sisters in charge.

The bitterness that characterized workers living in the hospitals was observed by Miss Hopkins among the laundry workers living in the hotels.

III

The twenty-one hotels where we conducted our inquiry were extremely varied, ranging from a yellow brick house near the Haymarket, with red and blue ingrain carpets and old-fashioned bells that rang a gong when one twisted a knob, to the mosaic floors and the pale, shaded electric lights of the most costly establishments in New York.

As to the sanitation of the twenty hotels visited, only six had their laundries above-ground. All the others were in basements or in cellars. In most of these the ventilation was faulty and the air at times intolerably hot. It is a striking fact — showing what intelligent modern regulation can accomplish — that one laundry two stories underground in New York was so high-ceiled and the summer cold-air apparatus so complete that it was comfortable even in the hot months. In most of the hotel laundries there were seats for the takers-off. Only three of the laundries had wet floors; only three were dirty; only one had an insanitary lavatory and toilet-room.

Some Dangers of the Uninspected Hotel Laundry

In regard to the danger of injury, of the nineteen mangles that I inspected for dangerous conditions, six were insufficiently protected. It is the custom in most hotels, when an article winds around the cylinder of the mangle, to pluck it off while the mangle is in motion. The women sometimes climb up on the mangle and reach over, in imminent danger of becoming entangled either by their dresses catching or by pitching forward. The machinery of hotel laundries is even less carefully guarded than is that of a commercial laundry, and in some establishments is, besides, dangerously crowded. This was the case in one laundry in a hotel cellar. I worked here at the ironing-table on a consignment of suits from the navy-yard. As work came in from outside the hotel, the establishment should have been under the State inspection. The rooms were narrow. There was a ventilating-fan, placed very low, near where the girls hung their wraps, and as soon as I came in, they warned me that it caught up in its blades and destroyed anything that came near it. The belting of the machines was unboxed. A blue flame used sometimes to blow out four inches beyond the body-ironer, directly into the narrow space where the girls had to pass before it. In connection with the danger from machinery, danger from employees' elevators should be noted. In one hotel I rode forty-four times on an elevator where the guard door was closed only once, though the car was often crowded, and twice I saw girls narrowly escape injury from catching their skirts on the landing doors and the latches. In another hotel, inexperienced elevator-boys were broken in on dangerous cars containing signs that read: "This elevator shall not carry more than fifteen persons." The cars were used not only for people, but for trunks and heavy trucks of soiled linen. On one trip a car carried one of these enormous trucks, two trunks, and twelve girls: on another trip there were twenty-two people.

At eight of the hotels wages were paid partly in board and lodging. The money wages are given below:

WORKERS LIVING IN

	PER MONTH
Ironers on flannels, stockings, and plain work	$22
Ironers — skilled workers on family wash	25–30
Shakers	14–16
All beginners	14–16

WORKERS LIVING OUT

	PER WEEK
Ironers	$7 and upward
Shakers	6 "
Feeders	6 "
Folders	6 "
Starchers (shirt), piece-work wages, average	8
Starchers (collars and cuffs)	15 and upward

The eight hotels varied widely in living conditions. The food was reasonably well cooked,

but, like most hotel fare, monotonous, and destitute of fresh vegetables and of sweets. One of the results of this is that the women spend a large part of their wages for fruit and other food to supplement their unsatisfactory meals. Only two hotels planned meals intelligently.

The dining-rooms were usually below the street-level, and varied in ventilation, crowding, and disorder. In one the waiters were Greek immigrants, who were in their shirt-sleeves, wore ticking aprons and no collars, and were frequently dirty and unshaved. In the fourteen meals I had there, I sat down only once to a clean table. The coffee-boilers along the side of the room would be boiling over and sending streams of water over the charwomen. The dirty dishes would be piled into large tin tubs with a clatter, and pulled out rasping over the floor. The charwomen would beg the waiters to clear the tables, which looked as if garbage-cans had been emptied upon them. The steward could not enforce his authority. There was constant noise and disorder in the room. In another dining-room, that of a pleasant, ramshackle old hotel near the river, where a breeze came into our laundry through sixteen windows, the employees were seated in one of the restaurant dining-rooms after the noon rush hour was over, served by the regular waiters, and given attractive and varied fare and meat from the same cuts as the guests. "They have respect for the help here," said one of the women.

The dormitories were, with one exception, on upper stories. One room in an expensive modern hotel, where there were twenty-seven beds, in tiers, was aired only by three windows on an inner court. The room looked fresh and pleasant because of its white paint and blue bedspreads; but it was badly ventilated, both by condition and because the girls would keep the windows closed for warmth. This was a frequent cause of poor ventilation in other dormitories and in work-rooms.

The hours of work were irregular, and varied in different places. In one large laundry I worked over ten hours for seven days in the week — more than seventy-two hours. About nine and a half hours seemed to be the usual day. Four hotels gave fifteen-minute rest pauses for tea, morning and afternoon; two gave them once a day. These rests are of incalculable relief. One hotel gave twenty-minute pauses, so that the hours were: 7.30 to 9; 9.20 to 11.25; 12.30 to 2; 2.20 to closing time. This arrangement gave very short work periods, but during them the women were able to work vigorously; and they accomplished an astounding amount.

Most Laundrywomen "Tired All the Time"

However, in most of the hotel laundries the women were tired all the time. They dragged themselves out of bed at the last possible minute. They lay in their beds at noon; they crawled into them again as soon as the work was over in the evening. Some did not go out into the air for days at a time. The greatest suffering from any one physical cause came from feet. "Feet" was the constant subject of conversation. But the women had no idea what was the trouble with their feet, and, in many cases, accepted as inevitable discomfort that could have been alleviated by foot-baths, care, plates, and proper shoes. Colds hung on endlessly. Sore throats were common. A girl who fed doilies into a mangle complained that constantly watching a moving apron made her eyes "sore," so that she could not see distinctly and sometimes fed in several doilies at a time without noticing it. The lack of air undoubtedly had a profound influence on the women's vigor. In the old hotel near the river, where the laundry had sixteen windows, the women were in capital health.

In general, the older hotels, in spite of their more insanitary dressing-rooms and less well guarded machines, were more considerate of their workers. But in one of the newer, more expensive hotels a sick girl is attended by the hotel physician, and is provided with soup, milk, etc. Her pay is not docked. She is treated with genuine sympathy. Here I once overheard a woman telling the boss that she was ill and asking permission to go to the dormitory. He gave the permission without question. None of the women ever abused his kindness. The women here were in fairly good shape, except, it must be admitted, for the extreme fatigue which seems to sweep over almost all the laundrywomen, and which arises from their hours of standing.

I used to notice one girl who was as light on her feet as a kitten, and who seemed tireless; but every noon, as soon as she had finished her lunch, she would wrap herself up in a blanket and lie motionless for the whole period. One evening a woman stumbled into a dormitory, sat down on a trunk, pulled off her shoes and stockings, and, as she rubbed her swollen foot, cursed long and methodically all her circumstances — cursed the other workers who had held back work by their slowness; cursed the manager, who had asked of her extra work; cursed the dormitory and the laundry; cursed the whole world. At the first word of sympathy I offered her, she paused, and said with quiet truth, "Dear heart, we're all tired."

A Day in a Hotel Laundry

Here are my notes for one day:

When I went into the dormitory a little before half past seven, several of the girls were dragging themselves out of bed to dress. These went to work without breakfast, needing an extra half hour of rest more than they craved food.

Two stayed in bed. One had an ulcerated tooth extracted the night before. I asked the other if she were sick. She groaned. "I'll get up just as soon as the pains are gone out of my stomach." Within an hour she was in the laundry, carrying armfuls of men's working-suits to the drying-closet. She worked until half past eight that night.

All the morning I stood beside Old Sallie, who kept asking, "What time is it now, dear?" because she could not see the clock.

At noon, as we sat or lay on the beds in the dormitory, one of the girls said, "My God! I wish I could stay in bed this afternoon."

In the afternoon I stood beside Theresa, who kept repeating: "It is so long to work until half past five! If I could only go to bed at half past five!"

I walked out to supper with a girl named Kate, who had sprained her ankle a week ago. I said, "Hasn't the doctor seen it?" She turned on me. "My God! when do I get time to see a doctor?" She has a bad humor on her face, which is scarlet, and sometimes, in the morning, covered with fine white scale. She obtains relief by wiping her cheeks with the damp napkins she shakes.

After supper I went up to the dormitory for a minute. Here I found a cousin of Theresa's giving her some tea in bed, where I urged her to stay. The cousin shook her head. "Ah, na," she said, "she must na' give up; she's new yet at the job — they wou' na like her to be sick." Theresa arose and crawled back to the shaking-table, to work until seven o'clock.

Throughout the evening I stood beside a girl whose foot, when she walked, hurt her "'way to the top of her head." She said, "I've been on it ever since half past seven."

On my way back to the dormitory at half past eight, one of the girls told me how her arms ached and her legs ached. In the dormitory, the girl who had been in bed all day was sobbing and feverish. She had a sore throat, and was spitting blood. She had been lying there all day, with no care, except to have tea and toast brought to her by a maid.

In looking back on this past week, it seems impossible it could have been true. Watching these women has been like seeing animals tortured.

Such a day of long hours as this generally follows some large festivity. The Hudson-Fulton celebration, or the Automobile Show, or a great charity ball, or the dinner of an excellent sociological society, are the occasions of increased hotel entertainment and a lavish use of beautiful table linen, to be dried and mangled and folded next day by the laundry girls underground.

All this pressure of extra work in the hotels here is produced, not by ill-willed persons who are consciously oppressive,—indeed, as will be seen, much of it was produced by sheer social good will and persons of most progressive intent,— but simply by the unregulated conditions of the laundries.

IV

Such, then, is the account of what women workers give and what they receive in their industry in the commercial, hotel, and hospital laundries of New York.

It cannot be said that the unfortunate features of the laundry conditions are due to the greed of employers. These features seem to be due rather to lack of system and regulation. Financial failures in the New York laundry business are frequent. Even in the short time elapsing between the Department of Labor's inspection of laundry machinery, early in February, and a reinspection of the twenty-six establishments that had improperly guarded machinery, made in August by Miss Westwood, two out of these twenty-six firms had collapsed. Miss Westwood found some of the same unfortunate features that characterized commercial and hotel laundries in existence in hospital laundries, which are quite outside trade.

What New York Laundry Workers Need in the Way of Legislation

After the New York City Consumers' League had received the inquirers' report, it determined that the wisest and most effective course it could take for securing fairer terms for the laundry workers would be an effort for the passage of the following legislation:*

First: That an appropriation be made for additional factory inspectors.

Second: That no woman be employed in any mechanical establishment, or factory, or laundry in this State for more than ten hours during any one day.

Third: That the laundries of hotels and hospitals be placed under the jurisdiction of the Department of Labor.

A New York State law now exists providing for proper sanitation and plumbing and clean drinking water for employees in factories and laundries.† A law exists requiring that workrooms where steam is generated be so ventilated as to render the steam harmless, so far as is practicable.‡

A law exists requiring the provision of suitable

* One of the suggestions the inquirers had made, in regard to danger of injury, was the recommendation of the passage of the State Compensation Act, drafted by the joint conference of the Central Labor Bodies of the City of New York. This act became a law in September, 1910.

† Laws of New York, Chapter 229, section 1, paragraph 88. (Became a law May 6, 1910.)

‡ Laws of New York, Chapter 31 of the Consolidated Laws, as amended to July 1, 1909, paragraph 86. Inquirers' suggestion: This law would be simpler to enforce if an amending clause required that, in laundries, washing be done in a separate room from the rest of the work.

seats for the use of female employees in factories and laundries; and this law should cover the installation of seats for great numbers of workers now standing.*

The establishment of juster wages, as well as the observance of all these laws, and of the sixty-hour-a-week law, might be most practically furthered by the existence of a trade union in the laundries, backed by stronger governmental provision for inspection.

The vital question of juster wages for women in laundry work is inseparably connected with the question of hours of labor. The constitutionality of the present New York law concerning the hours of labor of adult women in factories, laundries, and mechanical establishments was virtually determined by the Federal decision in regard to the Oregon ten-hour day law for workingwomen.

About three years ago the State of Oregon enacted a law of practically the same bearing as the New York law on the same subject, though superior in that it limited the hours of labor of adult women in mechanical establishments, factories, and laundries to ten hours during the twenty-four hours of any one day, where the New York law of the same provision, in other respects, limits the hours of labor of adult women to sixty in a week.

The laundries and the State of Oregon agreed to carry a test case to the Federal Supreme Court to determine the new law's constitutionality.

Mr. Curt Muller of Oregon employed a workingwoman in his laundry for more than ten hours. Information was filed against him by an inspector. Mr. Muller's trial resulted in a verdict against him, and a sentence of a ten-dollar fine. He appealed the case to the State Supreme Court of Oregon, which affirmed his conviction. Mr. Muller then appealed the case to the Federal Supreme Court.

Mr. Louis Brandeis Gives His Services in Defense of the Oregon Ten-Hour Law

In the defense of the law before the Federal Supreme Court, the National Consumers' League had the good fortune to obtain, in cooperation with the State of Oregon, the services of Louis D. Brandeis, the most distinguished services that could have been received, generously rendered as a gift. This fact alone may serve to indicate the vital character of the case, and the importance, for industrial justice in the future, of securing a favorable verdict for the laundry workers.

The argument of Mr. Muller was that the Oregon ten-hour law was unconstitutional: First, because the statute attempted to prevent persons from making their own contracts, and thus violated the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment.* Next, because the statute did not apply equally to all persons similarly situated and was class legislation. And, finally, because the statute was not a valid exercise of the police power; that is to say, there was no necessary or reasonable connection between the limitations described by the act and the public health and welfare.

Mr. Brandeis' brief replied that, first, the guaranty of freedom of contract was legally subject to such reasonable restraint of action as the State may impose in the exercise of the police power for the protection of the general health and welfare. It submitted that certain facts of common knowledge established conclusively that there was reasonable ground for holding that to permit women in Oregon to work in a mechanical establishment or factory or laundry more than ten hours in one day was dangerous to public welfare.

These facts of common knowledge, collected by Miss Josephine Goldmark, the Publication Secretary of the National Consumers' League, were considered under two heads — first, that of American and foreign legislation restricting the hours of labor for women; and, second, the world's experience upon which the legislation limiting the hours of labor for women is based.

These facts comprised the Governmental Restrictions of the number of hours employers may require women to labor, from twenty States of the United States, and from Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Austria, Holland, Italy, and Germany. The laws were followed by authoritative statements from over ninety reports of committees, bureaus of statistics, commissioners of hygiene, and government inspectors, both in this country and in all the civilized countries of Europe, asseverating that long hours of labor are dangerous for women, primarily because of their special physical organization.

In reply to the second allegation,— that the act in question was class legislation, as it did not apply equally to all persons similarly situated, — the plaintiff answered that the specific prohibition of more than ten hours' work in a laundry was not an arbitrary discrimination against that trade: because the present character of the business and its special dangers of long hours afford strong reasons for providing a legal limitation of the hours of work in that industry as

* Laws of New York, Chapter 3 of the Consolidated Laws, as amended to July 1, 1909, paragraph 86.

* "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States: nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

well as in manufacturing and mechanical establishments. Statements from industrial and medical authorities described conclusively the present character of the laundry business.

Mr. Brandeis finally submitted that, in view of all these facts, the present Oregon statute was within Oregon's police power, as its public health and welfare did require a legal limitation of the hours of women's work in manufacturing and mechanical establishments and in laundries.

Justice Brewer on the Legal Regulation of Women's Work

Justice Brewer delivered the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States. The case was won. Here are, in part, the words of the decision:

> It may not be amiss in the present case, before examining the constitutional question, to notice the course of legislation as well as expressions of opinion from other than judicial sources. In the brief filed by Mr. Brandeis . . . is a copious collection of all these matters. The . . . legislation and opinions referred to . . . are significant of a widespread belief that woman's physical structure, and the special functions she performs in consequence thereof, justify special legislation restricting or qualifying the conditions under which she should be permitted to toil.
>
> Constitutional questions, it is true, are not settled by even a consensus of present public opinion. . . . At the same time, when a question of fact is debated and debatable, and the extent to which a special constitutional limitation goes is affected by the truth in respect to that fact, a widespread and long-continued belief concerning it is worthy of consideration. We take judicial cognizance of all matters of general knowledge. . . .
>
> That woman's physical structure and the performance of maternal functions place her at a disadvantage in the struggle for subsistence is obvious. This is especially true when the burdens of motherhood are upon her. Even when they are not, by abundant testimony of the medical fraternity, continuance for a long time on her feet at work, repeating this from day to day, tends to injurious effects upon her body, and as healthy mothers are essential to vigorous offspring, the physical well-being of woman becomes an object of public interest and care in order to preserve the strength and vigor of the race.

Nobody knowing the actual strain upon women laundry workers, no one who had seen them lying motionless and numb with fatigue at the end of a long day, or forgoing food itself for the sake of rest, could listen unmoved to these thrilling words of the greatest court of our country.

The most eloquent characteristic of the Supreme Court's affirmation was the fact that it was essentially founded simply upon clear, human truth, firmly and widely ascertained, founded on a respect not only for the past but for the future of the whole nation.

Too often does one hear that "law has nothing to do with equity" till one might believe that law was made for law's sake, and not as a means of deliverance from injustice. "The end of litigation is justice. We believe that truth and justice are more sacred than any personal consideration." Such was the conception of the office of the law expressed by Justice Brewer twenty years before, on his appointment to the Supreme Bench. It was this conception of law that made the determination of the Oregon case a great decision in our country's history.

From time immemorial, women as well as men have been workers of the world. The vital feature of the statement that six million women are now gainfully employed in this country is not the "entrance" of multitudinous women into industry, but the fact that their industry, being now carried on in public instead of private, has been acknowledged and paid. This acknowledgment has led to the establishment of juster terms for women's labor by the Federal Supreme Court. Such an establishment, as the opinion of the court affirmed, is surely a distinct gain, not only for women, but for children, for men, for the race.

When the preparation of food and clothing, the traditional household labor of women, passed in large measure from household fires and spinning-wheels into the canning-factories and garment trades with the invention of machinery, women simply continued their traditional labor outside their houses instead of inside them.* The accounts of the laundry, the shirtwaist and the cloak-making trades in New York seem to show that, where men and women engage in the same field of activity, their work is, by a natural division, not competitive or antagonistic, but complementary. Indeed, so little is it antagonistic that the very first spark that lit the fire of the largest strike of women that ever occurred in this country, the shirtwaist-makers' strike, was kindled by an offensive injustice to a man.

The chronicles of what self-supporting women have given and received in their work in wage and in vitality, these working-girls' budgets obtained by the Consumers' League, will not have told their story truly unless they have evoked with their narrative the presence of that impersonal sense of right instinctive in the factory girls who go year after year to Albany to fight against the long Christmas-season hours for the shop-girls, in the cloak-makers in their effort to stop sweated home work, in the responsible common sense of countless workingwomen. So that the fact that six million women are now gainfully employed in this country may finally tend to secure wiser adjustments and fairer returns for the labor, not only of women, but of all the workers of the world.

* Jane Addams, "Democracy and Social Ethics."

THE ADVENTURES OF MISS GREGORY

by

PERCEVAL GIBBON

THE ADVENTURE IN THE STRICKEN CITY

Illustrations by William Hatherell

THE lean black man upon the *angareb*, the narrow native bed which constituted almost the whole furniture of the room, sighed quietly, with closed eyes, and began to roll his head from side to side. Miss Gregory, seated near him on a camp-stool, leaned forward watchfully. A lamp of pierced brass hung from the ceiling by a chain, and made a complicated tracery of light and shade over the whitewashed austerity of the little chamber. Under it, in high relief against the white cloth on which he lay, the man's face was thin and drawn, with something rapt and intense in the stillness of it. He looked like a man on the verge of a discovery; the aptness of it struck Miss Gregory with a thrill. The watch that she wore in a strap upon her wrist showed her that the hour was three in the morning; it was close upon the time when the man on the *angareb* would catch his breath with a little astonished gasp, as though the discovery were made, and thereafter would cease to breathe at all. The plague, in the last of its stages, keeps time like a clock.

A friendly eye might have noted certain changes in Miss Gregory, as she sat bunched upon her camp-stool, waiting for that final moment. A month of grim labor among the sick and the fearful in the stricken quarter of a little Red Sea town had set an edge upon her. She preserved yet her fine pink freshness of complexion; she was trim and forceful still, a very tower of strength in that place of hushed houses and slinking terrors. But below the pink there was an undertone of pallor, a note of strain; the touch of arrogance that characterized her level gaze was softened to something more steadfast and tolerant. One would have said she was already older, a little riper — perhaps the least thing more human. She had followed death in and out of the houses, subduing something of his awfulness by the mere force of her ordered demeanor. She had sat to the last by bedsides where no other would venture; eyes that darkened in a moment took their last view of life in the grave composure of her face. The nightly entries in her diary had grown brief. "So many died to-day," was a frequent record. And in one place there was a piece of observation: "They die just like white people."

The man on the *angareb* was still again; his time was very near at hand, when the door behind Miss Gregory opened. She turned and nodded to the man who stood looking in, and he entered. He was a young man, clad in soiled and crumpled white linen, with a fez on his head. He had the swarthy skin and delicate features that belong to the Levant; a black mustache stood stiff across his upper lip. In him, too, there were signs of wear. The pair of them had sustained the fight against the plague together. He crossed at once to the bed, and looked briefly at the sick man.

"Nearly gone," he said. His voice had the flat tones of utter weariness. "You will wait, eh?"

"Yes," said Miss Gregory. "I won't leave him now. He might — he might open his eyes just at the last."

"HE DROPPED HIMSELF INTO A SEAT WITH A SIGH OF WEARINESS"

The other nodded shortly. "He might," he said; "but I don't think so."

They spoke to each other curtly, with that absence of ceremony which people use who understand one another without many words. The young Turk's face had the cast of restraint that goes with good breeding; he spoke English fluently; but nothing in him went to Miss Gregory's heart as directly as his habit of concise speech. There were times, in those dark days, when she felt the need of reinforcement, of something to hold her together. Her days were a nightmare, her nights a delirium. Through them — a sane figure, a link with the reasonable world — went this quiet, sufficient young man with the manners and the tongue of her own people. She owed him a debt for his mere existence.

Suddenly, even while they stood looking down upon him, the man on the bed spoke one short, clear sentence. He did not open his eyes; he did not address himself to either of those who stood beside him.

"What did he say?" asked Miss Gregory, for the words had been in Arabic.

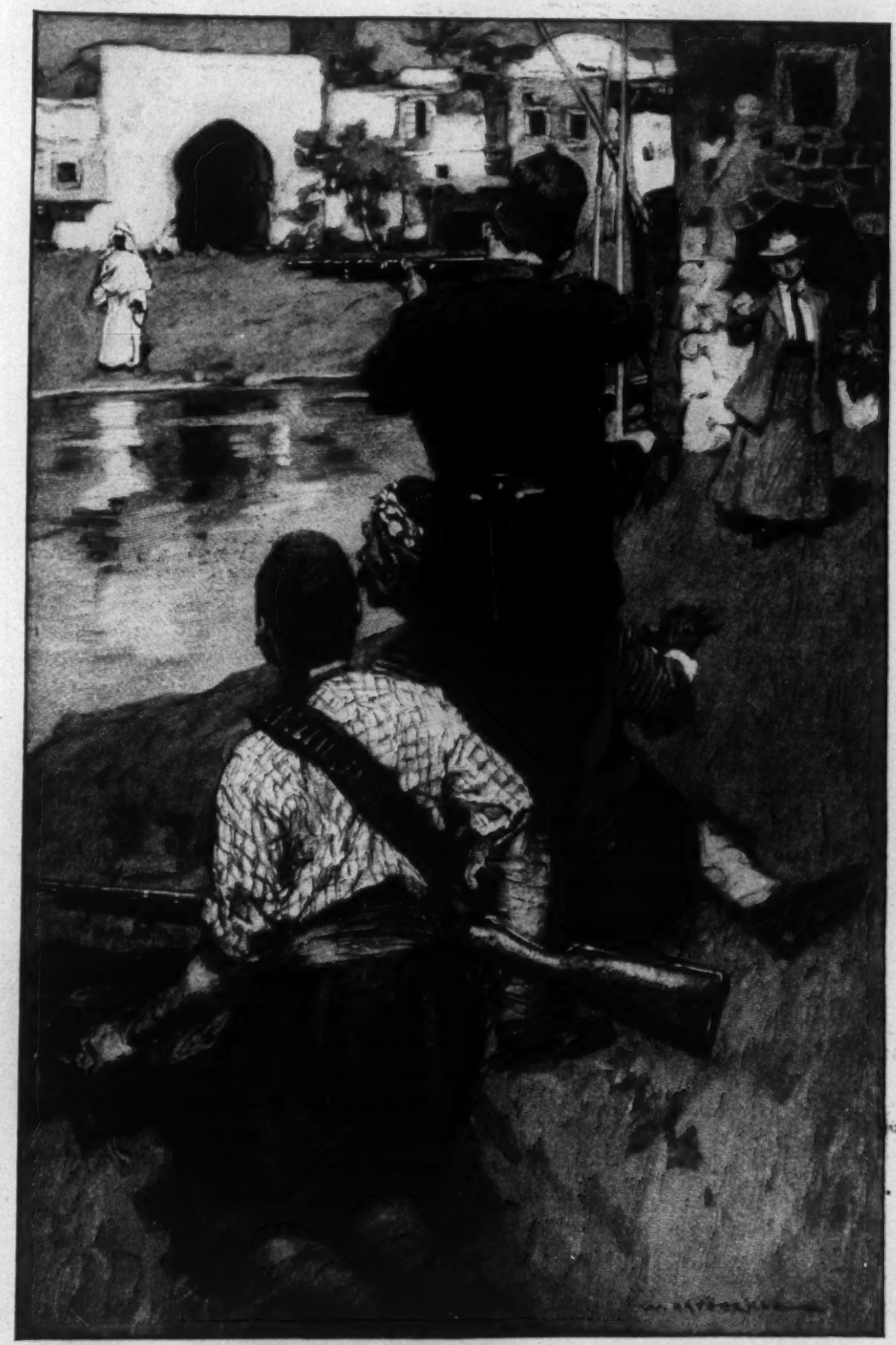
"It was the — how do you say? — the confession of faith," answered the young man, leaning over the bed. "'There is only one God,' you know. 'There *is* only one God,' he said — like that. Strange — eh?"

He looked round at her for a moment as he drew the cloth over the man's face. Miss Gregory shuddered.

"Is he — ?" she hesitated.

"Yes; he's gone," answered the young man. He surveyed Miss Gregory thoughtfully. "I could get you some coffee now," he suggested.

She shook her head dully. She was weak with want of sleep, and death was never stale to her. Though she saw it almost hourly, it was always



"THERE WAS A STIR AMONG THE SOLDIERS, AND THEN, SHARP AND SUDDEN, ONE OF THEM FIRED AT THE SOLITARY MAN"

"HER STURDY, SERENE PRESENCE WAS FOLLOWED BY DUMB STARES AND WONDERING GAPES"

portentous, tragic, heartbreaking. Under its coverings, the thin body on the *angareb* was suddenly awful and solemn; the dead have their pomp.

"No," she said. "I will get some sleep, too."

It was now a month and some odd days since Miss Gregory, making her gradual way back to Europe, had landed at Andjerrah. She had come in a dhow from Aden, its sole passenger, allured by a map that showed the Red Sea coast of Arabia as a yellow blank, sparsely sprinkled with the names of unknown waterside towns.

At dawn on the day of her arrival she had seen the sun come up, red and smoky, over the crowded flat roofs and the two or three minarets of Andjerrah, squatting like a mushroom in the emptiness of the landscape. At the stern of the dhow, muffled against the morning chill, Miss Gregory sat and let her eyes range in contented appreciation of the scene. It was her business in life to see and remember; she was a professional spectator. Forward in the bows, the crew were grouped as if in some expectancy. Their talk was brief and low-toned, and they would break it off in the middle of a sentence to gaze landward at the town. Miss Gregory was wondering without much curiosity what they might have in hand, when there traveled to her, across the still water, a long, insistent call, a voice crying from the huddle of squat white walls which constituted Andjerrah. Again it came, the only thing vocal in the world-wide hush that lay on sea and land. At the sound of it the men forward ceased their talk; each, as though drilled to it, spread his mat upon the short deck and fell to prayer, facing the east and bowing toward the rising sun and Mecca. It was the muezzin calling to worship.

Miss Gregory drew her breath. "Capital!" she murmured.

Thus she came to Andjerrah, seeing it first in the only aspect that does it credit. By noon she had tested its charm and found it lacking. It was a commonplace little shore town, split in halves by a broad tideway which was dry at low tide and a communal sewer at high. In her costume of travel — the slack flannel coat which gave room for her shoulders, the businesslike tweed skirt, and the felt hat with a silk puggery — she explored the seaward side of the town with her usual energy, and made a deep impression upon the inhabitants. In the narrow streets she came round corners upon them with the effect of an apparition; her sturdy, serene presence, drifting under her sun-umbrella through the thronged bazaar, was followed by dumb stares and wondering gapes. Women like Miss Gregory are not common anywhere — among her acquaintances in various lands were some few who professed to find in this fact consolation for her existence; but Andjerrah saw for the first time a woman walking abroad unveiled, taking the middle of the way, daunting grown men with looks of criticism and appraisement.

She saw the great house of the Governor at the end of a little square, flanked by a mosque. A couple of ruffianly soldiers, one in uniform, the other nearly naked, lounged at its gate. The other side of the square was open; a trodden path led from it to the edge of the tideway, where now the water lay barely ankle-deep. Upon this path, squatted in the sun, were more nondescript soldiery. As she looked at them, a strange thing happened.

There was a gate to that part of the town which lay on the farther side of the water; its arch was black against the wall in which it was pierced. From this arch there came suddenly forth a man in the long, shroud-like robes of the country. He stepped into the sunlight with the abruptness of a harlequin coming through a trap-door. But he did not walk fast. He strode down toward the water with a quality of deliberation, almost of solemnity, in his gait. It was this that took Miss Gregory's eye. He made a figure almost of drama against the pale background as he went, solitary and erect, down the gradual slope of sand. She watched him with a feeling that he was about to do something. His face — a mere spot of black at that distance — seemed turned directly toward her. She noted unconsciously that the soldiers on the path were interested, too; there was a stir among them, and then, sharp and sudden, one of them fired at the solitary man. It was the most unexpected thing in the world; a thunderbolt striking him down from the sky would have seemed more in order; the thing tasted pungently of wanton, wasteful murder. On the far bank of the tideway, the white-robed man took one step more, and faltered. He did not fall; rather, he sank, seeming to float to the ground, his face upturned to the last. Then he was prone against the sand, with weak, purposeless movements of limbs and body, but no outcry. The backs of the soldiers were toward Miss Gregory; they were staring across at the body.

She gasped. The event had taken her without warning, and tragedy had entered at the gallop. The soldiers seemed to be waiting, and she marked almost idly that the gun of one of them smoked, breathing thin threads of vapor into the still air. Then from the archway came another figure, a man in European clothes this time,— clothes of soiled white linen,— with a red fez upon his head. He made some gesture to the soldiers with his hand, and went down to the body. Miss Gregory gathered herself together, holding her nerves to see the tragedy repeated. But no shot was fired. The men stood watching in silence while the man with the fez half carried, half dragged the limp white bundle back to the obscurity of the arch. He labored in the sand as he went, paused a breathing-space on the threshold of the entry, and was gone. The shabby soldiers sat down again and their lazy talk resumed. The thing was finished. Miss Gregory moistened her dry

lips mechanically and turned away. Obviously, there was nothing more to stay for.

In Andjerrah that night she was the one topic of conversation.

"She strides boldly like a camel," said those who had seen her in the forenoon. "She is pink as if she had been skinned, and looks before her smiling."

"No, no," corrected those who had viewed her after the spectacle by the banks of the tideway. "She halts as she goes like a horse that sees a snake, and she looks at men without seeing them. And she speaks to herself as though she were drunk, saying continually, 'W'y, w'y!'"

There is a narrow way in Andjerrah which is known in the native tongue as the Street of Merchants. Miss Gregory, passing here, still full of wonder and not yet healed of horror, started suddenly at the sound of a voice calling to her in English. "Lady, lady," it said. She looked around sharply, to encounter the insinuating smile of a man squatted upon the board of a shop.

"English lady," he said, "I speak English. I bin Malta, Gibraltar — everywhar. You want-a buy something?"

He was grossly fat, a jelly of a man, smooth and rounded like a prize beast. His little eyes, alert and joyful, danced about her. Miss Gregory saw a chance of information.

"I will come in," she said.

Inside, the shop was almost dark. Seated soberly on the little divan, she let the fat man sell her several things of which she had not the least need, at prices that betrayed an imagination hidden somewhere in his bulk. A thin, shrinking negro woman with slavish eyes brought her coffee.

"No," she said at last; "I have enough. I will not buy anything more. But I should like to talk to you."

"Talk." The fat man came to anchor willingly; he beamed up at her from a mat on the floor. "I talk English same as soldier-man. Malta, Gibraltar — bin everywhar."

"I see there are soldiers here," suggested Miss Gregory.

"Soldiers? Turk soldier, Arab soldier — tha's all." The fat man flapped a languid hand to dispose of them. "Dam' rascal, those soldier. Belong to the Governor."

"Rascals, eh?" repeated Miss Gregory. "Yes; I saw them shoot a man just now."

The fat man on the floor started. News of killing by soldiers may be a matter of everybody's business in Andjerrah. When once killing begins, it may easily spread.

"Shoot?" he asked. "Shoot?"

"Yes," said Miss Gregory. Choosing her words carefully, that she might be understood, she told him of what she had seen. He heard her intently, with a shapeless forefinger checking off her phrases, and, to her astonishment, his face cleared as she came to the end of her recital. He laughed obesely, the thick, throaty laugh of the fat.

"Oh, *that*," he said. "Yes; they shoot 'im because he come out. It is forbid. You see, there is sickness."

"Sickness?" queried Miss Gregory. "What sickness do you mean?"

"Sickness," repeated the fat man. "People die. People go walking like you an' me — well, comfortable. Then they tumble down — sick. By an' by they die. And *so* the Governor put soldiers by the water. Nobody mus' come out, or else — shoot. Bang! Dead quicker than sickness. By order."

"I see," said Miss Gregory. "The place is quarantined."

The fat man seized upon the word eagerly.

"Yes, yes!" he cried. "Quarantined — all the same as a steamer. Yes; quarantined. Yes."

Miss Gregory pondered. Matters were clearer, but the affair still had an ugly look. The quarantine itself signified a certain measure of enlightenment not to be expected in Andjerrah, but there was still the shooting. That seemed inconsistent. What epidemic made it necessary to enforce isolation so drastically?

"What do you call this sickness?" she asked.

The fat man uttered an Arabic word. "I forget 'im in English," he said regretfully.

"Cholera?" suggested Miss Gregory. He shook his head, watching her face expectantly for the word. "Typhoid? Some kind of fever? Smallpox?" She named the most virulent of those scourges which belong to hot countries, and at each of them he shook his head. She frowned in perplexity; a fact out of reach made her restless.

"Not plague?" she said at last.

"Ah!" The fat man sat up joyfully. "Plague — tha's 'im. I forget 'im. Plague — yes. First you turn a leetle sick, like belly-ache; then you bulge *here*,"— his fat finger stroked his flank under the armpit,—"an' then you die. Plague; tha's 'im."

"I see." Miss Gregory sat up with a return of her usual briskness. At home, in the Kentish village that lay under the windows of the Hall, she was accustomed to take a short way with sickness. "Plague, eh?"

"Tha's 'im," repeated the fat man.

"Tell me about the Governor," demanded Miss Gregory. "Who is he?"

But here the fat man could not help her. The Governor was an effendi from Constan-

tinople; he knew no more. He showed himself to his people only as a remote majesty passing by at the gallop in the midst of an escort. He had not long held his post, and there was much that was mysterious about him. He had, for example, no wives — not even a wife. He made little of matters of ceremony, and had small regard for his own dignity. The fat man spoke of him none the less in hoarse whispers, with an anxious eye on the shop door. In his time, he had seen men killed by slow stages in public for no greater offense.

"Thank you," said Miss Gregory at last, rising. "Thank you. You speak English very well. Good afternoon."

The captain of the dhow had found her a lodging in the house of a Jew, and from this lodging she went forth in the cool of the early evening to pay a visit to the Governor. It was very clear to Miss Gregory that there were things to be done. The methods of civilization must be invoked in aid of the stricken town beyond the waterway. She felt authoritative, and in some measure official, as she approached the great gate where the shabby soldiers still sat and killed time. To do honor to the occasion, she was clad in white drill, stiff and spotless from her neck to her ankles. The soldiers would have stopped her from entering; one of them, a hooded Arab, even lowered his lance. But she held on in face of them. By sheer momentum she arrived, at last, in a large, cool room, where a languid elderly official gave her audience in bad French.

"I wish to see the Governor," Miss Gregory stated flatly, and offered her card.

The official was gray and weary, and had a slow, bored manner. He took the card and glanced at it perfunctorily.

"His Excellency is away," he said. "He will not be back for many days. What is your business?"

He stood looking at her neatly booted feet as she told him. She had learned with grief that the plague was in Andjerrah. Having some experience with epidemics, she hoped to be of use. She spoke colorlessly, with patient politeness. Nothing could be so discouraging as the weary abstraction of the gray-mustached Turk who heard her.

"Ah!" he sighed as she finished. "Madame is very gracious. I cannot suggest anything that Madame could do. And His Excellency is away."

"There are many deaths?" asked Miss Gregory.

"Yes," he answered, assenting absently.

The big room was very quiet; it was a little like talking to a ghost. He was so tired, so empty of all help. His very politeness had a faded quality. He spoke of the Governor with a note of uneasiness; Miss Gregory somehow gained an impression that His Excellency had habits that were trying to his subordinates. As to the plague he really knew very little. The orders to prevent escape from the infected area were peremptory; they were not to be evaded in any circumstances. The man in the red fez — yes, he had heard of him; a Turk, he believed, with some medical knowledge. He was doing what he could. No, there were no other doctors in the place. People might enter the infected quarter if they chose,— some had done so, to join friends or relations,— but they might not return. Once in, they must remain.

"Could I go in?" asked Miss Gregory.

He looked up at her vaguely. She repeated her question. He broke into a smile.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," he replied, with a kind of wan effusiveness. "Madame may certainly go in. Only"— his flat voice dropped again — "there is the rule, you know — the rule about not coming out."

"I should be shot, eh?"

A faint light of resolution showed for one moment in his dull eyes. "It would be most regrettable," he murmured.

In the square outside the Governor's residence there was the stillness of evening. The soldiery beside the water were squatted about a couple of little fires that winked cheerfully. The town beyond showed no lights; Miss Gregory stood awhile to look at it. It was not that she had to make up her mind, for, according to the plain standards of her life, her way was clear. She looked across the water in the tideway at the silent houses, bunched together about a single minaret, speculatively. Soon she would know all about them. What they held for her she would find out in due course. She began to check off upon her fingers the things she would take with her.

"And writing materials," she concluded. "This might make a book in itself."

The tide between the towns was at its lowest at three in the morning. A dozing sentry beside the fire lifted his head and stared sleepily as Miss Gregory came down toward him. She was alone; there was no one who would come with her, even to carry her luggage to the waterside. At the house of the Jew, where she had lodged, they had protested stridently against her departure, wondering and awed at the serenity with which she resisted and overbore them. Some letters that she had written were intrusted to the captain of the dhow, to be mailed at Aden; and then her preparations were complete.

The sentry saw her first as a short and sturdy figure bowed under a huge bundle; then she came into the light of the fire, and he rose with a grunt of amazement. She set her bundle down with a sigh of relief, and produced money, smiling at him and inviting him with signs to carry the bundle across the water for her. He reached out his foot and woke one of his companions to share the situation with him, and others sat up and stared with eyes that glinted white in the firelight.

They were a choice collection of ruffians, tattered brigands of half a dozen races joined in the service of the Governor; but they showed an almost genial civility to Miss Gregory. They seemed even to persuade her to go back. When they saw she was firm, they took her money willingly, and two of them picked up her bundles and walked before her through the wet sand. She waved her hand to the rest of them, standing at gaze in the firelight, strange and wild in their robes and arms, and crossed over. The soldiers carried her things to within a few yards of the gate, and set them down in the sand. They grinned at her amiably, gave salutation, and trudged back. Miss Gregory saw the arch in the wall tall and black before her, a witless mouth, wide open and dumb. She stooped and burdened herself again with her belongings, and, bending beneath them, with slow steps went in at the gate.

It led her to a narrow street, dark as a sewer. On either hand the houses were silent, and their few windows, set high in the walls, were blank and lightless. She plodded the length of it before a sound came to her ears, and then it was the voice of a man humming a tune as he walked. She caught a fragment of the melody, and found herself puzzling to identify it. Before she could do so, the man came round a crook in the way, swinging a lantern in his hand, and stopped short at the sight of her. By the light which he carried, Miss Gregory knew him at once as the young man who had carried in the body. She set her bundles down gladly.

"I do hope you speak English," she said.

He held the lantern shoulder-high to look at her. Miss Gregory liked the strong, whimsical manner of his countenance and the hard directness of his eyes. She recognized caste when she saw it, for she wore its badge herself.

"I speak English," he answered. He had hardly a trace of foreign accent. "I suppose you know where you are?"

"I came on purpose," said Miss Gregory. "I'm used to nursing, and I like work. I want to help."

He still scrutinized her. "English, of course?"

"Of course," agreed Miss Gregory airily.

"Well," he said, and hesitated.

"My dear man," said Miss Gregory, with good-natured impatience, "do let's recognize facts and save time. Here I am, and here I stay. I'm not going to be shot for going out, so you needn't expect it. So it comes to this: can I help you or must I get to work for myself? That's the only question."

"I see." The young man smiled as he lowered the lantern. Its moving light swung along the pale walls around them, making peep-holes of pale radiance in the haunted solitude. "Well, we'll try," he added. "If you'll take the light I'll carry your things."

"I suppose you can find me a room?" suggested Miss Gregory.

"A houseful," he answered, stooping over her bundles. "There are more empty houses every day."

In this manner Miss Gregory entered upon the task she had chosen. Her companion — he gave his name as Hamid — established her in a chill little house on the town wall, overlooking the bare beach and the still sea, and set her to work forthwith.

"It's not nursing they want," he told her; "it's discipline. Panic's what we've got to fear. It's lucky they're Mohammedans and don't drink, or we'd have a little working model of hell in this place."

"Where did you learn English?" asked Miss Gregory irrelevantly.

"Oxford," he replied shortly, and returned to the matter in hand.

When she crossed the water from Andjerrah, Miss Gregory had entertained visions of war upon the plague after the methods approved by sanitary science. Boiled water, disinfection, isolation — these were to be among the weapons of the campaign; they were familiar to her hand. But she had not been at work a day before she realized the mere impotence of her designs. Here were some two thousand people cooped within a guarded wall, each family jealous of its privacy, after the manner of the East, and altogether proof against her teachings and arguments. The difficulty was to find the plague-stricken. For fear of being abandoned, the sick concealed their condition until it could no longer be hidden, and went abroad sowing contagion. The stricken were deserted in their beds, and sometimes, desperate and terrified, they would rise and reel forth, to go naked and raving into the streets and die there. Men died everywhere, and none lifted a finger to aid them. They were carried away at night by a gang of negroes which Hamid had organized. From her place by some bedside, Miss Gregory heard that

gruesome traffic — the pad of the black men's bare feet, their call as they went, the doors that opened to them, and the clumsy carrying forth of the dead. Then the bare feet would recede, a little more slowly for their burden, and all would be silent again. Seldom was there a noise of weeping; it was as if the town were numbed by its affliction.

Hamid did the doctoring, with infinite persistence and no hope; for all the stricken died. He worked, Miss Gregory thought, with a sort of contempt for his patients, but not the less gallantly for that. He was industrious, courageous, indefatigable; he drove himself without mercy; but the woe about him seemed not to touch him. She put it down to a racial trait, the callousness of the well-bred Turk. He headed off all references to himself with a dexterity that she deferred to; their intimacy stopped short of an understanding. He was by no means the only man she knew whose past was a sore subject with him, so after a while she let the matter rest. Their duties divided themselves naturally. It was his to doctor and organize, always with a rather scornful manner of peremptoriness and a certain evident condescension; it was hers to soften the bitterness of plague and death for the abandoned and doomed.

Usually they met for an hour in the late afternoon in a room in Miss Gregory's quarters, to drink quaintly flavored coffee and consult regarding their work. It had come to be an institution, and for both of them it was relief from the daily press of horror. It was on the day after the lean black man, speaking with closed eyes on his *angareb*, had announced his crucial discovery, that Hamid came late to the meeting-place. He dropped himself into a seat with a sigh of weariness.

"Hoped you'd come," said Miss Gregory, handing him the little cup of coffee.

He stared at the floor between his feet.

"I have been sick," he said abruptly.

Miss Gregory could see from her chair the early sunset of the sea, tinging the waters with crimson. She did not look round.

"I don't wonder," she said absently. "Twelve deaths to-day. It's always twelve, somehow."

There was a pause before he answered. Then he set the little cup down on the floor with a rattle, and looked at her with a touch of consternation.

"The day after to-morrow," he said, very deliberately, "there will be thirteen."

"Eh?" Miss Gregory turned her head. "What d'you mean?"

He nodded to her. "Yes," he said; "I've got it."

She sprang to her feet in the sheer shock of his meaning, and stood over him. This was a thing she had never thought of. It had grown to be a convention in her mind that they were immune. She was overcome with a vast sense of ill-usage, of wrong. This was not fair.

"Hamid," she gasped, quavering, "it's impossible. You can't be sure."

"You tell me, then," he said, and leaned forward to slip his arm from the sleeve of his coat.

The ensign of the plague is as clear as the black flag. Miss Gregory bit her lip to steady herself, and groped with her fingers for the swollen gland that means death. There was no mistaking it in the light of her experience — the little hard nodule like a marble under the skin; it shifted under her finger-tips as they lighted on it. For a moment the room darkened.

"You see?" she heard Hamid saying, in his tired voice, as he drew his coat on again.

"You must go to bed," said Miss Gregory. "Now, at once. Hamid, you must get well Go home now and go to bed; I'll come in ten minutes."

He nodded, and rose from his chair with an effort. "Glad to go to bed at last," he said, smiling a little awry. "But you mustn't desert the others."

"The others be blowed," retorted Miss Gregory violently. "Oh, Hamid, do go!"

"I'm going," he said, and went. Behind him, Miss Gregory stared vacantly at the door, her hands knit nervously before her.

"There is no help," she said aloud; "no help!"

Hamid's quarters were also upon the wall, but from his room the view was over the tideway to Andjerrah. As she came to his bedside, Miss Gregory could see through his windows the fires on the farther bank, where the soldiers watched; they shone in the growing night like twinkling eyes of menace. Behind them was the low bulk of the Governor's palace, with its two squat towers. She wondered with an access of anger why the man did not return to his city and come to the succor of his people.

From his pillow Hamid looked up at her listlessly. As yet the plague had not put its seal upon his face, but this new languor was scarcely less significant. He seemed already so far removed from the man she knew. The harsh lines of his face, which weariness had graven deeper, were softened.

"It's something to be able to lie down," he said. "And yet, if a call came ——"

"You couldn't go," said Miss Gregory.

He sighed. "No," he said; "I suppose I couldn't. I don't think I ever failed them before, but I'm dangerous now. Queer, isn't it?"

His room was small and square, a mere

cell, sparsely accoutred with necessary furniture. Miss Gregory made her dispositions with silent swiftness, and settled herself to pass the night with him. There was not much that she could do, but at least she could be on hand. Her strong, pink face, a little thinner and less fresh than of old, was grave; there was a darkness in her gray eyes; but she held up her good gray head gallantly and faced what fortune should bring. She knew only too well the common course of Hamid's malady. In three hours the fever would be upon him to endure until the dawn; then would come the gross pains, the agony that breaks the patient's fiber and leaves him defenseless against the plague's last encroachments; after them there would be the fatal weakness, passing into unconsciousness; and, last, that final shudder or little start — perhaps an exclamation or a brief look — and the end.

"We'll do what we can," she told him, as she gave him the medicine that they were accustomed to use.

"Of course," he answered weakly, and smiled. "I don't seem to want to sleep, though."

"Need you talk?" she asked.

"Why not?" he said. "Better than tormenting a sore mind, don't you think? And we've hardly ever had a real talk, you know."

"All right," agreed Miss Gregory, and drew a rug over her knees.

The lamp burned with a faint hissing noise. The slow sound of the sea on the shallow beach was an undertone to their consciousness; for the rest, the room seemed set apart from the world. Once, as they talked, they heard the slow, melodious summons of the gatherers of the dead at their work; those toilers in the darkness did their grim business musically.

"I wonder," said Hamid, "if we've done any good?"

"How can one tell?" replied Miss Gregory. "Anyhow — does it really matter?"

He cocked his tired eye at her with a momentary shrewdness.

"No," he agreed; "it doesn't matter. One had to do what one could — that's what you mean, eh?"

She nodded. "Yes," she said.

"It's funny," said Hamid. "Eighteen months ago I was in Paris, and sore — sore. There was a lady — but it doesn't matter. I thought there was nothing left for me in the whole world. And yet, when this plague came, and all these poor cattle here needed me, I felt — well, repaid. It was very curious."

He dreamed upon it for a while, smiling up at the ceiling, his lips moving soundlessly.

"Elise," he said at last. "That was her name. I thought she was everything for me — I was a fool. She had a great, fat father with a complexion like a girl, so juicy and tender. 'You are a Mohammedan,' he said to me. 'No, it is not possible. And if you cease to be a Mohammedan you will be a pauper — *pas vrai?*' He patted me on the shoulder. 'No, no,' he said. 'You must be good. Return to your country and establish a harem. It should console you.' He really seemed to think so. And then, when I returned to Constantinople, they sent me here."

"You were in government service?" inquired Miss Gregory.

"Yes," he answered, with all his old curtness. But a moment later he smiled at her, as if to apologize for it. "It was intended as a punishment. But — I don't know."

"A punishment for what?" asked Miss Gregory.

"For Elise," he replied. "For that incident. It offended the — well, it offended everybody. But it doesn't matter now. They used to say at Oxford that you might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb; so I may as well — er — suffer for the poor beasts here as for that."

"At any rate," said Miss Gregory, "they're grateful. You should see how they look at you when you pass by."

"Grateful," he repeated. "This scum?"

"If you thought that," said Miss Gregory, "you wouldn't have stood by them as you did."

"Wouldn't I?" he said. "Oh, yes; I think so. Dogs or men, infidels or — or anything else — there's no such great difference."

The fever was near to him now. He moistened his lips from time to time and lay still, only repeating in a whisper, "No — such — great — difference."

The sickness wrought on him with all its dreadful punctuality. Miss Gregory, laboring expertly to stay it, found herself helpless. She brought to bear all her craft, all the arts and expedients he had taught, and those others that were born of her own wisdom; she made a barrier of precautions about his life; and the plague never stayed its stride. Soon after daylight had come his senses returned to him; he looked up at her under brows knotted like a cord. He was wrung and limp like a wet cloth; only his face was clenched hard.

"This — *burts*," he said.

It was the season of agony, well on time. Miss Gregory stepped back from the bedside, appalled. For her, the night had passed in anxious toil; she had come to think that her care and industry were gaining ground. But here was the plague unabated. Hamid, holding himself rigidly against his throes, saw her stand aghast.

"I can — bear it," he said. "You sit down."

The cold light of early morning shone in upon them, the color of woe and disaster. Miss Gregory turned her eyes from Hamid's suffering, and stared through the window. The soldiers across the water were huddled about their dull fires, and in the square behind them there was a small crowd about the door of the palace. It rose in her mind that this was not usual; she wondered if it could be that the Governor had returned at last. But she could not spare much thought upon it. Behind her, Hamid gasped and shivered on his bed, and each sound that he made was magnified to her ears. She dreaded that he would scream, as some of the others had screamed, drained of force and manhood by that crucial anguish.

He was speaking. "The opium," he said, in queer, hurried tones, as if he feared a cry might escape with the words.

Miss Gregory rose, and hesitated. It was a thing on which they differed — the value of opium to the stricken. She held that it had a part in the weakness that succeeded the pain and was the prelude to death. Hamid always overruled her. "If they are spared the pain, it is something to the good," was his decision.

He stared up at her now out of a face that was damp and shining with strange sweat. She returned his look desperately.

"Opium," he repeated, "opium! For the love of — ah!" A throe twisted him as he lay, and he bit off the word with a harsh rasp of indrawn breath.

Miss Gregory still hesitated, and then flung herself on her knees beside him. She put both hands before her face to shut out the sight of his struggle, and spoke in a muffled voice of trouble.

"Hamid," she cried, "Hamid! Don't ask me — don't ask me! I can't bear it. Scream, if you like; but ——"

He interrupted her. "For the love —" he began, and again his speech was cut off. Her forehead was bowed on the edge of his bed, and she could feel it shake as he writhed and quivered in his torment.

"It's a chance," she wailed. "It's a chance. I daren't. Don't ask me, Hamid! You know it's a chance."

There was silence then, broken only by gasps from the sick man. Miss Gregory, huddled at the bedside, had strange thoughts. In that moment of stress she remembered, of all things, the book she was to write — the great, ripe book that should manifest her to the world; and she knew the flavor of emptiness that comes to the writer who has tasted life and knows it is not to be put into printed pages.

Hamid spoke again, at last.

"All right," he said. "All right."

His words were still blurred and hurried. Miss Gregory's shoulders heaved, but she did not look up. She had found the point at which breeding gives way and trained demeanor crumples into mere humanity. For more than an hour she held her posture, till it seemed to her that the sound of Hamid's breathing had grown quieter and more regular.

She lifted her head and looked at him. His eyes were closed and he seemed to sleep. Very cautiously she rose to her feet and bent over him. He was very white and unfamiliar, the mere shell of what he had been only twenty-four hours before, but hope flamed violently in Miss Gregory. Here at last — a signal triumph — was a divergence from the plain course of the plague. He should have been wide-eyed and powerless, conscious only that his strength was gone; instead, his sleep seemed like a reprieve. She moved away, and went back to her chair by the window.

It was broad day now, but the room still held the chill of the night. She drew a shawl about her, a gaudy native thing with a fringe of tinsel, and let it drop about her head like the hood of some tawdry sultana. The sun was shining on the square of Andjerrah, and people in great number were going to and fro.

"It must be the Governor," she told herself. "The brute has thought it safe to come back at last."

She was full of hope, and watched the scene with interest. She regretted that she had not her field-glasses with her, for something noteworthy was plainly going forward. The folk were thickest about the gate of the palace, and, as she watched, there came forth from the throng of them a little string of men who made across the square.

"Now, that's curious," said Miss Gregory.

The foremost of them could be seen, even at that distance, to be wearing European dress, and he was coming toward the water. A few minutes later she made him out plainly — the elderly official with whom she had talked. There was no mistaking his ambling gait, his general droop, as of a wet fowl. Soon she could see his gray mustache and the feeble, indeterminate face. But what was strange was that he came past the soldiers and, without a halt, paddled through the shallow water, and started up the slope of sand toward the plague-stricken quarter. Those who followed him came likewise; behind them, the square was full of watching people.

"The Governor *has* come back," Miss Gregory told herself, with conviction. "He's sent these people to see what can be done."

She glanced at Hamid, who still slept, and then leaned forth from the window to watch. The gate in the wall was some fifty paces to

her right. On his way to it, the elderly official happened to glance up and see. He halted forthwith and made her a slack little bow.

"Madame!" he called.

Miss Gregory carried her finger to her lips. "Hush," she said, and looked to see that Hamid still slept.

Her caution seemed somewhat to perplex the elderly official; he came slowly forward till he stood directly below her, his followers, immaculate in their robes, standing about him.

He wafted a whisper up to her. "Where is he?" he breathed.

"Who?" demanded Miss Gregory. "Hamid?"

She noted with astonishment that her question seemed to shock him. He ruffled himself like a very mild cock, and replied with uncertain dignity.

"The monsieur of whom I inquire," he said, "is named Hamid, among many other names."

"He's here," said Miss Gregory. "Ill, so don't make a noise."

"Ill?" said the Turk. He showed her the whites of his eyes. "Not — *not* the plague?"

Miss Gregory nodded.

The elderly official gasped, and, turning, seemed to interpret her words to those with him. At once there was a murmur of voices.

"Hush!" bade Miss Gregory again, sharply. "He's asleep."

"We will come in," said the elderly man despondently, and led the way toward the gate.

Miss Gregory went out into the corridor to wait for her visitor. She was determined there should be no noise. He arrived almost immediately.

"I must see him," he said.

"He's asleep," whispered Miss Gregory fiercely. "Don't you dare wake him."

The gray man eyed her with dislike, and put a constraint upon himself. The forms of politeness were the vehicle of his mind.

"*Mais — il le faut*," he insisted. "I must see him." He hesitated. "I will take my boots off."

"Well, be careful," said Miss Gregory grudgingly.

He leaned against the wall and drew off the elastic-sided boots that he wore. He had no socks on. He gave Miss Gregory a sidelong look of sheer hatred. Then, carrying the boots in his hand, he followed her into the room and stood looking down at Hamid.

"Will he die?" he asked.

Miss Gregory turned on him in breathless fury. Unforgettable things were on her tongue, when the luckless creature dropped one of the boots. It rang on the bare floor like a hammer. Hamid stirred and opened his eyes.

"Ah," he said weakly. "*Vous voilà*."

The elderly official put the hand that held the other boot to his bosom, and bowed over it profoundly. On the bed, Hamid smiled.

"The plague is out, then?" he questioned. "It has got into the town, eh?"

The gray Turk answered in his own language, bowing again. Miss Gregory stood by impatiently, comprehending nothing. Hamid's eye met hers with faint amusement.

"The quarantine has failed," he told her, "so it is raised. There is plague in Andjerrah. You can go out now."

"I'm not in any hurry," she answered stoutly. "But what does this man want with you?"

He was still smiling, with a suggestion of humorous malice. Miss Gregory realized suddenly that he was doing well.

"Ask him yourself," he said.

She put the question in French to the gray official: "What do you want with Monsieur?"

He seemed to consult Hamid with his eyes; Hamid nodded.

"I am His Excellency's secretary," he said.

Miss Gregory started. "Whose secretary?" she demanded.

"The secretary of His Excellency the Governor of Andjerrah," answered the wan man, and bowed toward the bed.

Miss Gregory stared dumbly. Hamid was still smiling. As she drew breath, he spoke.

"The Governor is grateful to you," he said. "But — Governor or slave, there is no — such great — difference."

Miss Gregory nodded. She did not allow the situation to bewilder her.

"Quite so," she said briskly. "And now it is time for Your Excellency's most excellent medicine."

It was six weeks later that Miss Gregory, from her cushions at the stern of a dhow, watched Andjerrah slide back against the sky and become again a city of mystery. The crew, as they worked the boat seaward, cast on her glances of awe. They had been privately informed by a person of authority that if they should fail in any detail of their duty of landing their passenger safely and comfortably in quarantine at Suez, His Excellency the Governor would, on their return, give his personal attention to their execution. They believed him implicitly, and Miss Gregory had for them the delicate distinction of an infernal machine. As they passed the last of the keys of sand, the flag on the palace dipped three times. Miss Gregory waved her hand.

"He was wonderful," she said, half aloud, as the flat roofs fell back from them,—"wonderful, yes. But very wearing for a close acquaintance."

The RUG of HER FATHERS

by
LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

Illustrations by
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THE matter of names was very puzzling to Nazileh Sewaya. In this strange land of Brooklyn one could not tell anything about relationships from names. There was J. O'Brien, who kept the grocery store. His eldest son was Tommy — red-haired Tommy, who sometimes cast languorous glances at Nazileh's dusky eyelashes. Why should Tommy's father be named J. O'Brien? Why was he not properly called father-of-Tommy? And fat Mrs. O'Brien, why was she called "herself" instead of mother-of-Tommy? More puzzling still, for some mysterious reason, Mr. O'Brien bore the name of Tommy's little brother John. This was indeed a strange land, where fathers were called after their second sons. And Grandfather O'Brien, why did his family call him "th' ol' man" or "Meeke"? For whom, pray, was he named? A thing so disrespectful as "Meeke" Nazileh could not comprehend.

In Syria, her native land, things of that sort arranged themselves much more clearly. Nazileh's father, until the day of wee Antar's birth, had been called by his own birth name, Asaad; for the mere incident of being the father of a woman child could not add luster to his name. Leila, his wife, had fairly hung her head with shame that in all the years of her married life she had had no man child; but with the coming of Antar the end of living was achieved. Asaad and Leila happily discarded their own names, and rejoiced that they were at last Abu Antar and Umn Antar. As for Nazileh's grandfather, Ibraheem Sewaya,— who had come to America so many years before Antar's birth that Nazileh could not remember him, and could scarcely recall his shining bazaar with its coppers and brasses,— Nazileh would have been horrified to refer to him as either "Ibraheem" or the "ol' man," for much reverence was due him as Abu Asaad, father of Asaad. The little girl knew that no one had heard from Abu Asaad since the day he had left Syria; she knew that poor Abu Asaad did not know that Abu Antar, his son, was dead, or that wee Antar lived; nor could he know that Umn Antar had brought her children to this country in the vain hope of finding him. Nazileh used to ask all the children, very patiently, if they knew where Abu Asaad dwelt; but none of them had ever been able to tell her.

Privately, the little girl was afraid that he had died of the sickness-of-boat on the journey; surely she herself must have done so without the protection of her blue *mashallah* beads — she felt she had nearly done so in spite of them!

She was thinking of all these curious things while she counted over the laces for her mother in the October twilight. Her slender fingers tucked the pretty medallions into deft little bundles of five, and tied them with a twist of gay binding; then she put them in neat rows in a case labeled

NIKOLA HADDAD, IMPORTER
SYRIAN, ARMENIAN, AND TURKISH LACES

When the case was filled, Umn Antar got four cents each for those medallions. If she worked very fast and very late, some days she made almost twenty of them. Nikola got

"SHE WOULD PRESS HER LITTLE NOSE LONGINGLY AGAINST THE WINDOW"

very good prices indeed, however, for the laces that he imported from Umn Antar.

The night fog drifted in from the bay, and Antar sneezed in his sleep. Nazileh put down the ball of red binding, and stood before her mother.

"I put thad rug on Antar?" she asked anxiously.

Umn Antar nodded, and went on making medallions. Nazileh dragged the rug from the chest. It was dingy and old, but it was warm; it was, moreover, the rug of her fathers. Nazileh had an uncomfortable feeling of awe and veneration for it, but she did not care for it as a rug. The Jew "second-hander" had much nicer ones, she thought.

The Jew second-hander's rugs were deliciously gay. Sometimes it seemed to the color-loving child that they were the only pretty things in a world of asphalt and brick. The days the second-hander displayed them, she would press her broad little nose longingly against the window. There was one particular square that she adored.

"Genuine Axminster — all wool — four-ply — $7.89 to-day only," the sign announced; and Nazileh lived in constant dread lest "to-day" should in truth sometime be the "only" day, and she never ceased to sigh with relief whenever the rug and its placard reappeared.

It was a rug, that one! — a rug with a violently green background and a blue-and-yellow border, and in the center were five enormous pink roses.

"Thad Oxmeens," she told her mother breathlessly, "thad Oxmeens ees the mos' bes' nice rug you evaire see! I leeke thad thad rug was righd een thees 'ouse!"

To have put such a beautiful affair on the floor would never have occurred to her; in her dreams it always hung proudly on the wall, or in particularly daring dreams she imagined herself putting it over Antar while he slept — never while he was awake and might put sticky fingers on its wonderful roses.

And so, as she tucked the rug of her fathers about the sleeping baby, she sighed. She thought it so ugly! It was all dull blues and dusky reds and faded yellows. Its edges were dingy gray, and the fringe at one end was quite tattered. Yet, sometimes, when the lamp was lighted, the colors shimmered softly, just the way the lingering sunlight used to gleam dully over the waters when they watched the sun set from the housetop in Beirut. It was not like other rugs in one thing: it did not have an under side. Nazileh could not really tell which side was the top of it; each was as soft as Antar's cheek. It was not very large, yet it would wrap twice around Antar or once around both of them; and when Nazileh had finished tying the laces, she, too, cuddled in its warm folds and drowsily watched her mother's swiftly moving fingers.

When it was almost dark, Umn Antar rose slowly, stretched out her arms, and yawned childishly.

"Me — I am 'ungree as the 'omeward camel!" she drawled plaintively.

Nazileh sat up, her dark eyes shining. When mother talked of homeward camels the little girl was very happy.

"Me — I ees leeke a leetle 'omeward camel!" she mimicked, "an' Antar he ees leeke a leetle, leetle babee camel!"

Umn Antar smiled After all, she was not so very old herself, this little woman of many burdens.

"Do nod be a camel," she answered sedately. "Thad camel — he too proud. Eef thad he evaire see hees hump, he would fall an' break hees neck. You geet up an' cut the bread, you leetle camel!"

Nazileh tumbled out of the rug, and left Antar blinking at the flare of the match as their mother lighted the lamp. The bread was in the same chest that had held the rug. When there is only one chest, housekeeping is beautifully simple. But the bread-knife was on the shelf, where Antar could not creep to it; Nazileh must push the stool over to reach it.

"Thees knife," she remarked fretfully, as she struggled with the stale loaf, "eet ees nod sharp, my mothaire; I can nod cut thees bread."

Umn Antar ran her thumb over the edge thoughtfully.

"Thad ees so," she answered regretfully; "thad ees a ver' dull knife. To-morrow go weeth eet to Atlanteeck Ave' — Umn Salim say thad a man een thad street haf a wheel een hees shop."

"Thad man ees go away," replied her daughter; "he ees sell hees shop. A new man turns the wheel — a ver' funnee man," — her voice rippled out in inconsequent mirth,— "thad new man. He one day ees smokin' a nargileh — jus' the same leeke thad my fathaire has een Syree-ah. All the Ameer-can shildrens laugh an' laugh. Tommee-oó-breen, he say, 'Pipe de gas-lamp!'"

"Thad nod nice," scolded Umn Antar reprovingly. She was cooking *pilau*, a stew of bits of lamb and green onions. "Thad nod nice thad the boy laugh at the nargileh. Me — I theenk thad Ameer-can cheegar ees mor' funnee than a nargileh — I theenk thad eef man got sense to smoke so good, he can make a knife nice an' sharp, better than Ameer-can man can do. Where thad man haf hees shop?"

"Righd by thad Jew secon'-hander," said Nazileh. "One day I go weeth Tommee-oó-breen, when thad he take the wheel of the perahm-boo-late of hees brothaire for thad man to feex. All thad time I ees watchin' thad Oxmeens een thad Jew window. Thad man he say:

"'You leeke rug, leetle ge-url?'

"Me, I say, 'Thad mos' nice rug evaire was!'

"Thad man, he shake hees head so — he say thad rug ees nod. An' all the time thad he feex the wheel of the pe-rahm-boo-late of the brothaire of Tommee-oó-breen, he ees tell ver' nice story of hees rug."

Umn Antar took the smoking pot from the stove and put it on the floor. Nazileh dragged up the sleeping-mats, and seated herself cross-legged beside her mother.

"Ah!" she sighed, when Leila had dipped the first sop in the delectable stew and passed it to her daughter. "Ah! Me, I ees love *pilau* —" And in the delights of eating she quite forgot the story of the man and his rug. After they had finished, the little girl dipped Antar's bowl in the gravy, and held it patiently while he sputtered like a noisy puppy, with his little face half hidden in the dish.

"Thad Dootch ladee's babee — whad you theenk?" asked Nazileh scornfully. "He eats of a medicine-bottle by chewin' meelk of the end. Ees thad nod fooleesch?"

Umn Antar settled herself at her laces. She was as greedy as a child for stories, this little Oriental woman.

"Whad you say thad man say of his rug?" she asked plaintively.

Nazileh wiped Antar's mouth with his sleeve and tucked him back on the sleeping-mat.

"SHE TUCKED THE RUG OF HER FATHERS ABOUT THE SLEEPING BABY"

"He tell many theengs," she answered slowly, her dark eyes dramatic with thought. "He ees tell 'ow hees fathaire an' hees mothaire

was once een the desert, when thad he was a leetle boy — an' hees mothaire she ees sleep een a tent, a black goat-hair tent — an' een time a ver' bad sand-storm come, an' hees fathaire, he ees put thad rug een thad tent door, an' then thad sand can nod geet een thad tent. He say he yet hear 'ow thad sand blow on thad tent — he yet can hear!"

For once the lace-hooks faltered; Umn Antar's great eyes filled with ready tears. She no longer heard the sound of her little daughter's voice. She was thinking — thinking of the sound of sand blowing on a desert tent. She shut her eyes and sighed. Long, long ago, she too had been on a journey in the desert; she too had heard the sound of sand blowing on a goat-hair tent.

"An' whad you theenk?" chattered Nazileh, quite unheeded. "He say thad they haf a ver' nice goat een thad tent, the leetle pet goat of hees mothaire; bud thad goat he was so scare when thad sand-storm blow, he put hees horn righd through thad rug! Me, I theenk he mus' look ver' funnee weeth thad rug on hees horn!"

Nazileh rolled about in great glee at this whimsical thought, her little guttural giggles growing louder and louder until they roused her mother from her reverie. The shining hooks began to move again very swiftly.

"Whad you laugh so much?" asked Umn Antar pettishly.

"I laugh ad Tommee-oó-breen," responded Nazileh impishly. "Thad man he was tell us 'ow hees mothaire was mend thad rug so nice thad you mos' nod nevaire know eet was a hole; Tommee-oó-breen, he yell out, 'Ladees nod can make carpets!' Bud thad man — oh, ho! He ees tell Tommee-oó-breen thad ladees make all carpets een hees land. Thad man, he say thad hees mothaire make thad rug herself. When thad she was a leetle ge-url she start to make thad rug, an' when thad she was beeg she ees geeve thad rug to hees fathaire for a marriage geeft; thad ees funnee — eh?"

"Thad nod funnee," answered Leila dreamily. "Thad ees whad they call *shilim* rug — een thad ol' time all woman make *shilim* rug for the bridegrooms. Not weeth the knot tied leeke othaire rug, bud weeth a shuttle — hand go so —" She gestured with her brown wrists in the pretty twisting motion of the weaving shuttle. "Me — I ees nod make such a rug. My family nod do eet — we leeve een Beirut. Bud those ge-url thad leeve een Kaisarieh — they all do so, I haf hear."

"Thad a nice rug, all righd," continued Nazileh, her soft voice monotonously mournful. "He say thad eet got wall of Eden all round thad sides, an' a beeg cyprus tree ees een the eenside, an' all those branch on thad tree, they haf leetle bird lookin' ad each othaire, so." She doubled her little fists, with the slender thumbs almost touching tips. "He say thad was tree of leefe, an' thad birds guard spirit of hees family — an' whad you theenk? Een thad fringe hees mothaire ees hide a leetle *mashallah* bead! She ees tie eet weeth her hair for a good charm!"

Antar was asleep once more. Nazileh crept over and cuddled beside him in the rug. Her voice grew very drowsy.

"When thad man make thad knife sharp — I theenk p'haps he tell me of hees rug — eh?" She yawned mightily. "I leeke thad I hear 'ow hees mothaire — ees sew thad rug — she ees sew eet so nice — mos' nevaire weel you see 'ow she ees mend eet, onlee thad — onlee thad, thad spot — mor', mor' red! I theenk —"

The drowsy voice stopped. Umn Antar smiled. She got up presently and covered both her sleeping children. Her lips moved mechanically as she murmured the pretty Arabic benediction:

> "Thine eyes are sleeping,
> But God's eyes never sleep."

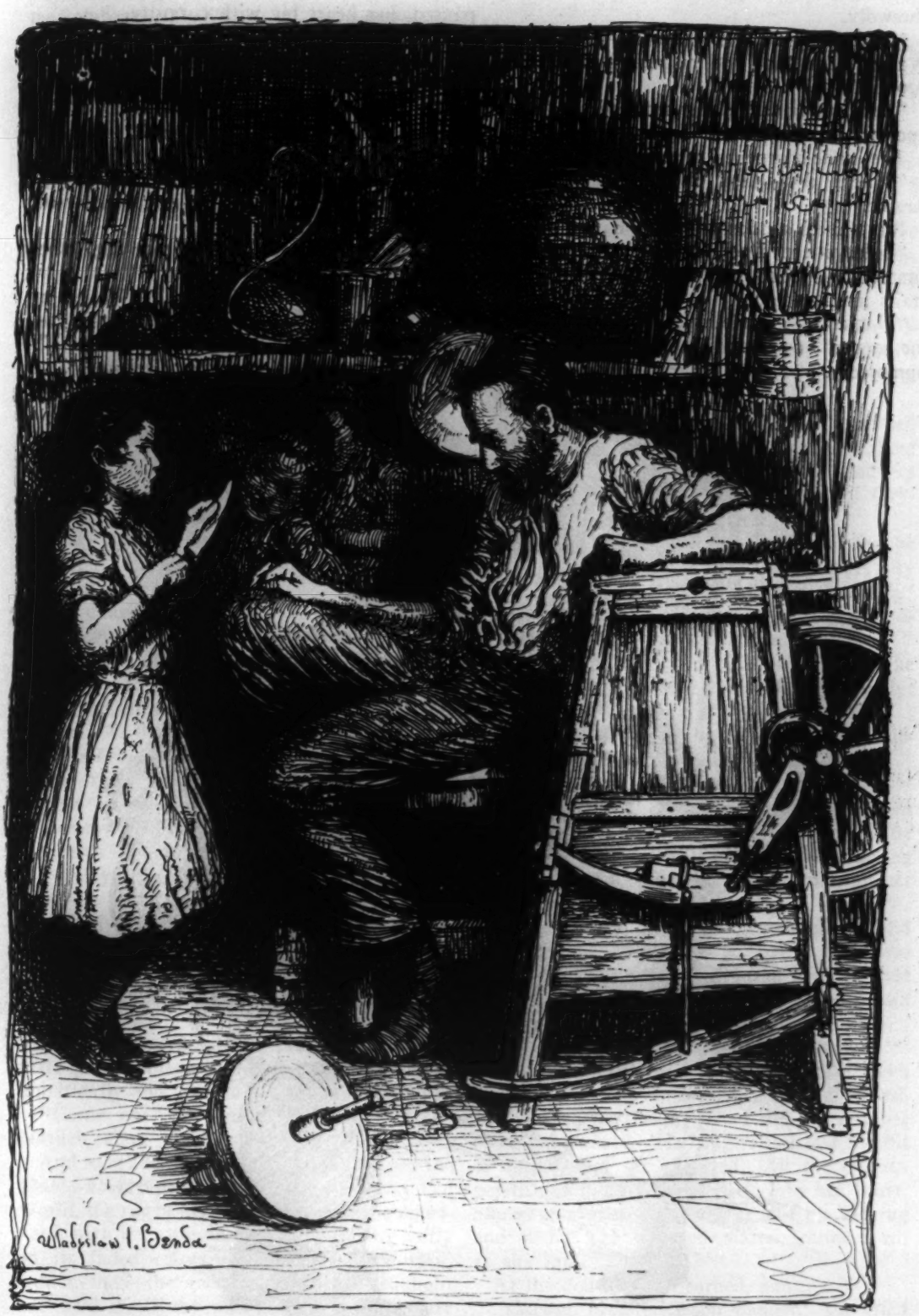
And then back swiftly she went to her laces.

Very early in the morning, Nazileh, attended by Tommy O'Brien, Johnny O'Brien, and the three Cassettly children, carried the knife, with much responsibility of manner, to the man in Atlantic Avenue whose shop was next door to the Jew second-hander's. They were all intent upon watching the fascinating operation of sharpening, and their faces grew doleful when they found the wheel standing dismantled in the corner. The owner was pottering with the broken shaft.

"My mothaire," said Nazileh, with shy importance, "she leeke, please, thad you make sharp thees knife."

She was really a little afraid of the knife-sharpener; he was so big that he awed her. In the metallic clutter of the little shop he sat like a splendid piece of bronze; his grizzled hair and beard, his massive old head, his piercing black eyes, all had the dignity of the Orient.

"My wheel ees broke," he answered in guttural tones. "When thad I haf feex thees wheel I weel feex thad knife." His slender fingers waved expressively. "I can nod feex weeth all shildrens een Atlanteeck Ave' een thees shop." The little group fell away, Nazileh almost falling over Johnny O'Brien. "Eef evaire thees wheel ees feex, then weel I gladly make sharp the knife of your mothaire."



"'MY MOTHAIRE, SHE LEEKE, PLEASE, THAD YOU MAKE SHARP THEES KNIFE'"

"And send it around?" demanded Tommy shrewdly.

Nazileh regarded her playmate with horror. Was it thus that one addressed the old in America?

"*La tawakbiẓna!*" she murmured the Arabic apology, blushing when Tommy laughed.

The knife-sharpener regarded her gravely.

"Where dost thou live?" he asked in Arabic.

But Nazileh suddenly lost her native tongue.

"I leeve een Deex Street," she answered timorously, "een thad 'ouse forty-neen — upstairs an' back door."

"I take thad knife when thad I go home for sooper," consented the knife man good-humoredly. "I leeve near thad 'ouse, me."

On the door-step of the junk-shop Nazileh paused, her heart big with curiosity.

"I leeke thad I see thad rug you haf," she said shyly, peering back around the corner of the doorway.

"Oh, ho!" laughed the knife man, very much pleased. "Thad ees nod posseeble; eet ees een the 'ouse of my son een Syree-ah!"

Outside, the little girl stopped to cast a longing look at the "Oxmeens" in the window of the second-hander.

"I theenk thad ees the mos' nice rug," she sighed.

"'S nothin'," decided Tommy. "We got a peach in our parly. Say, Nuzly, get your brother out an' show us the dago game — huh?"

"Thees afternoon," promised Nazileh. "To-

"'WHOSE OL' CARPET?' HE WHINED"

day ees Sat'day, Tommee-oo-breen. Thad's thad day my mothaire ees go weeth the ferry-boat ad Washin'ton Street ad Nikola Haddad weeth her laces."

And all through the day the little girl toiled faithfully, making the house clean for the Sunday. She hung the sleeping-mats and the rugs over the ever-useful fire-escape; she cut crookedly pinked papers for shelves, as the settlement lady had shown her; and, after her mother had taken Antar and the laces away, Nazileh sloppily washed the floor. The water stood in little puddles in the uneven places, it ran along the gaping cracks in dirty streams — it can not be said that the floor that Nazileh washed was the cleaner for her efforts. At the end of her labors it was far too wet to bring in the mats, so she leaned idly across the sill and listened to the polyglot babble in the court below.

"SHE CAUGHT UP THE RUG AND FLED"

Tommy O'Brien, squinting upward, spied Nazileh's shining eyes.

"Nuzly!" he shrieked, "come on down an' show us th' dago game!" Nazileh beamed.

"Thad *khubby mukbiznah?*" she shrilled, leaning perilously over the railing; and, as she leaned, the rug of her fathers slipped over the railing and fell dustily to the court below.

The children laughed uproariously at the little girl's dismay. Tommy picked up the rug impatiently and flung it over the fence.

"Come on!" he ordered masterfully, and Nazileh came.

And so, while this polyglot throng played the *khubby-khubby* pebble game of the far-away Old World, the rug of her fathers hung in the courtyard, with the autumn sunlight gleaming softly on its faded colors. One queer little spot, redder than the rest, snatched the sunlight and held it. Ruby and gold it shone, ruddy with life; and it was that spot that caught the eye of the Jew second-hander who was making his rounds with his raucous cry of "Cash clo'! Ol' clo'! P'y cash clo'!"

He eyed the rug shiftily.

"Whose ol' carpet?" he whined.

The game stopped.

"Thad mine," answered Nazileh shamefacedly.

"I give you fifty cents," announced the Jew, a queer light in his shifting eyes.

The children crowded about excitedly. Nazileh stared at him in amazement.

"I nod can sell thad," she explained patiently; "thad ees the rug of my fathaires."

"Your papa maybe likes that you get fifty cents for that rag," suggested the second-hander.

"My fathaire — he ees nod leeve any more," said Nazileh simply; "thad ees now the rug of my brothaire."

"Go on, Nuzly," whispered Tommy excitedly; "give it to him — aw, go on!"

"No," said Nazileh staunchly.

"Seventy-five," coaxed the Jew. And then they fought it out, the trader and the little Syrian girl — the man imperturbably offering more and more, the child still murmuring her frightened "no."

At length he shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "I makes it that I gives you a new rug," he whined, "a new rug for that dirty ol' carpets, a green rug mit red roses mit it, huh?"

Nazileh drew a long, sighing breath.

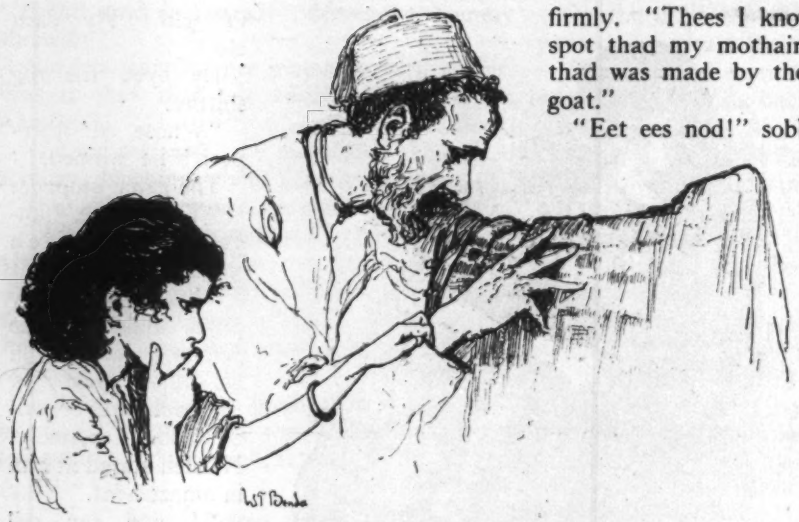
"Nice Axminister — four-ply," wheedled Levi.

The "Oxmeens"! Nazileh's eyes glistened. She nodded her head. Then she put out her hand uncertainly. Her fingers touched the bit of carpet, and she shivered. All the old superstitious feeling swept back into her heart. She gave a great sob, and caught up the rug and fled. The children stared, round-eyed, as she ran.

At the doorway she turned, panting.

"Oxcuse, Meester Secon'-hander," she cried breathlessly. "Me — I nod can sell. Oxcuse!"

Upstairs, with the shabby old thing flung



"HE PUT HIS HAND UPON THE GLEAMING SPOT OF RED AND STARED AT IT LIKE ONE BEWILDERED"

over the stool, she stared at it piteously. In its place she seemed to see the gay colors of the "Oxmeens."

"Thad Oxmeens!" she whimpered, "thad mos' bes' nice rug — I leeke thad Oxmeens!"

Suddenly she heard heavy footfalls coming up the stairway. Her heart was quaking with terror. Was the second-hander coming to tempt her again? She was so frightened that she could not even put out her hand to shut the door.

A great figure loomed in the doorway; she eyed it stealthily. Then her breath came back blessedly. It was only the knife-sharpener. In his hand he held the knife, neatly tied in a bit of blue paper. But he, too, was staring at the rug. He strode across the little room swiftly, his eyes gleaming strangely.

"Why hast thou this rug?" he demanded in throaty Arabic.

Nazileh drew a long, sobbing breath. She leaned across the little stool and stretched out her thin arms protectingly.

"I nod sell thees rug!" she wailed. "I — nod! Thees ees the rug of my fathaires!"

The old man pushed her carelessly aside and caught up the rug. His lips moved uncertainly — he, too, was breathing deeply. He put his hand upon the gleaming spot of red; he held it closer to the light and stared at it like one bewildered.

"Thees ees the rug of my fathaire!" he cried firmly. "Thees I know — here, then, ees the spot thad my mothaire haf mend — the spot thad was made by the horn of the leetle pet goat."

"Eet ees nod!" sobbed Nazileh. "Eet ees nod!" She faced him bravely. "Thad ees the rug of my fathaires — eet haf nod a bird — eet haf nod a tree — eet ees nod thy rug!"

And so Umn Antar came upon them, her son in her arms. And when she saw the man's face she fell upon her knees with a great cry. For now was her search ended — she had found Ibraheem Sewaya, Abu Asaad, the father of her husband.

"Abu Asaad! Abu Asaad!" she whispered. "I have found thee!" His eyes questioned her tragically, but she shook her head.

"He does nod longer live —" she murmured brokenly; "bud this" — she held out the baby — "this, then, is Antar — Antar, the son of Asaad!"

It was very late when Nazileh cuddled in the sleeping-mat beside Antar. She was still quivering with excitement, her eyes still shining with the wonder of the miracle. The murmur of Abu Asaad's and Umn Antar's voices flowed on steadily; the laces were quite forgotten, for once.

Across the stool the rug gleamed softly in the flickering lamplight. It was very old, but the colors shimmered bravely, the lovely dusky reds, the sapphire blues and faded yellows. The straggling border wall of Eden was almost lost; the stiff cyprus tree and its crude pairs of little birds could scarcely guard the spirit of the family, they had grown so faint. But, hidden in the tattered fringe, still clung the *masballah* bead that Zarifeh, Umn Ibraheem, so long ago in Kaisarieh, had sewed for a charm. And who of us shall say that it had not served?

Nazileh smiled across the room at the little crumpled heap of color.

"Rug of my fathaires!" she whispered earnestly. "Mos' bes' nice rug I know!"

The Case of the Reporter..

by Hugo Münsterberg

THE glory of our land has always been that its highest power is public opinion. Public opinion has made war and peace, has made laws and institutions, has shaped the whole national civilization. It is, therefore, the chief endeavor of the nation to bring everybody into contact with the sources of information, in order that public opinion may be well instructed. Progress in this direction has been wonderful. The amount of reading of newspapers which discuss public affairs surpasses that in any other country. The social reformer, however, can hardly overlook the other aspect: do those papers give to the masses sufficiently correct information for a well organized public opinion to draw from it the naked facts? Of course, we are proud to have the newspapers illuminate every corner of the national workshop and throw their searchlight into the remotest fields; but, while the papers speak about everything else, we forget that they have no reason to speak about themselves. Yet, if the country is governed by public opinion, and public opinion is largely governed by the newspapers, is it not most essential to understand who governs the newspapers?

To be sure, everybody knows something of the economic influence of the owners and the still greater economic influence of the advertisers; everybody knows something as to the dependence of editorial writers upon national or State or municipal parties; the political and commercial influences on the papers that we read and on the coloring of their truths are, on the whole, no secret. The American, who likes to be independent, has tried to protect himself against such unfair side-influences by disregarding the editorials more and more and by putting the whole emphasis on the reports of the facts themselves. It seems to be the general opinion that in the last three decades the editorial page has declined in its influence and the news parts have become the essential feature. The individuality of great editorial writers has lost its hold on the imagination of the public, and the vivid, living report of actual experiences has taken a firm grasp on the popular interest. This focuses the interest of the social student on the reporter who supplies the news. Does the American reporter fulfill his task in a spirit that is helpful to the community?

As a laboratory psychologist, I like to approach such questions, not by relying on general impressions or by developing theories that may be based on preconceived ideas: I am accustomed rather to study the objects that come under my own actual observation. I am, therefore, obliged to refer to my own insignificant experiences with reporters, because they alone are exactly known to me. In order not to allow any mistakes of memory, I shall confine myself to experiences of the last few weeks. I am, on the whole, in a favorable situation to report on such observations. If the newspapers were to drag my name or my remarks into practical politics or into commercial questions, it would be extremely difficult to demonstrate the right or wrong; any distortions might be made in the interest of a particu-

lar party or of particular persons or of particular stock quotations. But all my concerns move in entirely neutral fields. Hence I can report about my reporters with the same scientific indifference with which I should watch the subjects of my psychological experiments.

An Imaginary Interview on "Why Rich People Smuggle"

I may begin with the most harmless type. A few days ago I was in New York, and had the pleasure of receiving at my hotel during the day the calls of reporters from nine different newspapers. They all came in order to get more information about that most interesting interview with me which had been wired that morning from Boston to three of the leading New York papers. It dealt with the inspiring problem of why rich people like to smuggle when they come from Europe and pass through the custom-house. The interview, which appeared in the newspapers as a telegram dated the preceding night,— in spite of the fact that I had been in New York for some time,— interested me greatly, since I had not said a word of it, and felt sure that I should have said it a little differently if I had ever been inclined to gossip about a question that is no concern of mine. However, I remembered that, while I was in the midst of work in my Harvard laboratory several days before, a young man had come to ask me what I thought, from a psychological point of view, about the recent reports of smuggling. I told him — what I have said a thousand times to reporters — that I absolutely do not give any newspaper interviews, and that I was not in the least interested in his question. Then he asked me whether I did not believe that the psychological reason was this or that — I no longer remember what. I told him that I had no time to listen, and that he might as well ask the elevator boy in his newspaper office as me. He left me, and I think nothing appeared in the Boston paper that had sent him. Nevertheless, several hundred thousand newspaper readers of New York got this interview, in which his own psychological interpretation was neatly put into my mouth.

How One Resourceful Reporter Faked an Interview

A very deep-searching interview on the problem of the psychology of shoplifting had preceded this by only a few weeks, and was reprinted from Boston to San Francisco. It brought me an abundance of correspondence from friends who agreed and enemies who disagreed, and the only pity was that I had not said a word of all that nonsense. Of course, I do not want to suggest that the so-called interviews with me never have contained anything for which I am responsible. For instance, there was a beautiful case in the Sunday edition of one of the best New York papers. The editor had sent a reporter to Boston in order to hear my views on a number of psychological, neurological, and sociological questions. I told the young man that I could not give him anything, that I absolutely refused to be interviewed. The next Sunday there appeared a long interview, filling a third of a page, embellished by my portrait, and expressing my views in a conversation that seemed thoroughly intelligent. The promising young man had simply taken some of my books and copied half pages from various places, and dramatized them by breaking in with leading questions. For instance, "Doctor, what is your view on hypnotism?" was answered by a page from my book on "Psychotherapy."

I remember one case in which I really said with my own lips what the newspaper printed. The conditions were these. A Boston newspaper sent a nice young fellow with the request that I accept a box at the first performance of a new psychologizing drama, expecting that I might say something about the play afterward. As a matter of course, I refused absolutely to think of that possibility. But, after this invitation had been delivered and rejected, the amiable messenger began in a melodious voice to ask whether I would allow him a few words that had nothing to do with his newspaper work. He said that he had read a book of mine which had suggested to him a psychological question, and asked whether I could not, for his personal information and education, answer this question. I told him that, if he could assure me that this was in no way an interview, I had no objection to explaining what he had not understood. He sat down and talked, with an intelligent face, and I answered him as I would have answered the questions of any earnest student. The next day this whole conversation, with two very witty caricatures, appeared in the newspaper, filling two columns. It ended by poking fun at the psychologist who was such a bad psychologist that he did not know when he was being interviewed, and saying that nothing was necessary to deceive him but to "speak the charmed words, 'This is not an interview.'" Of course, this rascal's product also moved slowly toward the Pacific Coast.

Manufacturing a Newspaper Controversy

To be sure, the case is not always so simple. Often the prettiest effects are reached when vari-

ous reporters unintentionally help one another. A few days ago, for instance, in my psychological lecture course at Radcliffe College, I made a trivial little experiment that referred to the measurement of association times, an experiment like hundreds of others made in the same experimental course, and probably made in a similar way by a dozen colleagues in different colleges. There was absolutely nothing new in the experiment, and nothing important, being merely a simple little illustration of certain psychological facts. Probably one of the young women students talked about it, distorting and exaggerating the details, and finally it reached some of the college reporters, who made a wonderful sensational story out of it as to how I was reading the deepest secrets in a woman's mind. This was the first act. Naturally, this important event had to be wired all over the country, and the wittiest cartoonists drew me piercing into the brains of innocent women. But the second act followed quickly. A woman reporter in New York, deeply interested in the science of psychology, went to a well-known physician and asked his opinion about this nonsense that was reported concerning my experiments. The result was that the next day the interview of the physician with the New York reporter appeared, which was also at once wired all over the land. This interview as it stood was a criminal libel, which would have been utterly unjustified and absurd even if the criticized story had been true. As a matter of course, this insulting interview was not only hopelessly distorted, but, as the physician wrote to me, "unqualifiedly false." Yet hundreds of thousands read — and there are always readers who enjoy hearing one scholar call another a fool — all the falsehoods connected with my name. As was to be expected, another onrush of reporters was at my house, and, while I declined every personal interview, all kinds of threatening remarks on my part were neatly served to the New York readers at their next breakfast. And these are only a few sample cases of the last three weeks in my personal experience; I could give half a dozen more that occurred in this short time. It has gone on in this way for years.

The "Lying-Machine" — a Newspaper Myth

My pleasant experiences have not been confined to this country, for the European papers have delightfully seconded the wit of the American sheets. Once, when I made some psychological tests on a notorious criminal behind the walls of a penitentiary, the reporters in some way gained a knowledge of it. Several papers wired that they wanted a description of my experiments from me. In accordance with my habit, I absolutely refused this. But, as the reporters continued to whet the appetites of the readers, the papers had to bring out something. Accordingly, one of the largest New York papers asked some anonymous colleague of mine to write an essay on what a psychologist in such a case might possibly do in order to examine the criminal. That unknown author wrote a very fair article, in which he happened not to describe one of those methods which I had used, but gave a full account of a number of instruments that might be used by an experimentalist in the study of hidden emotions. He showed pretty illustrations of the sphygmograph and pneumograph for measuring the pulse and the breathing, such as appear in any physiological text-book. This New York report was wired to other places, with a slight change which made it appear that, instead of being the hypothesis of an anonymous writer, it was a fact that I had used those instruments. The next set of reporters transformed it into the statement that I had invented the instruments. At this stage the story went to London. The yellow press of England announced in big headlines that I had invented marvelous instruments by which the most secret ideas could be read. From there it spread throughout Europe in the form of an account of my "lying-machine." France especially took it up enthusiastically. Lyric poems on the subject abounded. Scores of French humorists gave variations on the theme of the lover supplied with a lying-machine, while the serious papers described with great earnestness my revolutionizing invention of instruments which for three or four decades have been household apparatus in every physiological laboratory!

Misrepresenting Public Speeches

Can I really be blamed, after experiences of this kind in my own humble sphere, if I cannot read any interview or report except with the underlying feeling that it is probably exaggerated, confused, or altogether invented? It has become like a puzzle-picture for me to seek the probable truth hidden in the confusing distortions. Yet this imaginative play of my friends, the reporters, represents only one side of their gay sport. As long as they seek interviews, you can decline the honor, and, at any rate, you feel free from responsibility when the fake interviews appear. But they also report public affairs, speeches, and discussions, and in these you cannot escape them. Here also I confine myself simply to my personal observations.

The report is a haphazard reproduction in which the most important point is often left out, the most insignificant pushed to the foreground. Last winter I spoke at a New York banquet at which the list of official speakers contained fourteen well-known names. The next day my speech was given in full, however much distorted, while all the other speakers were merely mentioned by name. Their speeches were much more interesting, at least to me; but I happened to speak before ten o'clock, and at ten the reporters left the hall. On another occasion I was one of three speakers. The other two speakers found their orations printed in full; my speech, which was the longest, was not even mentioned. I heard afterward that the other two had prepared their addresses in writing, while I had no manuscript. The other day I gave a Phi Beta Kappa address, and one of the papers asked me beforehand for a written synopsis of it. I had the feeling that I really had a little message, and took the trouble to prepare a serious account of my sermon. But it was evidently not "newsy" enough, for the paper only reprinted the first meaningless introductory paragraph and left out the whole point. Yet the same paper had room enough in the same number to give a full account of ideas attributed to me as to the trapping of bank defaulters by psychological methods, a silly story which some crank devised.

However, as long as the reporters only omit or report carelessly, the harm is not great. But those who have gone through the high school of reporterdom have acquired a new instinct by which they see and hear only that which can create a sensation, and accordingly their report becomes not only a careless one, but hopelessly distorted. At a public gathering recently I spoke more than half an hour, and was frequently interrupted by loud expressions of approval. At the close of my address the president of the organization expressed to me publicly his special thanks, and there was long-continued applause. In the course of my discussion I had made an insignificant remark about the theory of a well-known man, expressing my disagreement. The next day in the newspapers this least important feature was presented as the real content of my address. In inch-deep headlines the local papers brought out, "Professor M. Attacks Mr. X." But that was only the beginning. Those who sympathized with Mr. X., and who heard nothing but that I had "attacked" him, reported to their home papers the improved version that my speech had been frequently interrupted by hissing, and that at the end the public had given strong evidence of their disapproval by icy silence.

Roosevelt Moved to Wrath by a Newspaper Misquotation of Münsterberg

Once — President Roosevelt was still in the White House — I spoke in the Middle West at a large banquet at a gentlemen's club, to which I had been invited to discuss certain features of American public life. I spoke for nearly two hours; some prominent men of the city added a few friendly remarks; and it was late at night when the leading members, in a most jovial mood, accompanied me to my hotel. We all had the feeling that the banquet had been a most successful, harmonious affair. The next morning I was still fast asleep when citizens of the East read the startling news of my criminal misdemeanor, and the President of the United States sat down to write a letter of indignation. My Boston friends found a life-size portrait of me on the first page of their paper, with a chain around my neck on which the Declaration of Independence was hanging. When I came down to breakfast, telegrams had already poured in from the Pacific Coast. This is what had happened: At one point in my address I said that it was interesting to note that President Roosevelt had never quoted the Declaration of Independence; at another point I said that President Roosevelt once made to me a certain observation, referring to an entirely trivial matter. The reporters had simply connected these two facts and put a little ginger into it. They had wired over the land that I said in my speech that President Roosevelt himself told me that the Declaration of Independence was ridiculous. It was this news with which even the night rest of the President was interrupted. I never in my life had to send so many telegrams in one day as I did in order to correct that mischievous report.

I might go on with these experiences page after page. But my purpose was not to write reminiscences. I intended only to characterize different types of reporting, and these few samples, for which I might substitute scores of others from my short American career, may be sufficient to sketch the psychological situation. I have no reason to believe that my experiences are exceptional. I have never been on especially bad terms with the reporters, so there has been no reason to hunt me; and I have never been on especially good terms with them, so there was no reason to keep me in the newspaper limelight. It is true, psychology appeals to the curiosity of the masses perhaps a little more than Sanskrit, and because I have written on many subjects the newspapers consider me as "good copy." But, on the whole, my case is probably a typical one. Most of

what is reported about me is distorted, if not untrue. How can I expect that my fellow victims enjoy a better fate?

The Reckless Reporter and the Careless Public

Is any one to blame? Certainly not the reporters. They are doing what the newspapers want. And certainly the newspapers are not to blame. They are doing what the public wants. And certainly the public is not to blame, for it does not take the matter seriously, but simply laughs about this heap of absurdities and gossip, of scandal and misinformation. And yet, is it really a tolerable situation? Where does it lead us? The newspapers themselves, and their reporters, must be constantly pushed forward on this downward path. The more the public finds out that most of the news is only half true or quarter true, the stronger must be the sensations created in order to hold the attention of the incredulous reader. The accents must become louder, the colors more glaring. The language of truth is not loud enough: it must be drowned by the noise of vulgar inventions. The immediate result is that the individual reporter must become more and more reckless; his boldness carries the day. He no longer reports events: he influences their course by turning the polite and moderate speech of a man into insulting attacks and violent statements, which naturally provoke heated replies. Instead of being the chronicler of his time, the reporter becomes, by the mere tricks of his trade, a demagogue who pushes public opinion in every matter to extremes. The public which has insisted on disregarding the editorials because it wanted to form its own opinion on the basis of facts must now see that it is faring much worse: the facts themselves become distorted in a way that makes the reader's own judgment a plaything of the reporter.

How does it work on the public? *Le roi s'amuse;* the public laughs. No one takes the trouble to correct any misstatement: no one defends himself, because every one instinctively feels that his neighbor does not take it seriously. It is amusing to hear the gossip, and to see even one's friends abused, and there can be no harm, as nobody believes any of it. But what is the social outcome? The necessary consequence is a universal state of indifference. The public becomes indifferent to the really important issues.

And with this goes an indifference to accuracy and correctness. If the average man is constantly reading pages and pages with the feeling that the writer does not care whether it was so or not, if he finds daily that the events of to-day prove that the reports of yesterday must have been incorrect and confused, his whole mental life loses the instinct for exact distinctions. If we always moved in the illumination of late twilight, the lenses of our eyes would lose their power of accommodation to sharp outlines. There can be no doubt that lack of accuracy is one of the most serious faults of our social mind. Our entire educational system suffers from its looseness. Children leave school without ability to be careful in their spelling and mental arithmetic. Instead of thoroughness, we have only dash, and all practical life is harmed by this carelessness. Can there be anything more dangerous than this systematic education for inaccuracy by the reading of misreporting newspapers?

And, finally, there must result an indifference to accusation which undermines public morality. If the reader becomes accustomed to see the sharpest accusations hurled against respectable persons, without any one feeling discomfited because no one takes it seriously, an ethical indifference must follow which is a most fertile soil for corruption and actual immorality. The work of the social reformer demands sincere criticism, but the important inquiries of the leading magazines have demonstrated that careful painstaking work is necessary to make such criticism valuable and helpful. The haphazard onslaught of hasty reporters, the sensational distortions and grotesque exaggerations of everything that may serve to stir up the reader, creates an atmosphere in which just accusation becomes ineffective. It becomes almost useless for serious investigators to study seriously actual social conditions, since the people have lost the power to discriminate between serious criticism and defamatory gossip. The time has come when a reaction must set in, when the public must insist on serious, accurate, significant information, and when the newspapers must stop the reckless reporter. If a complete overturning of our newspaper methods should take place, the better part of the population would be sincerely happy at getting rid of all this flimsy fabrication and cheap mass of trivial news. But the very first necessity is to recognize how badly we are served, and how that for which we are really striving is entirely taken out of our reach. A public opinion that laughingly allows itself to be constantly misinformed cannot be independent. It makes no difference whether it is misguided by a few great bosses or by ten thousand little reporter bosses. The case of the reporter has not yet found that attention which it deserves in the fabric of our public life.

TRIXIE

by

Frances A. Ludwig

Illustrations by W. L. Jacobs

HIS name was Tom Keeler. Swaggering, blatant-mouthed, and hideous of visage, he stood six feet or more. His thick and powerful neck, rising like a rounded column from between his shoulders, told of his great strength, and when he turned his head, the muscles rippled over his chest, showing beneath his open-necked blue shirt. It was plain that his nose had been broken on more than one occasion, and his left eye was permanently closed. His powerful forearms, bared by his rolled-up shirt-sleeves, were tattooed in divers strange devices. His mouth was a blue-rimmed gash, and his speech was a lurid testimony of the scant respect in which he held both God and man. His years might have been any between twenty and thirty; and, so far as being included in the free-and-easy fellowship of the shipping-room went, he was a pariah and an outcast. This was not by any means on account of his disfigured face — the shipping-room loved a man, and his magnificent physique would easily have atoned for his lack of beauty. Nor was it because of his gruff and surly violence of speech.

Girls who spend most of their waking hours working side by side with men and boys learn not to confuse brusqueness with insolence, or comradeship with presumption; and, if they are wise, they remain oblivious to many small matters that do not greatly count, or concern them. Their reward, if they can do this and still remain womanly, will be a tacit acknowledgment of equality and a wholesome respect and friendship. But both sides know that there is an undeviating line at which toleration will stop — the line of decency; and it was across this line that Tom Keeler delighted to thrust himself.

Whether it was Isabel, scurrying past him like a frightened quail, Nell, quietly attending to her own affairs, or Laurene and Marie Elizabeth, with elevated skirts and tossing heads, it was all the same: he never lost an opportunity to hasten their footsteps by some striking apothegm, couched in language vivid or murky, as the humor seized him. As for the men, while they inwardly ached to pommel him, none of them cared or dared to run the risk of a hospital bed, even in so righteous a cause.

He was retained in the service of the firm despite the complaints of his fellow employees, probably because the fact that he did the work of three men on one man's pay bore more weight than any trifling defect in the morality of his speech. He was running the freight elevator, juggling trucks and heavy packing-cases with Sandow-like ease, when Trixie Schwartz came to work with her sister Nell.

When Nell entered the shipping-room, one spring morning, with what appeared at first glance to be a miniature replica of herself in tow, she excited considerable surprise and interest. Nell had never been communicative about her affairs, and no one could have dreamed from a glance at her prosaic self that she held in close relationship anything so near a human flower as Trixie.

Nell's manner as she said, with a queer mixture of pride and anxiety, "This is my sister Trixie," made it at once apparent that Trixie was something exceedingly precious, and was not to be a candidate for the ordeals of initiation that awaited each newcomer before he or she could be recognized as a member of "the bunch."

Because Nell had been one of "the bunch" for many years, and was greatly loved for her cheerful disposition and wholesome common sense, the shipping-room accepted Trixie as

"'THIS IS MY SISTER TRIXIE'"

something belonging *to* them, but never once as being *of* them, to be subjected to the give-and-take wit and horseplay that prevailed among themselves.

As for the girl herself, she was a silent person, observing everything about her with a peculiarly incurious placidity. In stature she was tiny, shorter than Nell, but without Nell's stockiness. Her face had the same broadness below the eyes, and her skin was a clear white, a healthy pallor. She wore her hair parted, and it rippled silkenly down each side of her head until it met her little ears. Her eyes were the same purplish gray as her sister's; but, while Nell's sparkled and glowed with every passing emotion, Trixie's were like April pools, mirrorlike in their placid reflection; and her face was a pearly sheet of vellum, unwritten upon and unlined.

She sat beside her sister and learned to make out bills from penciled checks that were stuck on a spindle before her, accomplishing, silently, enough to enable her to hold her position, and so contributing, in a small way, to the wage-earning force of the Schwartz family.

As Nell lamented to Isabel, "I held out as long as I could, but *she* would have it." (Isabel knew that "she" was Nell's mother.) "They've raised our rent again, and everything's so dear now. Ma needs Emma, and she ain't quick-like, anyhow; and Tina's got to go to school a couple of years yet; so there was only Trixie left, and she *had* to come." She sighed. "I hope it don't kill her down here," she muttered, with a sidelong glance at her sister's little figure. "She ain't strong — like me."

But Trixie made no complaint. She accepted the new life with neutral placidity. She answered when she was addressed, smiled occasionally at some antics of the bundle boys, her manner neither inviting nor repelling. She became to them, after a time, as impersonal as a beautiful decoration might have been — something to look at that excited exquisite but entirely dispassionate pleasure.

But beneath this fair exterior lay the stubbornness of a narrow, undeveloped nature that had never been crossed. Isabel and Laurene came upon the sisters one noon. Nell was arguing in a pleading tone of voice. Laurene paused, ostensibly to draw on her gloves, but really to listen. Nell glanced toward her, and a twinkle of amusement came into her eyes.

"See, Trixie," Nell coaxed. "What's good enough for them ought to be good enough for us, this once. They're going to Sippler's" (mentioning the nearest lunch-room). "Gleason's is so far, and if I don't pay the gas bill this noon it'll be shut off. Come — like a good girl."

Trixie shook her head. "You can smell the cookin' at Sippler's; I ain't goin' there."

"Don't be silly," expostulated Nell. "You can stand it this once. I *got* to pay that bill today."

Trixie wrinkled up her little nose fastidiously. "I don't like the smells at Sippler's. I don't like the waiters, neither."

"Then you'll have to go alone," declared Nell. "I won't have time to go to Gleason's and then pay that bill."

A faint smile dawned on Trixie's face; she seemed to be listening to far-away music. "All right," she acquiesced. She knew that nothing would have induced Nell to let her go unaccompanied to a lunch-room.

"You're the limit," cried her sister, exasperated. "Why can't you do as I want, this once?"

Trixie looked her over sympathetically. "I would if I could," she said. "I can't eat any place but Gleason's; that's all."

With a comic grimace, Nell gave up — and was docked the half-hour's extra time that it took to pay the bill.

Laurene walked away with Isabel. "It's good she isn't my sister," she said, snapping the last catch of her glove. "I'd see myself further before I'd give in to her the way Nell does."

"Maybe you wouldn't," returned Isabel, "if you was Nell."

As far as Nell knew, Tom Keeler had never seen her sister. The freight elevator was some distance behind the shipping-room, and there had been no occasion for their meeting. Therefore, when there was placed on Trixie's desk, one morning, carefully weighted for identification with *her* paper-weight and *her* ink-well, a pure white rose, half-blown, Nell had no possible reason for connecting Tom Keeler with the offering. Trixie's face was as unconscious as usual as she pinned the flower on the bosom of her dress; but, had she chosen to relate an incident of the day before, Nell might have guessed the donor.

But Nell never knew the beginning of the strange attraction between her sister and Tom Keeler, for Trixie never told.

It came in this wise. The day before the rose was given to her, Trixie had gone to another part of the store to look up an incorrectly figured check — her initial move alone. The clerk who made the error was in a part of the store separated from the shipping-room by an alley. In her ignorance of location, Trixie had attempted to cross behind the shipping-room instead of going through the store. It had rained heavily the night before, and down the middle of the alley swirled a stream of muddy water. As she stood, a hesitating little figure, Tom Keeler, lounging near the entrance, saw her. Actuated by some impulse of deviltry,— expecting, probably, to frighten her, or at least to have her struggle and protest,— he swooped down upon her, picked her up roughly in his arms, and carried her across the wet.

It surely was not deviltry that actuated Trixie. Not being given to introspection, she never tried to fathom her impulse; but, as he stooped to let her down, she laid her lips, soft and cool as the pink of a Killarney rose, against his cheek.

The man clapped his hand to his cheek, and stood looking after her in a dazed fashion, a flush slowly rising to his face. Several youngsters who had witnessed the incident began to snicker audibly. He swung round and covered them

with his glance; and they remembered, suddenly, that they were not paid for being idle.

The morning after the gift of the rose, there came a waxen gardenia with its glossy leaves; and each day brought its offering. Sometimes it was fruit — a choice orange or a pear; sometimes a flower: and always the flower was white, and as perfect in form as could be found in the shops. Whoever would have suspected Tom Keeler of estheticism?

As the days went on and Trixie continued to take the gifts as a matter of course, Nell became curious regarding their source. She observed, also, that Trixie took more interest in her duties. She often went to the stationery supply room in the morning; sometimes she would try pen after pen complainingly, and would be obliged to go upstairs for more during the day. Nell was pleased to see her less apathetic, but was slightly apprehensive. It was not like Trixie to want to do things for herself. The solution came with overpowering suddenness. One day a wagon-boy stopped by her desk and inquired:

"What 'r' y' lettin' Trixie ride in th' freight elevator with Tom Keeler fer?"

"Wha-a-t!" gasped Nell.

"Sure she does," declared the boy. "I seen her in the mornin's w'en she goes up after the bill-heads. It's *him* gives her them flowers."

Nell dropped her pen and hurried out in the aisle back of the shipping-room. She was just in time to see the ponderous corrugated-iron door of the freight elevator glide slowly up, and Trixie trip out, a smile on her face, and under her arm the day's supply of stationery.

"Trixie Schwartz!" said Nell in an awful voice.

Trixie turned her innocent gaze upon her. "What's the matter?" she inquired.

"Are — are you crazy?" demanded Nell. "Ridin' in the *freight* elevator! Do you know what kind of a man *he* is?"

"You hurt my arm," complained Trixie.

Nell shook her in exasperation. "Don't you know he's a bad man — a regular tough! How long have you been doin' this? Do you want people here to — to talk about you?"

Trixie surveyed her calmly. "He's good to me and I like him. Let go my arm."

Nell choked. "Don't you ever dare go near him again. Never! He's a bad man, I tell you — an awful bad man."

"Shall if I want," said Trixie, unmoved.

Days of torture followed for Nell, for Trixie would not promise not to see Tom Keeler. "He's good to me and I like him," she would say with parrotlike reiteration. And good to her Tom Keeler was, indeed. Nevertheless, Nell could not think of him in connection with her idol without choking. Trixie and Tom Keeler! — a man who was a breathing portrayal of everything bad. It was monstrous, horrible!

"Trixie," Nell would plead, "it ain't right for a little girl like you to talk to a man like him. It ain't *safe;* he might hurt you."

"How?" Trixie would demand, raising her pellucid eyes to her sister's face.

"He'll — he'll say things that you hadn't ought to hear," Nell would declare lamely. "I've heard him talk — awful."

"I never did," Trixie would answer.

"What do you see in him?" cried Nell, one afternoon, after Trixie had stolen away, and returned contentedly munching a pear. "His face is enough to scare you; how can you look at him?"

"He's so strong," answered Trixie. "He can lift me with one hand."

"Has he ever touched you?" moaned Nell. "Oh, how can you ——"

Trixie went on unheeding, answering Nell's criticism of Keeler's looks. "And he's going to have his eye fixed — the one that's out — and maybe his nose, too," she added pensively.

Each day brought the offerings, and each day Trixie found some pretext on which to speak to Tom Keeler. Nell could only silently endure, and the strain of it told. She became irritable, and her smiling good nature was a thing of the past.

The months passed, and it came time for Nell's vacation. Trixie was not entitled to one. Nell offered to let her sister have the benefit of the week's rest; but Trixie refused. Frantic at the thought of leaving Trixie unguarded for a week, Nell stayed at work during the long, stifling summer, without a day's rest.

The confinement in the dirt-floored room began to tell. The frail body of the younger girl became frailer still; and during the autumn, when the place, half heated in the morning, became stifling at mid-afternoon, blue veins began to show at her temples and smeary shadows came beneath her purple eyes. It was about this time that she announced to Nell that thereafter she proposed to bring her luncheon and eat it at the store.

"I'm afraid you can't stand cold lunches," said Nell doubtfully.

Her demur was of no avail, and then she discovered that Trixie's object was to spend the time left of her luncheon hour in the company of Tom Keeler, sitting on a packing-box in one corner of the elevator while he carried the freight up and down.

Nell voiced her protests to him, this time, in unflattering language.

He leaned his great frame against the ironwork of the elevator as she talked, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling with anger —

something unusual for Nell. When she paused, he spoke, slowly bringing one fist down into the palm of his other hand.

"Look here; I ain't holdin' Trixie. I want you t' know that. She comes of her own free will. It's up to her, not me."

"Trixie!" cried Nell, in despair. "I can't do nothin' with Trixie. No one can."

With a half-malicious grin, he stepped inside the elevator, gave the doors a push, jerked the rope, and Nell was left facing empty space. She returned to her desk, and, bowing her head upon it, wept, openly and without shame.

Midwinter came. Trixie contracted a heavy cold, and was obliged to stay at home for several weeks. When she came back to work she was more warmly clad; but Nell, who had been waiting for the after-Christmas drop in prices to buy herself a heavy coat, went without.

Now the younger girl's pallor began to take on an unhealthy waxen tint in the morning, which changed during the long afternoon to a flush, flaming scarlet between the rush hours of five and six o'clock. It was not the pink of health — a flush upon the face of Trixie Schwartz was an incongruity; it was like a smear of dye upon an Easter lily.

One morning she found upon her desk a little bunch of snow-white violets, and beside them stood — oh, loathsome contrast! — a bottle of cod-liver oil. She sniffed the nauseous stuff and made a wry little face.

"He says I must take it," she said, in answer to Nell's look of inquiry. "He says it'll be good for me. He says" — she hesitated a little — "he says I mustn't go out there any more. He says it's too drafty for me."

Jealous anger, keen as a knife-blade, struck at Nell's heart. *She* had known that Trixie was not well; *she* had urged upon her various nostrums; *she* had warned her against the drafty elevator. Her voice trembled as she answered:

"Let your own people do for you — let me do for you. You don't have to take such things from strangers."

"He's no stranger," muttered Trixie. "I ought to know him well enough by this time."

Nell turned on her, losing control of herself. "*You* know a man like him — a little innocent girl like you!"

"What do you know about him?" cried Trixie, goaded to retort.

"I know all I want to, from his face," declared Nell.

"I guess you didn't see his face very lately," cried Trixie, with unusual agitation. "He's had his eye fixed — you wouldn't know him."

Nell smiled scornfully. Trixie saw it, and added, on the verge of tears:

"You're just selfish — that's what you are. Just as selfish as you can be; so there!"

Nell opened her lips to answer, stared at her sister for a minute; then went to work, very thoughtfully. It had struck her that there might be a modicum of truth in Trixie's words.

All that afternoon, as she watched the flush slowly rising in her sister's cheeks, the words haunted her. Was she selfish? She smelled the fragrance of the violets in the stuffy room; they were pinned upon Trixie's breast, and rose and fell with her breathing — all too quickly, Nell noticed, with a pang. *Was* she selfish?

The thought came to her again that night as she lay beside her sister — and sleep would not come. Trixie had gone to bed in offended silence, without her accustomed "Good night." Demonstrations of affection were rare in the Schwartz family. Nell could not remember that she had kissed her sister since the years of her babyhood — but she might have said good night.

Nell lay for a long time, thinking. Trixie tossed out her little hands and muttered in her sleep. Nell touched one of them, and felt that it was hot. After a while she rose and lit the gas, turning it low.

She rummaged in a drawer of her dresser, and brought out a small photograph. It was of Trixie, taken when she was five years old. How well Nell remembered the day! She laid the picture down beside the face on the pillow and compared the two. Trixie's curls, in the picture, were little fluffy spirals of black, jutting from her head in irregular profusion; they were no softer than Trixie's hair to-day. The eyes were the same, crystal clear, yet fathomless; and though the face in the picture was round and full and the one on the pillow was thin and pointed, over both was drawn the mystic veil of something unawakened, something dormant.

Nell put out the gas and climbed back into bed, hugging the picture to her breast. Her mind went back to the day when her mother, harassed, overburdened, and weary, had placed the baby in her eager arms, with the solemn assurance that the little one was hers — to keep.

From that hour the child had been the sole passion of Nell's hard and colorless life. She had learned to sew, that Trixie's clothes might be of good material and well fitting; she had taken scrupulous care of her person; and, as the girls grew older, Nell, who was ten years Trixie's senior, had guarded her jealously from all that was unlovely in their lives. She wondered if she had been wise, for Trixie was prodigiously ignorant of things the knowledge of which had come to Nell as a matter of course. For the first time she realized that Trixie, as a woman, might need what she could not give her.

"NELL LAID THE PICTURE DOWN BESIDE THE FACE ON THE PILLOW AND COMPARED THE TWO"

Had it been any one but Tom Keeler, Nell thought, she could have become reconciled.

She threshed about on her bed, coming to no decision. Nothing was to be gained by opposing Trixie; neither could she be persuaded — that was clear. Nell chilled at the thought of a serious quarrel with her sister; that must be avoided at all events. So she determined to make no further objection to Keeler's attentions, so long as they were not shown outside of the store.

She smoothed back her sister's hair from the wide forehead, then shook her gently. "Trixie," she breathed; then, louder, "Trixie, Trixie!"

The younger girl's eyes opened and she smiled sleepily.

"I didn't mean to be selfish," said Nell, with a break in her voice. "Say good night — and I won't say anything mean again. Just one thing — tell me one thing. Has he ever — did he ever tell you he loved you?"

Trixie smiled amusedly. "Oh, no," she answered, without the slightest trace of embarrassment.

"What does he talk about?" asked Nell deprecatingly.

"He tells me stories," yawned Trixie.

"What kind of stories?" — sharply.

"Oh, about things he's seen — ships — and fishes — and queer things."

Nell laughed. "You — baby!" she said, and fell asleep, half comforted, her arms around her sister.

Nell tried faithfully to hold to her resolution, and succeeded, as far as any outward manifestations were concerned. But her whole mind was occupied with her intense resentment against the influence of the man and her dislike of his personality, so that any hint of appeal in Trixie's voice, when she spoke of him, was lost upon her.

The younger girl came tripping in, one day, her eyes shining like stars. She was restless for some time, glancing at Nell a little dubiously, as if estimating what would be her supreme effort at combativeness. Finally she said, with the veriest trifle of apprehension:

"Nell, he's going to take me to a show tonight!"

Nell swallowed convulsively and her face grew gray. "No, Trixie," she said constrainedly. "No; you mustn't go."

Trixie burst out: "You've gone to the theater dozens to my once. I *want* to go. He's always been good to me; why shouldn't I go?"

All her fear and dislike rose in Nell, and she forgot everything else.

"You know why; I've told you often. You can't go with him — never!"

Trixie started to speak, then slipped from her chair and scudded out of the shipping-room. With a set face, Nell followed her.

She faced Tom Keeler. "You can't take Trixie to any theater," she said, controlling her voice with difficulty. "You ought-a know that." He loomed before her, huge and, to her, menacing. "I wouldn't let her go with you — not — not to save her life!"

He flushed slowly. "Do you think I'd hurt her?" he asked, half curiously,— "hurt Trixie?"

"No," flashed Nell. "You'll never get the chance."

He spoke tensely: "I'll come up after Trixie, and if she wants to go with me, you nor all hell sha'n't stop her." He regarded her sternly. "Don't you know I could 've took her and you not know it? Don't you suppose she'd have slipped out an' met me — if I'd 'a' told her to?"

The certainty with which he spoke added fuel to Nell's anger. It utterly overbalanced the evidence of his straightforward method.

"We'll see," she said furiously. "Come, Trixie."

Next morning the bill clerk's desk was empty. A day later Nell came to work, worn and miserable. Bit by bit, her trouble overcame her natural reticence, and Isabel learned the story.

"He came for her," Nell said, "and I wouldn't let her go. I told Ma about it; I told her lies — anything — till she was scared to let Trixie go. Trixie fought to go, and finally — I said I'd telephone the police station. It was only a bluff,— I didn't know as I could do anything,— but Trixie she had a sort of a spell, a spasm, and — what do you call it when they bleed at the mouth?"

"A hemorrhage?" prompted Isabel, horrified.

"Yes; she had that. Then I carried her and put her to bed — I wouldn't let him touch her or send for a doctor or anything — and so he went away then."

"He never said nothin' all the time; only stood waitin' for her to come."

"He'll wait a long time now." There was vindictive misery in Nell's voice. "The doctor says she can't come to work again this winter."

Tom Keeler paced glumly up and down, when he was not busy, but no one vouchsafed him any news of Trixie. The sympathy of her deskmates was with Nell. After some weeks of waiting — lonesome weeks they must have been for him — he walked into the shipping-room one day, near closing time, and placed upon Nell's desk a sheaf of rosebuds, not white this time, but a shining pink. Then he stood regarding her firmly.

Up through the tainted air about them the blossoms sent their fragrant appeal. For a minute Nell saw them lying in her sister's lap — saw her listless eyes brighten and her delicate nostrils widen rapturously to inhale their perfume. Only for a minute; then, with a quick revulsion of feeling, the hateful personality of Tom Keeler was all dominant. She picked up the flowers and flung them into the waste-basket at her side.

His face darkened and he laid his clenched fist down on her desk ponderously; but he spoke with great restraint:

"Aw, what's eatin' you? Can't you let her have the flowers? Will they hurt her?"

Nell gazed stonily ahead of her, wiped and put away her pen, picked up her gloves and pocket-book, and quitted the room in silence. Tom Keeler watched her angrily, glanced around defiantly, then strode away.

As Isabel was leaving a few minutes later, he stepped out of the shadows by the employees' door, and greeted her.

"Miss Cartwright," he said awkwardly, "I wanted to ask you something. D'you know if she's got it — for sure?"

There was no need of greater explicitness; Isabel understood.

"I — I think — yes, I'm afraid it is," she faltered.

They stopped in the shadow of the building.

"And they can't do nothin' for her? They can't send her away?"

Isabel silently shook her head.

"But she might have what I could give her," he muttered. "Can't you fix it up some way, Miss Cartwright — you and Miss — the other one — some way so she can have the flowers — and things she needs? Some way so Nell won't know they come from me?"

Isabel surveyed him silently. It came to her that Tom Keeler's expenditures on Trixie must have meant denying himself considerably. She had a sudden feeling of sympathy for him.

"I'll try," she promised. "I'll see Laurene."

"I wish you would, Miss Cartwright. She'd ought t' have 'em, you know. I'm much obliged. Good night."

Isabel drew a long breath. And this was Tom Keeler!

Laurene's fertile brain had no difficulty in creating an admirer of benevolent tendencies who kept a florist's shop, while the fruits and other little luxuries were mentioned as accidental bargains: chance gifts in a friendly spirit from various members of the shipping-room.

"THAT NIGHT HE PACED THE FLOOR FOR HOURS WITH TRIXIE IN HIS ARMS"

Nell was in such a state of agitation and worry that it was not hard to deceive her.

The winter passed, and spring came again; but Trixie was no better.

"She gets weaker every day," breathed Nell, in quiet agony, to Isabel. "And it's my fault for bringin' her here — I never ought 'a' done it. Then she'd 'a' never seen *him*."

"Don't she ever mention him?" asked Isabel.

"No." Nell's face worked, and she said tensely: "But she wants him. I know she wants him — and she knows I know it; that's

why she won't say anything. She's waitin' for me to give in and ask her. And I've got to do it — I've got to do it — it ain't for long, now. And she told me once I was selfish," she added miserably. "Maybe I am."

The next day she went to Keeler. Looking past him, she said, as if repeating a lesson:

"I asked Trixie if she wanted to see you, and she said she did. She — can't walk any more; it's hard for her to breathe; and she wants you — to carry her."

Tom Keeler understood. There was no animosity in the glance he gave her — rather pity, had she cared to read it. "I'll come," he promised.

That night he paced the floor for hours, Trixie in his arms, until she slept; then he laid her gently down, and turned to go. "Whenever she wants me, let me know," he said.

And so a truce was cried. After that Keeler spent the greater part of his spare hours with Trixie, walking up and down with her in his arms when she could not sleep. He told her stories, pages from his own experience, carefully expurgated, and hazy as to detail — his vocabulary a queer struggle between refined diction and the speech common to the life he had lived. Nell listened, glad when she saw the peace in Trixie's face; and gradually, very gradually, he became no longer hateful in her eyes.

Then, one night, when he had carried Trixie a long time before she seemed to sleep, he laid her down, looked up, and something in his face startled Nell. In a second she was at his side; then she knelt down beside the bed, threw her arms across the foot of it, and bowed her head without a sound. He drew back and started to leave the room. She lifted her head and threw out her hands to him in a gesture of appeal. It was the cry of a strong nature, crushed and bleeding; its instinct to grope blindly for strength somewhere, somehow, when shorn of its own. Again Tom Keeler understood. He came and knelt beside her, and took her two helpless, fluttering hands tight in his own.

The next morning he was at his work, quiet and impassive. He stopped Isabel as she was leaving the store.

"You're going out there, Miss Cartwright? I thought so. I'm not going. I want you to take this—" He put in her hand the envelop containing his week's wages. "Get some flowers. Get white roses, little white roses — get 'em loose in a big bunch; that's all."

When everything was over, Isabel sought him. He stood, in his dirt-stained overalls and blue shirt, a gigantic figure against the blackness of the freight elevator. Silently she laid a perfect white rosebud in one of his grimy hands.

He looked down at it. "Thanks, Miss Cartwright," he said.

"She looked beautiful — Trixie," said Isabel softly. "And Nell said to thank you for those flowers. They were the prettiest ones there."

"Poor Nell!" commented the man. "When she comes back I won't be here, so there'll be nothing to make her — think about it. I'm going away."

"You are?"

"Yes." He stood, still looking at the flower. "Y' see — I never thought it made any difference to anybody but myself — what I was. I didn't have to be a tough, Miss Cartwright. I wanted to be; I didn't care."

He smiled a little, and slowly raised one bared arm. The muscles swelled into a solid bunch, sliding back into place as he lowered it again.

"You don't know — bein' a girl, Miss Cartwright — what it is to feel your strength: t' know that you can always lick the other fellow; t' feel that you can talk and act as you please — that there ain't nobody big enough to make you eat your words; that, so long as you've got your strength t' earn you a livin', you can shake your fist under any man's nose and tell him to go to — blazes if he don't like what you do."

"No," said Isabel, fascinated; "I don't know."

He sighed. "That's it; it goes to a man's head. I — come from good people. I had a chance. I didn't care; I could live as I wanted — it made no difference to any one but me."

His face clouded. "But, y' see," he went on laboriously, "y' see, Miss Cartwright, it did make a difference. If I hadn't been a bum and had to work for a hustler's pay, I could 'a' took her away some place and she'd 'a' got well. She liked me because I was so big and strong, and I liked her — because she liked me just as I was. Maybe it was because she was such a kid — she didn't know the difference; but" — his voice softened and he spoke half to himself — "she'd 'a' been a woman some day — and I could 'a' waited."

He held the rose in his hand, slowly weighing it up and down.

"And so I'm going away and make a fresh start. I'm only twenty-four, and maybe — maybe it'll come my way to — to help some other girl." He smiled whimsically. "And if that time ever comes I'm goin' to be different from what I am now; I'm goin' t' do that much for the sake of Trixie."

Again he weighed the rose gently in his hand. "It's like her, ain't it, Miss Cartwright?" he said huskily. "It's just like Trixie."

And as she turned away Isabel saw him brush his hand across his eyes.

A MORMON HOME IN SOUTHERN UTAH

THE MORMON REVIVAL OF POLYGAMY

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "GOVERNOR HUGHES AND THE ALBANY GANG," ETC.

NEARLY all visitors to Salt Lake City are impressed and gratified by the attention shown them by the Mormon people. Special midday recitals on the justly famed Tabernacle organ are given for their benefit, and intelligent guides are provided to escort them over the Temple grounds.

A few years ago, two men, one a well-known resident of Salt Lake City, the other a clergyman from the East, were making this tour of inspection. The Easterner was extremely interested in the Mormon question, and especially in polygamy. Like most people outside of Utah, he had believed that this peculiar institution was a thing of the past; that it could not possibly endure in the face of modern education and encroaching civilization. After enjoying the usual diversions provided for Gentile visitors,— hearing the pin drop in the Tabernacle, listening to the story of the forty years' building of the Temple and the explanations why Gentiles could never enter it,— he turned abruptly upon his guide and asked the inevitable question — Whether the Mormon Church had really abandoned polygamy?

The guide in this case was an especially well-bred and attractive young woman. She spoke excellent English, displayed the most intimate knowledge of Mormon history and doctrine, and explained the whole subject clearly, simply, and with an almost convincing enthusiasm. Nor was she at all embarrassed when the clergyman abruptly asked about polygamy.

She gave the usual explanation: that God, through Joseph Smith, had commanded the saints to practise plural marriage; and that God, through Wilford Woodruff, in 1890, had

commanded them to give it up. All devout Mormons, she continued, still believed in polygamy as a divine principle, but the church no longer tolerated its practice. Perhaps there were a few old people still living in plural marriage, who had entered that relation prior to 1890, but no plural marriages had taken place since the manifesto.

The Eastern clergyman was much impressed. "You needn't tell me," he said to his friend, after this guide had left them, "that your situation here is so hopeless. Look at that beautiful young woman! If she is a product of Mormonism, then Mormonism can't be so very bad. Polygamy certainly can't live long with such splendid girls as that growing up in the Mormon Church."

The Salt Lake Gentile looked at him quizzically. "I heard you ask her name," he replied quietly. "What name did she give you?"

"Clarice Thatcher."

"I thought so. I suppose you would be surprised if I told you that Clarice Thatcher is herself a plural wife ——"

"What?"

"Oh, yes; everybody in Salt Lake knows it; the papers have been full of it. In the year 1901 she married Henry S. Tanner, a Mormon home missionary, who already had at least one wife living and undivorced. This was eleven years after President Woodruff had issued the manifesto."

Indeed, this Thatcher episode is an excellent illustration of modern polygamy in the Mormon Church. It brings out clearly the social and ecclesiastical status of those who are now entering into the relation, and the extremes to which they will go to conceal the facts, especially from Easterners. Clarice Thatcher was a member of one of the richest and most prominent families in Utah. Her father, Moses Thatcher, was an especially fine product of Mormonism — one of the few intelligent, cultured, broad-minded men in the church. Although a devout Mormon,— a polygamist with three wives,— Moses Thatcher had won national distinction for himself in 1896 by openly making a fight against the domination of the Mormon Church in politics; had stood for the United States senatorship in defiance of his own quorum; and, for this act, had been deposed from the apostleship. This independent spirit, as well as his personal charm, had endeared Moses Thatcher to the non-Mormon population of Utah. His favorite child, Clarice, inherited his qualities of mind and character, as well as his unquestioning devotion to the Mormon faith. She was a polygamous child, the daughter of Thatcher's third wife, and, like most polygamous children, had a fanatical belief in the principle to which she owed her own existence. She represented well that type of Mormon woman — a type that the non-Mormon mind has never understood — which readily accepts polygamy as the ultimate testimony of faith. As the average Christian sees it, this order of marriage means, for the polygamous wife, the destruction of all happiness upon this earth; it calls for the fullest measure of self-sacrifice. That is precisely the reason why polygamy appeals so strongly to certain fanatical natures among the Mormon women. It represents the "giving of all" — the abandonment, at the command of God, of earthly pleasures and satisfactions to advance the kingdom of heaven. These women believe unquestioningly that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God; that God, through him, commanded the practice of plural marriage — and who are they, that they should question the wisdom of the Almighty?

In the latter part of 1902 the fact became public property that Clarice Thatcher had entered the celestial order. People obtained the earliest intimations of it when a white hearse, containing the dead body of the first baby of Miss Thatcher and Henry S. Tanner, her polygamous husband, passed through the streets of Salt Lake City. Like his plural wife, Tanner belonged to the higher social classes. At the time of his polygamous marriage he was thirty-two years of age, a graduate of the Brigham Young University at Provo, and of the law school (class of 1899) of the University of Michigan. Neither Tanner nor his plural wife has suffered the slightest social or ecclesiastical penalties for their act. Clarice Thatcher now lives quietly in the Cannon ward of Salt Lake City, has at least one child,— who calls her "auntie," — and, with her husband, enjoys the privileges of the church and is closely identified with its work. Tanner himself has prospered temporally, and has become identified, unquestionably through ecclesiastical influence, with church land schemes.

The Younger Generation and Polygamy

This interesting couple are representative of the "younger generation"; they have experienced the influence of that modern education which, it is generally believed, has sounded the death-knell of Mormon polygamy. In fact, there are many influences that make the allegiance of the younger generation stronger than that of the old. Their mothers and grandmothers had many early prejudices to overcome; polygamy ran counter to their whole religious and moral training; it was something new, strange, and essentially abhorrent. With the present generation, however, this institution

appears quite in the normal order of things. They have been familiar with it from their earliest days. As small children, in the Sunday school, they have been taught the divinity of plural marriage; God himself, and Jesus Christ, have been constantly pictured to them as polygamists. Even though the church has ostensibly given up the practice, it has never, even ostensibly, abandoned its belief in the principle. It constantly upholds as models to its growing children men who, almost without exception, are, or have been, polygamists. As late as 1905 the Mormons used the public schools of Utah, supported by public taxation, for teaching the principles of Mormonism. Here, under Mormon public-school teachers, the children studied the lives of such men as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith, John W. Taylor, George Teasdale — all polygamists.

The church still openly teaches polygamy as orthodox Mormon doctrine. It derives its authority for the principle from the revelation given to Joseph Smith in 1843. This is the longest revelation in the "Doctrine and Covenants," the book which is the canonical theological work of the Mormon Church. In spite of the fact that the church has officially given up polygamy, it has never taken the revelation out of this volume. On the other hand, it has never included in this work the Woodruff manifesto.* There are many books of Mormon theology still circulated, and still purchasable at authorized Mormon book-shops, which uphold in the strongest possible terms the doctrine of polygamy.

A factor that is even more powerful in perpetuating the practice is that so large a proportion of these younger Mormons are themselves polygamous children. They cannot dishonor the institution without dishonoring their own fathers and mothers, and placing a bar sinister upon their own birth. "Not to admit the purity of polygamy," one prominent Mormon said to the writer, "is to pin the scarlet letter on my own mother's breast, and I will never do that." The polygamous wives of the older generation have the same personal interest in upholding the principle. Many of these women have encouraged their daughters to become plural wives because only in this way can they justify their own lives. "Polygamy was good enough for me; is it not good enough for my daughter?" — this just about represents the attitude of many of these women.

Apostles Opposed to the Manifesto

When the Mormon Church, in 1890, officially abandoned polygamy, the impression was conveyed that the leading authorities were unanimously in favor of this action. This, however, was not the case. In the inner circles of the apostolate there was a faction bitterly opposed to the revelation. The president of the church who preceded Wilford Woodruff was John Taylor, a man who had consistently refused to yield on this important point. In Taylor's mind the mere suggestion of giving up this cardinal tenet of the Mormon faith could come only from one source — the devil himself. The men who were advocating it, in his eyes, were merely the emissaries of Satan. It was not until Taylor's death, in 1887, that the possibility of changing the official attitude on this point gained any headway. In 1890, though Taylor was dead, his influence was still felt in the apostles' quorum, the ecclesiastical body that rules the church. Among the older members who still upheld Taylor's attitude were Joseph F. Smith, Marriner W. Merrill, Brigham Young, Jr., and George Teasdale. Merrill was probably the most influential Mormon in the northern part of Utah. He deserves a special niche in the Mormon calendar of saints for his devotion to the new and everlasting covenant. With him polygamy was a lifelong conviction. He always asserted that, when he was a boy of nine,— years before he had ever heard of Joseph Smith or the Mormons,— God had revealed to him in a vision the principle of plural marriage. Merrill clearly acted upon this belief, for at the time of his death, in 1907, he had seven wives, forty-five children, and one hundred and twenty-seven grandchildren. From the first he did not pay the slightest attention to the manifesto; indeed, he evidently regarded it as his highest duty to ignore it. In March, 1891 — about six months after President Woodruff's declaration — Apostle Merrill himself performed the marriage which united his son, Charles E. Merrill, in polygamous marriage, to Chloe Hendricks.† Afterward Apostle Merrill further showed his contempt of the manifesto by taking a new plural wife himself.‡

Brigham Young evidently felt a personal responsibility as the son of the great Brigham, whose whole life had been spent in battling for the cause of polygamy. The Woodruff declaration,

* The fact that this revelation had not been published in the "Doctrine and Covenants" was made much of by those opposing Reed Smoot's election to the Senate. To meet these criticisms it is now printed in the last two pages of the volume that contains the "Doctrine and Covenants." It is not included among the revelations, however, but is printed as an "official declaration," after the Appendix, Index, and Concordance. It is hardly necessary to insist that this does not make the manifesto part of the revelations.

† Charles E. Merrill admitted this himself, in his testimony before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections in 1904:

Q. Who married you in 1891 [to Chloe Hendricks]?

Merrill. My father.

Q. Was your father then an apostle?

Merrill. Yes, sir.

‡ "To these cases [of new polygamists]," said the Senate Committee report in the Smoot case in 1906, "must be added that of Marriner W. Merrill, another apostle."

in the eyes of the younger Brigham, was nothing less than treason to his father's memory. Externally he suggested little of the religious bigot. He was a heavy man, fat, sensual, good-natured; among Gentiles he was not unpopular. On only one subject did Young have any enthusiastic convictions, and that was polygamy. How many times he himself had married no one now pretends to know. During the late eighties he spent most of his time running away from United States marshals; on one occasion, while the officers of the law were close on his trail over the hills of Arizona, he paused long enough to marry a new polygamous wife. Brigham's associate in the apostles' quorum, George Teasdale, likewise tenaciously held to plural marriage. Teasdale, a little wrinkled figure in ill-fitting, slovenly clothes, crabbedly bending over the account-books in the tithing office at Nephi, in his spare moments everlastingly scribbling away at a mysterious diary — this is the indelible picture that Utah retains of this eccentric character. Teasdale was an Englishman; in his early life he had practised the trade of an upholsterer, and, in the early fifties, while working at his bench, he first heard of Mormonism from an itinerant missionary and became a convert. For several years he remained in England, an indefatigable distributor of Mormon tracts, and even a writer of them — his "Glad Tidings of Great Joy" is still largely circulated in the mission field. In 1882, God, by direct revelation to President John Taylor, called Teasdale to be an apostle of the church.

Apostles Taylor and Cowley Youthful Fanatics on Plural Marriage

These older zealots found loyal support in several younger members of the apostolate, particularly John W. Taylor, Matthias F. Cowley, and Abraham Owen Woodruff. Taylor and Cowley, inseparable friends from boyhood, were firebrands in the cause of polygamy. They were little more than thirty years old when the Mormon Church issued the Woodruff manifesto. The act was a terrible blow to their youthful missionary zeal. Taylor was a son of President John Taylor, and proved worthy of his father's teachings. As a child he gave such evidences of spirituality that a Mormon sister, speaking "in tongues,"* prophesied that he would some day become an apostle. While working at his trade in his father's sawmill, young Taylor had visions that foretold a similar greatness. When he grew older, he developed marked power as a preacher in the mission field. "Many times, when standing before a congregation," writes an admirer, "his countenance was resplendent with the light and inspiration of the Holy Ghost." With his thin, ascetic face and dark, deep-sunken eyes,— eyes in which there appears almost an insane gleam of fanaticism,— Taylor certainly seems to have been "set apart" to lead the fight in this new crusade. He carries his belief in the Old Testament order to extremes. He eventually became the husband of five wives, but he has a Mosaic horror of eating pork.

Taylor could hardly have found a more sympathetic companion and fellow apostle than Matthias F. Cowley. No character is better known in all the Stakes of Zion. For years Cowley was called the "traveling apostle"; he went tirelessly from place to place, preaching, exhorting, converting, blessing, marrying — working night and day for the advancement of the Mormon cause. Cowley has always refused to accept the manifesto as the word of God; had the saints only persisted, God, he believes, would long since have brought them victory. At a meeting in the Logan Tabernacle, in January, 1901, Cowley voiced these opinions:

> None of the revelations of the prophets, either past or present, have been repealed. . . . If you have a teacher in the Sunday schools who would encourage the young to disregard or disrespect a single doctrine of the church — plural marriage and all — turn them out; they have no right in the priesthood. Parents, you must teach the whole doctrine to your children, or they will apostatize and be damned. . . . These revelations received by our prophets and seers are all of God, and we cannot repeal or disannul them without making God out a liar, and God cannot lie.
>
> I wish to remind you of a certain revelation given you through President Taylor. The command was given to set our quorums and houses in order, and the promise was that if we should obey the command God would fight our battles for us; but we did not obey the command, so God did not fight our battles for us. If we had obeyed that command given through President Taylor there would have been no manifesto.

Mormons Have Dreams and Visions on the Resumption of Polygamy

These irreconcilables now joined forces with one purpose in view — to defeat the Woodruff revelation, to restore plural marriage, and to bring back the pristine greatness of Zion. They could accomplish this end in only one way. In 1890, when the manifesto was issued, many of the fathers and mothers in Israel were getting old, and, if there were no new plural marriages, in a few years polygamy would be extinct. At all haz-

* The Mormons still practise this peculiar custom. A saint, especially "full of the spirit," gives utterance to meaningless sounds. This is called having "the gift of tongues." Another saint, standing by, translates the gibberish, and is said to have the "gift of translating tongues."

ards, therefore, young people must be persuaded to keep the sacred ordinance alive.

According to Mormon ideas, all Latter-Day Saints may have immediate personal communition with heaven. They have the "spirit of the Lord," they are "impressed," or they "feel" to do certain things — there is a mysterious inflowing of divine intelligence, unmistakably pointing the way of righteousness. Many of the apostles now professed to have had "personal testimonies" that, in spite of the Woodruff manifesto, God really intended that polygamy should still go on. The Deity himself had personally informed these men that the manifesto was merely a trick —"an attempt to beat the devil at his own game," as one apostle is said to have described it; its only purpose was to gain statehood, which meant the control of secular power by the hierarchy and the practice of the sacred institution under State protection. Everywhere Mormons, under the leadership of these men, now began to fast and pray; they had dreams and visions, in which, in many cases, they were commanded to take new plural wives. Some of them even pretended that God had shown them, in vision, the identical women whom they were to marry. Many high ecclesiasts went about quietly persuading men and women to marry plurally; these reactionary apostles — Brigham Young, Jr., Owen Woodruff, Matthias F. Cowley, and John W. Taylor — made a specialty of performing the marriage rites. It was their particular aim to make "new polygamists" of the leading churchmen. Many of these same churchmen have described to the writer the attempts of these zealots to persuade them into new plural marriage.

Abraham H. Cannon, an Apostle, Takes a New Plural Wife

Abraham H. Cannon, a son of the great Mormon leader, George Q. Cannon, was one of the best beloved of the younger apostles. In the early eighties Abraham H. Cannon had married three wives, and had served a term in the Utah penitentiary for his crimes. Soon after the publication of the manifesto, however, he became outspoken in insisting upon its honorable observance. Deceit and trickery seemed alien to Abraham Cannon's character; he was the one apostle of the Mormon Church in whom the Gentile population had implicit faith; in their eyes, he had precisely the qualities needed in the leader of the new and younger Mormonism. It was a tremendous shock, therefore, when Abraham Cannon himself became one of the earliest violators of the manifesto. In 1896, his brother, David, died while on a mission in Germany. David had been engaged for some time to an attractive and dashing young woman of Salt Lake City, a Miss Lillian Hamlin, a girl in her early twenties, a graduate of the Brigham Young University. In ancient Israel there was a custom according to which a man could sometimes take unto himself the wife or the betrothed of his deceased brother. "If brethren dwell together, and one of them die, and have no child, the wife of the dead shall not marry without unto a stranger. . . . And it shall be, that the firstborn which she beareth shall succeed in the name of his brother which is dead, that his name be not put out of Israel" (Deuteronomy, 25. 5, 6).

It soon became apparent that Abraham H. Cannon and Lillian Hamlin intended to shape their lives in accordance with this scripture. In the early part of June, 1896, Abraham flatly informed his third wife, Wilhelmina, that he intended to marry Lillian Hamlin. "But you cannot do it," she replied. "God has forbidden it"; and she recalled the manifesto. Abraham said that if he married the girl outside the United States he would not violate the law. A few nights later, Abraham came again and asked Wilhelmina to help him pack his grip — he was going, with President Joseph F. Smith, to Los Angeles. Any one else going with them? Yes — Lillian Hamlin; they were going to be married. Lillian, Abraham said, would be his wife for time, and David's wife for eternity. Wilhelmina told him that if he married Lillian he would be violating God's command, and that her conscience would not permit her to have anything further to do with him. Abraham left the house without another word. About a month later he returned to Wilhelmina, haggard, helpless, ill, suffering apparently the deepest mental and physical anguish. He acknowledged that he had married Lillian Hamlin; that the ceremony had taken place in the stateroom of a steamboat on the high seas, somewhere between Los Angeles and Catalina Island. This was evidently what Abraham had meant by saying that he could legally marry the girl outside the United States. In about three weeks after his appearance at Wilhelmina's house Abraham Cannon died. Both women — his third wife and Lillian Hamlin — nursed him to the end. In Washington, in 1904, before the Senate Committee, Mrs. Willhemina Cannon told of this death-bed scene.

Q. What did Mr. Cannon say to you shortly before his death about his having married Miss Hamlin?

Mrs. Cannon. He told me that he had married her, and he asked my forgiveness.

Q. What else did he say about it?

Mrs. Cannon. He said he had never had a well day since he married her. I think it killed him.

According to statements made by Mrs. Wilhelmina Cannon to well-known people in Salt Lake City, Abraham made another confession. He said that the marriage ceremony by which Lillian Hamlin became his plural wife had been performed by Joseph F. Smith — the same Joseph F. Smith who is now president of the Mormon Church. Though President Smith has always denied this, the circumstantial evidence against him is strong. By his own admission,* there were only four people in this California party — himself, one of his wives, Abraham H. Cannon, and Lillian Hamlin. In Mormon phraseology, President Smith was the only man present "who held the keys of the sacred ordinance" — the only one, in other words, who had any authority to perform a Mormon marriage. Unless Abraham officiated at his own wedding, therefore, President Smith must have married him. Before the Senate Committee, in 1904, John Henry Hamlin, the brother of Lillian, testified that the family "understanding was that Joseph F. Smith had married her."

No penalty, social or ecclesiastical, has ever been visited on Miss Hamlin. A child was subsequently born to her, to whom she gave the name of Marba — Abram reversed. The Cannon family has always recognized Lillian Hamlin as Abraham's widow, and has permitted her child to share in the father's estate. The church has rewarded rather than punished her. Soon after Abraham's death, she was made a teacher at the Brigham Young University — a church institution. A few years ago Miss Hamlin became the plural wife of another Cannon, Lewis M. In other words, this lady has married polygamously twice since God, through Wilford Woodruff, put an end to plural marriage. She has been the wife of two Cannons for time, and will be the wife of another Cannon for eternity.

Apostle Teasdale Marries Polygamously Marion Scoles

Along with Abraham H. Cannon, several other apostles have taken new plural wives. The case of Marriner W. Merrill has already been cited. His associate, George Teasdale, not only married a new plural wife, but made no attempt to keep the matter secret. Up to 1896, Apostle Teasdale, so far as is generally known, had had four wives. In that year he employed, as his housekeeper at Nephi, Utah, an Englishwoman whom he had converted several years before in England. With this woman came her daughter, Marion Scoles. The daughter was only thirty-one years old, and Teasdale, at this time, was sixty-seven. A year or two after taking up her residence in the house of Apostle Teasdale, Marion Scoles died in childbed. Six of the apostles of the Mormon Church expressed their sympathy with Teasdale by attending the funeral. If one wishes definite proof that Marion Scoles was Teasdale's wife, he needs only to visit the burial-yard at Nephi, Utah. There stands a grave with a headstone bearing the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Marion E. Scoles, wife of Apostle George Teasdale. Born in London, England, April 6, 1865; died Dec. 17, 1898."

If, on the other hand, one wishes the other essential link in the evidence,— proving that Teasdale, in 1898, had another wife living,— the records of the Utah divorce courts furnish it. In 1900 Teasdale, then in his seventieth year, chose another wife, one Melissa Thomas, a school-teacher, aged twenty-eight. This time he took the precaution of obtaining a civil divorce from Lilias Hook, whom, the records show, he had married in 1876. The testimony was unprintably disgusting — though there was nothing reflecting upon the moral character of the wife. The fact that the court granted Teasdale this divorce, in 1900, from a woman married to him in 1876, is conclusive evidence that in 1896, when he married Marion Scoles, he already had at least one living wife.

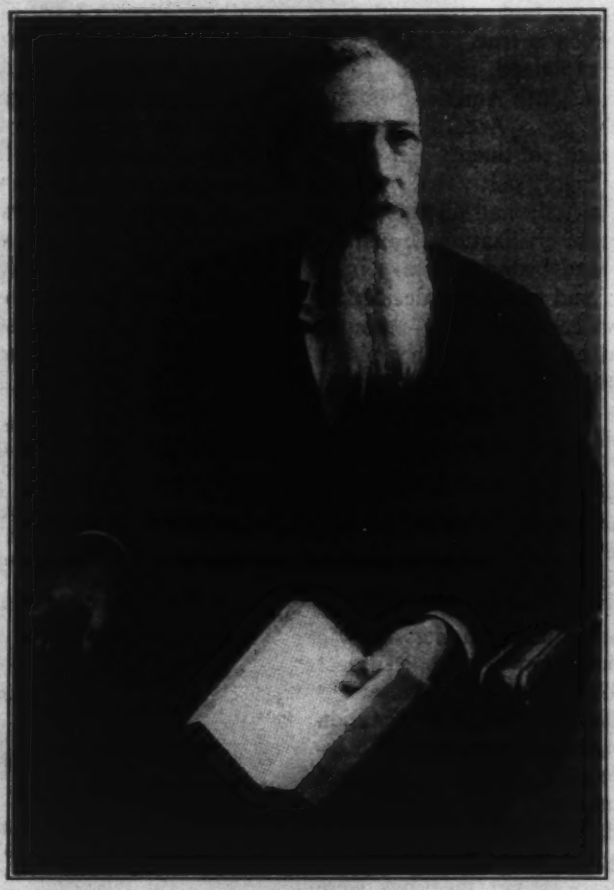
Apostle Taylor Marries Two "Hired Girls"

Both Apostles Cowley and Taylor, who so industriously preached polygamy to other Mormons, violated the manifesto themselves. Cowley married, as new plural wives, Luella Parkinson, of Preston, Idaho, and Hattie Harker, of Salt Lake City. At the time of the manifesto, Apostle Taylor had three wives. Two of them, Nellie Todd and Nettie Woolley, came, in 1898, to live in separate houses in Farmington, a small town about fourteen miles north of Salt Lake City. In this town there were two sisters, Rhoda and Roxie Welling, who, when Apostle Taylor arrived, were sixteen and eighteen years old. These young women went to live as "hired girls" in the houses of Taylor's plural wives. About the year 1902 it became generally known that Taylor had become the husband of both these girls. Clearly, this was a violation of the manifesto, since, when that document was issued, the Welling sisters were only eight and ten years old.

* See Report of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, Volume 1, page 11.

Apostle Woodruff Marries Plurally Avery Clark

Still another prince of the church who disregarded God's command was Apostle Abraham Owen Woodruff. There was little in Woodruff that suggested a lion of the Lord. He was a consumptive-looking stripling, who, when only twenty-five, had been made an apostle through the influence of his father, President Wilford Woodruff. Even as a boy, however, young Woodruff had done zealous service in the missionary field. He had worked for several years in Germany, preaching Mormonism along the Elbe from Dresden to Bohemia, even going so far, in circumventing the German government, which does not tolerate Mormon missionaries, as to don farmer clothes and work with the peasants in the fields, stealing a few surreptitious moments to preach the gospel of Joseph Smith. When he became an apostle, Woodruff went to "labor" in the Big Horn Valley, in Wyoming. Here, at Auburn, he met Avery Clark, the twenty-four-year-old daughter of a Mormon bishop and a graduate of the Agricultural College at Logan. Suddenly the girl left home, and eventually turned up in one of the Mormon colonies in Mexico. To this same town Apostle Woodruff himself fled in 1904 to avoid the service of a subpoena issued by the Smoot Committee. While hiding there, both Woodruff and his legal wife were stricken with smallpox and died. Avery Clark, Woodruff's new polygamous wife, nursed and tenderly watched over them both until the end. The poor girl was thus left alone in the world, with no legal standing as a wife — with nothing but a baby.



PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
CIRCUMSTANCES STRONGLY INDICATE THAT HE HIMSELF, IN 1896, PERFORMED THE POLYGAMOUS MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN THE CASE OF ABRAHAM H. CANNON AND LILLIAN HAMLIN

Thus six apostles have violated the Woodruff manifesto by taking plural wives since 1890. One of these, Owen Woodruff, was the son of the man who issued that document, and another, Abraham H. Cannon, was the son of the man who was chiefly responsible for it. There is a well-grounded belief that another apostle, Brigham Young, Jr., also married plurally since 1890.

President Cluff, of the Brigham Young University, Takes a New Plural Wife

Other conspicuous members of the Mormon Church have followed the apostolic example. One of the most interesting cases is that of Benjamin Cluff, Jr., who for several years was president of the most prominent Mormon educational institution — the Brigham Young University at Provo. There are in the Mormon Church a considerable number of educated young men — men who have received their university degrees in the East, who make a specialty of science and literature, who read Herbert Spencer and keep more or less in touch with modern philosophic thought, and yet who, in spite of all this training, apparently remain faithful and conscientious Mormons. Benjamin Cluff belonged to this class. Like all Latter-Day Saints of this peculiar type, Cluff regarded the Book of Mormon as authentic history and science — a kind of precursor of

Darwin; and, in his opinion, polygamy represented the only possible social system under which men and women could live happily.

In 1898 President Cluff conceived a splendid project — a scientifically organized expedition which should explore the inaccessible regions of North and South America, and, in their archaeological and other remains, find actual evidences that the Book of Mormon is true. The Book of Mormon, it may be explained, pretends to be a history of North and South America two and three thousand years ago. According to its teachings, the American continents were then thickly populated by highly cultivated peoples; great empires rose and fell; and all the graces and material wonders of civilization flourished. Naturally, scientists and historians make light of these pretensions; and Cluff now decided to show, by authentic evidences, that the "account, written by the hand of Mormon, from plates taken from the plates of Nephi," represented actual history.

The church officially indorsed this expedition and largely financed it. It made the enterprise an ecclesiastical mission; it regularly "called" as missionaries all young men who had been selected to participate in it, and required these students, as an essential preliminary, to "go through the Temple" and "take their endowments." In the spring and summer of 1898 President Cluff's expedition was the one subject of discussion throughout Zion; prayer meetings were everywhere held in its behalf, "donation parties" and church dances were given to increase its funds. In June, 1898, the solemn cavalcade slowly moved through southern Utah. Its members, as they went along on foot, chanted Mormon hymns; every morning and evening prolonged prayer meetings were held; President Cluff asserted that he guided the whole expedition under direct revelation, and would permit no loud talking or jesting. All went well until the early part of June, when the expedition reached the Mexican boundary.

Then President Cluff suddenly and quietly disappeared. On a pretext of making the necessary arrangements with the custom-house, he crossed into Mexico. Nothing was heard of him for nearly two months. During this entire period his twenty students camped upon the burning desert of New Mexico, chafing at the strange absence of their leader. When Cluff ultimately reappeared, however, the mystery was explained. With him came a young woman, about twenty-six years old, whom he introduced to his intimates as "Sister Cluff." Several young men immediately recognized her as a former fellow student. She was Florence Reynolds, the daughter of George Reynolds, one of the leading men in the Mormon Church — a girl who, only two or three years previously, had been President Cluff's pupil at the Brigham Young University. While his followers were living miserably in tents on the hot sands of the desert, Cluff had been spending his honeymoon, with his third living wife, in Colonia Juarez and the other Mormon settlements in Mexico.

Many of the Mormon students, disgusted at this proceeding, immediately returned to Utah, and the expedition practically disbanded. It discovered no scientific evidence confirming the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon; its one practical outcome was to secure for its leader a new polygamous wife.

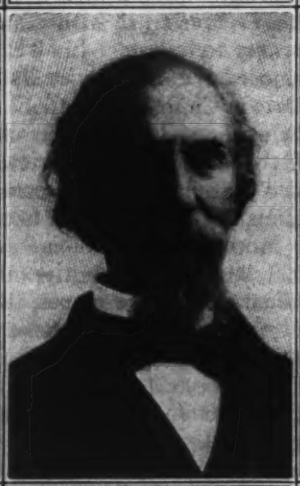
The incident illustrates another feature of the new polygamy — the secrecy that surrounds the marriages. George Reynolds, the father of Cluff's third wife, appeared as a witness before the Senate Committee in 1904. Concerning the above episode he testified as follows:

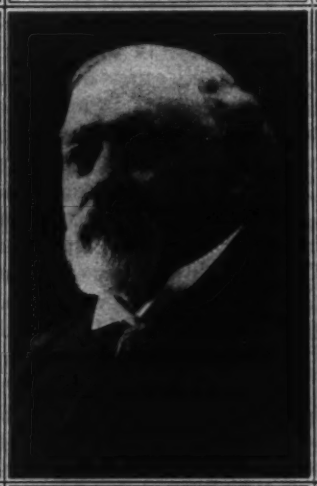
Q. Have you any daughters married in polygamy?
Mr. Reynolds. I believe I have one.
Q. To whom is she married?
Mr. Reynolds. If married, she is married to Benjamin Cluff, Jr. . . . He was in charge of an exploring expedition. It was a few years ago, but I don't remember when. I had no particular interest in it. . . .
Q. Did she go to Mexico about the time that Mr. Cluff went?
Mr. Reynolds. I think so. . . . She has two children, I believe.
Q. Did she tell you anything about when she was married?
Mr. Reynolds. No, sir; not a word.
Q. Did you ask her anything about it?
Mr. Reynolds. No, sir.
Q. Why did you not?
Mr. Reynolds. Because I was satisfied in my mind that she had been married, and she never wrote to me or told me anything about it, and I made no inquiries.

Apostle Brigham Young, Jr., Performs a Polygamous Marriage

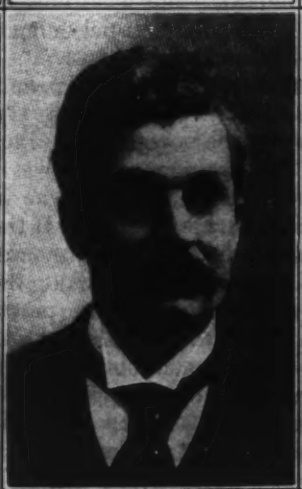
The marriage of Mabel Barber Kennedy furnishes another illustration of this same secrecy. Mabel Barber belonged to a different social class from that of Florence Reynolds and Clarice Thatcher; she appeared before the Senate Committee in Washington in 1904, a hesitating, uneducated, poorly dressed miner's wife, and told how her Mormon mother had forced her, when she was a girl of seventeen, into polygamous marriage with one James Francis Johnson. The case is made especially important by the fact that Brigham Young, Jr., a Mormon apostle, performed the ceremony. Mrs. Kennedy's story is as follows:

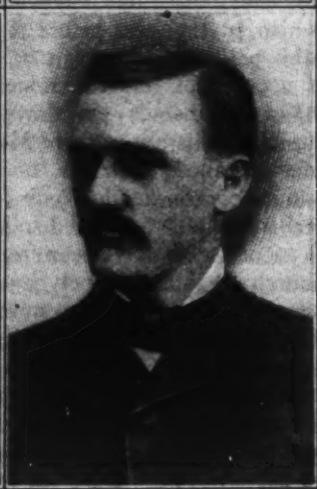
I live in Sevier County, Utah. I was born at Albany, New York, and came to Utah at ten years old. My father and mother are both Mormons. I am





Seven members of the apostles' quorum—the ecclesiastical body of twelve that governs the Mormon Church. All of them violated the Woodruff manifesto by marrying plural wives after October 6, 1890. These examples in high places led to the resumption of polygamy throughout the church. Nearly all these men also violated the manifesto by performing the ceremony in plural marriages. They were the leaders in the movement which started, almost immediately after the manifesto, to restore polygamy in the Mormon Church. They fasted and prayed and had visions in which God told them that the manifesto must be ignored, and commanded them to take plural wives. They regarded it as their mission to persuade young men and women to enter into this relation and thus help in the restoration of Zion. It is significant that four of these apostles were the youngest members of the quorum. The church has not excommunicated one of them for violating the revelation given to Wilford Woodruff in 1890.





GEORGE TEASDALE
JOHN W. TAYLOR

BRIGHAM YOUNG, JR.
MATTHIAS F. COWLEY
ABRAHAM H. CANNON

MARRINER W. MERRILL
ABRAHAM OWEN WOODRUFF

twenty-six years old this coming June [1904]. I was married, when seventeen years old, to James Francis Johnson, who lived at Mesa, Maricopa County, Arizona. Our marriage was talked over between his wife and her husband, and I had a slight interview with his wife; not very lengthy. I think she consented to it. We were to go to Juarez, Mexico. We went by wagon — about seventy-five miles. In the party was Mr. Johnson, his wife, myself, and one baby — Mr. Johnson's baby. We stopped at his half brother's, Benjamin Johnson, or Benjy, as he was called. In about two weeks we were married — on the nineteenth evening of May, 1896. I was seventeen years old. Brother Young married me — Brother Brigham Young, at the house of A. F. Macdonald, president or councilor of the Stake. About five years from the time that I was married to Mr. Johnson, I came back home — I just couldn't stand the pressure any longer. I left him in Marysvale, Utah. I lived with him — with her [the other Mrs. Johnson] part of the time, and the other part I lived alone, away from the family. Johnson's first wife didn't treat me very good. I had two children by Johnson.*

About Two Hundred and Twenty-four Cases of New Polygamy Definitely Known

These are only a few of the new polygamous marriages which have taken place since the issue of the manifesto. A large number of specific instances could be added to those already cited. About two years ago the *Salt Lake Tribune* — a newspaper which, for twenty-five years, under the editorship of Judge C. C. Goodwin and William Nelson, has rendered signal service to the cause of Anglo-Saxon civilization in Utah — began industriously to collect and publish the names of new polygamists. It has done this as part of a non-partizan movement, organized in 1904 by the most influential non-Mormons of Salt Lake City, to take the control of municipal affairs out of the hands of the Mormon hierarchy. The *Tribune* became the journalistic leader in this campaign — which, by the way, succeeded. In the course of this political warfare the Mormon Church was accused of encouraging polygamy, and the *Tribune's* management felt called upon to substantiate this charge. Up to date, it has published detailed records of two hundred and twenty-four polygamous marriages. The Mormon Church has made no attempt to deny the substantial accuracy of the *Tribune's* list. The Mormon Church organ, the *Deseret News*, has remained silent in face of this accumulating evidence. The men and women whose names the *Tribune* has boldly printed, though publicly and repeatedly accused by a responsible journal of committing criminal acts, have not attempted to secure legal redress — in only one or two cases have even taken the trouble to make denials.

The writer of this article, when in Salt Lake City, discussed the *Tribune's* list with several of the leading Mormon ecclesiasts. In all cases they bitterly denounced the *Tribune* for its attacks upon the Mormon Church, and attributed its activities to the revengeful spirit of its owners. Not one of the dignitaries interviewed, however, questioned the substantial correctness of its list of polygamists. Indeed, on all hands, by Gentiles and Mormons, the opinion was freely expressed that, whatever the motives that prompted the publication of these names, there could be no doubt that the names themselves represented real offenders.

Enough New Marriages to Keep Polygamy Alive for at Least Fifty Years

It may safely be assumed, therefore, that the facts are definitely known concerning at least two hundred and twenty-four cases of polygamous marriage since the manifesto. If so many cases can be reasonably proved, how many must there be of which nothing is known? Plural marriages have always been performed with the greatest secrecy, and only those that are most open and notorious ever come to public notice. The Mormon people, for the most part, are farmers; they live in compact villages, generally remote from railroads, and practically inaccessible to the outside world. All natural conditions, therefore, favor concealment. It is probably no exaggeration to assume that ten plural marriages have taken place for every one that has become known. Reckoning on this basis, we should have anywhere from fifteen hundred to two thousand such marriages since 1890. If these figures represent the real state of affairs, it means that polygamy is almost as prevalent now as it was before 1890. The only essential difference in the situation is that it is more secret. It must be remembered that, even in the palmiest days of Mormonism, only a comparatively small number of Mormons were polygamists. Plural marriage, under the Mormon system, was intended only for the elect — for those who had advanced to a certain stage of grace. If there have been from fifteen hundred to two thousand new polygamous marriages since 1890, there seems no immediate likelihood that the practice will die out. Indeed, if polygamy should suddenly stop and there should not be another plural marriage, enough young people have entered the relation recently to keep the institution alive in Utah for at least another fifty years.

New Polygamists Hold High Church Positions

More significant than mere numbers, however, is the fact that so many of these

* This statement is condensed from Mrs. Kennedy's lengthy testimony before the Smoot Committee in 1904. With the exception of one or two phrases, her own words are used throughout.

offenders hold exalted positions in the church. Six, and probably seven, apostles, as already detailed, have violated the law; and other high church dignitaries have followed their example. In the Mormon administrative system, the highest ecclesiasts, next to the apostles, are the presidents of Stakes. In the relative importance and dignity of their office, these authorities might be compared with archbishops in the Roman Catholic system. Several of these Stake presidents have married polygamously since 1890. In Salt Lake City there are four Stake presidents; and two of them — Hugh J. Cannon, a brother of ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon, and Frank Y. Taylor — are unquestionably new pluralists. Not far from Salt Lake City is the Davis Stake, presided over by J. H. Grant, a brother of Heber J. Grant, a Mormon apostle. J. H. Grant is a new polygamist. So is Walter C. Lyman,* president of the San Juan Stake — a brother of Francis M. Lyman, who, if he survives Joseph F. Smith, will be the next president of the church. Indeed, all over Utah and other Mormon communities, one can find Stake presidents, councilors, bishops, and other dignitaries who have been celestialized since the manifesto. One especially interesting case is that of Thomas Chamberlain, first councilor to the president of the Kanab Stake of Zion. Chamberlain is perhaps the most influential Mormon in southern Utah; among his other distinctions must be recorded the fact that, at the present time, according to the most trustworthy estimates, he possesses eight wives. It is a tradition in his locality, that, on his fiftieth birthday, a few years ago, Chamberlain's fiftieth child was born. He has married at least one plural wife since 1890; this is Mamie Woolley, the daughter of E. D. Woolley, president of the Kanab Stake.

The Church Honors and Promotes New Polygamists

The church has promoted many of these new polygamists since they have manifested this allegiance to their faith. It made Josiah Hickman principal of the Murdock (church) Academy at Beaver, although his polygamous history was an open book. Perhaps the most significant case was that of Joseph M. Tanner, of Salt Lake City. Mr. Tanner, who spent three years studying law at Harvard University, was for several years president of the State Agricultural College. As Tanner has six wives, three of whom he has married since the manifesto, and is thus a criminal before the law, the Utah Gentiles objected to his remaining as the head of an educational institution supported by public taxation. Under this pressure, Tanner resigned. The Mormon Church recompensed him by making him superintendent of the Latter-Day Saints' Sunday schools throughout the world. Another notable case in which the Mormon Church advanced a new polygamist is that of Haskell S. Jolley, Bishop of the Lovell ward in Wyoming. For several years Jolley occupied a bishopric in a much less important Stake in southern Utah. In 1900 he polygamously married Ellen E. Harrison, at that time twenty-five years old, of Pinto, Utah. Five children have been born of this union, of whom two are living. Since this marriage Jolley has steadily advanced, ecclesiastically and financially. He has been placed in charge of many church irrigation schemes in Wyoming, and is rapidly accumulating a fortune.*

Polygamous Cities of Refuge

The desire for self-protection and secrecy has led to the establishment of several polygamous settlements. There are two within trolley-car distance of Salt Lake City — Forestdale and Bountiful. The polygamists sometimes maintain their "legal families" in Salt Lake, and stow away their celestial households in one of these places. Here, likewise, they send their wives for their confinements; the Mormons themselves commonly refer to such penetralia as "lambing-grounds." Forestdale is the suburb of the polygamous élite. Somewhat further down in the social scale is Bountiful. This place houses one thousand people, nearly all Mormons. Its history is redolent of polygamy; one of the sights pointed out to visitors is an old cellar in which polygamists used to secrete themselves in the days of the anti-polygamy raids. Even the children now talk these things over. "My papa's been in the pen," a little girl was recently heard to say. "He's got two wives, you know." The frequent complication of names betrays the existence of polygamous households. There is a Mrs. Jones, for example, whose little girl is entered in the public school as Helen Cannon. In fact, "Mrs. Jones" is the "new" polygamous wife of George M. Cannon, of Salt Lake City. This same Cannon has still another plural wife in Bountiful. There is a Mrs. Pierce whose child is entered under the name of Duffin.

But the largest cities of refuge are found in the northern part of the Republic of Mexico. Here, in the last twenty-five years, the Mor-

* Since the above was written, Mr. Lyman and Mr. Jolley have been removed from their ecclesiastical positions.

mons have built several cities, purely for the purpose of perpetuating their institution. In Colonia Juarez, Colonia Diaz, Dublan, Pachecho, Morelos, and other Mexican settlements, the Latter-Day Saint "lives his religion" undisturbed. It was in the middle or late eighties, when the American government was filling the Utah penitentiary with polygamists, that the Mormon Church began to look about for more hospitable places of settlement. With this idea, it sent emissaries into Alberta, Canada, and Chihuahua and Sonora, Mexico. Apostle John W. Taylor — whose matrimonial history has been recorded above — traveled over a good part of the Canadian Northwest. Before starting the Mormon settlements, Apostle Taylor discussed the outlook with Sir John Macdonald, then Premier of Canada. If the Mormons settled in Canada, asked Taylor, what would they be permitted to do?

"We welcome all good colonists," replied Sir John. "We need settlers. You Mormons can come and do anything in Canada you please — so long as you don't violate the law."

The subject of polygamy was mentioned.

"Of course we will have no polygamy," replied the Premier, with convincing finality.

Apostle Taylor then promised that the Mormons would not practise it.

"If we do," said Taylor, "you can cut our heads off."

"If you do," replied the Premier, smiling, "you can be quite sure that we shall cut your heads off."

The Mormons have wonderfully prospered in Canada, and have organized two Stakes of Zion there. The facts as to the existence of polygamy are not quite clear. Unquestionably there are polygamists in Canada. Apostle Taylor, for example, who made this promise to Sir John Macdonald, and who spends the larger part of his time across the border, has many wives. The writer is inclined to believe, however, that these polygamists do not maintain their plural wives in the Dominion. The prevailing custom is to live with the legal wife in Canada, and to keep the plural wife or wives in Utah or Mexico. This is the case with Edward J. Wood, president of the Alberta Stake, who has wives at both Cardston, Canada, and Salt Lake City.

But in Mexico polygamy is absolutely unconcealed. In the days when the federal marshals chased the polygamists through southern Utah and Arizona, many fled with their families over the border into Mexico. In this way they became acquainted with the opportunities for permanent settlement. About 1888 the Mormon Church sent representatives to arrange terms with the Mexican government. President Diaz proved more yielding than Sir John Macdonald; the polygamous Mormons, he agreed, could bring their polygamous wives and families into Mexico, on the understanding that they should marry no new wives. The Mormon Church, together with wealthy individual Mormons, systematically purchased about 300,000 acres in Chihuahua and Sonora, and began selling it on easy terms to refugee Mormons. Apostles and others went through Utah, advising the harassed polygamists to settle in this new country. Many thousands acted on this suggestion; they built several towns, and, although the land is not especially productive, they now eke out a more or less satisfactory living from sheep-farming and grazing. When one considers that most of the immigrants were polygamists, it does not seem strange that this institution should flourish in the younger generation.

Apostle Ivins Performed the Polygamous Ceremony in the Case of His Own Daughter

And here, as in Utah, the new polygamists are found chiefly among the high ecclesiasts and the socially important. Bishops, Stake councilors, educators — these are the dignitaries who have assumed the responsibility of perpetuating this institution. One of the most open offenders is Guy C. Wilson, who is the head of the Mormon educational system in Mexico, besides being president of the church-supported academy at Juarez. Across the street from President Wilson's academy, there are two adjoining brick houses. In one lives Melissa Stevens and in the other lives Anna Ivins. Both are Wilson's plural wives — and both have been married to him since the manifesto, one in 1902, the other in 1903. There is a third wife, the legal one; but she lives at Provo, Utah, about thirty miles south of Salt Lake City. The case of Anna Ivins is especially significant, as she is the daughter of Anthony W. Ivins, at present one of the apostles of the church. Mr. Ivins himself, when president of the Juarez Stake, and thus the ecclesiastical head of all the Mormons in Mexico, performed the ceremony that made his own daughter, a girl about twenty years old, the plural wife of Wilson. He has performed other similar ceremonies — notably that of Annie Burrell, in 1903, to James Carroll, councilor to the Bishop of Pacheco.

Mexican Marriages Violate the Manifesto

It would be possible to cite scores of other cases; but the fact is generally admitted, even

by the Mormons themselves, that polygamy exists on a large scale in Mexico. These marriages, of course, violate the manifesto as directly as do those performed in the United States. When Wilford Woodruff, in his examination before the Master in Chancery in 1891, explained the meaning and scope of this revelation, he went specifically into this point:

Q. Was the manifesto intended to apply to the church everywhere?

President Woodruff. Yes, sir. . . .

Q In places outside of the United States as well as in the United States?

President Woodruff. Yes, sir; we are given no liberties for entering into that principle anywhere.

The Mexican marriages are of vital concern to the American people, although they do take place outside of American jurisdiction. The men entering them are American citizens, and, in many cases, after marrying plurally in Mexico, they bring their new wives back to Utah. The Mexican Mormon colonies, in other words, merely furnish part of the machinery by which polygamy is perpetuated in the United States.

What is the official attitude of the Mormon Church toward these evidences that new polygamy exists — that, in hundreds of cases, the Woodruff revelation has been ignored?

In the last ten years the Mormon Church has several times modified its attitude on this question. When the first few cases of new plural marriage came to public notice, the policy was simply to deny the facts. For years the organization would not admit the truth, even in so obvious an instance as that of Abraham H. Cannon. The time finally came, however, about six years ago, when Joseph F. Smith, in an "address to the world," did acknowledge that there were a few "sporadic cases," but he declared that the number was utterly insignificant. His word "sporadic" had acquired a meaning of its own in Utah, as it is the term now regularly used to designate each newly discovered pluralist. The number of polygamists in Utah, said the Mormon apologists, would about correspond to the number of bigamists in any community. But, as the number of these "sporadics" reached into the hundreds, and included many of the higher dignitaries in the church, these excuses no longer sufficed. The church officials now admit that polygamous marriages have taken place, but they deny that such marriages have ecclesiastical sanction. In other words, the Mormon Church is no longer able to control its people. Polygamy is so thoroughly inbred that even a revelation from God can not extirpate it. These new marriages, declare President Smith and his associates, are not performed in the Mormon temples, nor by any regularly authorized Mormon elders. Some Mormons go so far as to assert that these marriages are not marriages at all, in the eyes of the church, but merely illicit unions. This latter explanation does not seem greatly to improve the situation, since it amounts to saying that the lives of a large number of the greatest Mormon leaders are open scandals.

Mormon Church a Great Secret Society

The anti-Mormon view is that this public repudiation of polygamy is simply a part of the Mormon game. Its purpose is to blind the outside world. The Mormon policy is secretly to promote and encourage polygamy, and outwardly to repudiate it. The critic most friendly to the Mormons must admit that, outwardly, many circumstances lend color to this view. The one preëminent fact is that the Mormon Church is a great secret society. Non-Mormons are never permitted to enter its temples; the rites and instruction that take place in them are never officially made public; all members of the church are oath-bound, under the most frightful penalties, not to reveal these mysteries. Mormons who have "gone through" these temples wear, day and night, an undergarment, inscribed with mystic symbols, as a perpetual reminder of these oaths. The church has its marriage records, but never permits the non-Mormon public to see them. The publication of these records would go a long way toward proving, or disproving, the charge that the church encourages polygamy; but they are held inviolate in the temples. In 1904 the United States Senate attempted, unsuccessfully, to subpoena them. If these records are entirely innocent, and if the statement of the church is true, that the entries concern only marriages that are valid in the eyes of the civil law, why should they not be produced?

Not "Meat," but "Milk," Given to the Public

The basic idea on which the Mormon Church is organized is, briefly, this: that it alone is the treasury of God's truth, and that, in propagating this truth until all nations accept it, the church has a divine mission and responsibility. Its preëminent duty is to bring salvation to mankind, and it acknowledges responsibility for its acts to God alone. If, by deceiving the world for a few brief years, it succeeds in keeping alive so divinely ordained an institution as polygamy, are not a few misrepresentations

justified? The leaders have always claimed to be the custodians of truth so revolutionary, so shocking to the present perverted moral and religious sense of mankind, that it must be kept, for a time, locked within their own bosoms. The revelations of Joseph Smith abound with instances of this kind. "And I command you," reads one of these revelations (sec. 19, 21, 22), "that you preach naught but repentance, and show not these things in the world until it is wisdom in me. For they cannot have meat now, but milk they must receive; wherefore, they must not know these things, lest they perish." That is precisely what all Mormon missionaries do now. Their gatherings consist merely of singing, praying, and preaching, much like an ordinary revival meeting; there is nothing in them offensive to the most orthodox Christian. Their more startling doctrines are held in reserve until the convert has reached a stage when he can stand "meat."

Polygamy, in Early Days, Practised Secretly

The history of polygamy furnishes an excellent illustration of what the non-Mormon mind must regard as ecclesiastical duplicity. From the beginning the church has invariably taught one thing in the matter of plural marriage, and practised another. The revelation itself bears internal evidences of this state of mind. It says, almost in so many words, that polygamy was being practised by Joseph Smith before he had received any commandment from God. "And let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto my servant, Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me," reads this revelation. Emma was the wife of the Prophet Joseph: this quotation pretty clearly implies that Joseph had already begun taking plural wives, and that the revelation was promulgated chiefly as a divine indorsement of his practices. Most Mormon historians now assert that the prophet received the first intimation concerning the sacred ordinance in 1832, and began its observance about 1838. As a matter of fact, however, Joseph Smith himself never publicly acknowledged that polygamy was an article of the Mormon religion. It was not until 1852, eight years after the prophet's death, that Brigham Young first published the fact to the world. But the evidence is abundant that Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and other members of the inner circle had been practising polygamy for years. Only the other day a woman died in Salt Lake City — Lucy Walker Smith — who was officially recognized as one of the plural wives of the prophet. How secretly the new marriage system was taught is shown by the following passage from a biography of Lorenzo Snow, by his sister, Eliza R. Snow, one of the celestial wives of the Prophet Joseph, and, after his death, one of the temporal wives of Brigham Young:

> While my brother was absent on this [his first] mission to Europe [1840–1843], changes had taken place with me, one of eternal import, of which I supposed him to be entirely ignorant. The Prophet Joseph had taught me the principle of plural or celestial marriage, and I was married to him for time and eternity. *In consequence of the ignorance of most of the Saints, as well as people of the world, on this subject, it was not mentioned, only privately between the few whose minds were enlightened on the subject.* Not knowing how my brother [he returned on April 12, 1843] would receive it, I did not feel at liberty, and did not wish to assume the responsibility of instructing him in the principle of plural marriage. . . . I informed my husband [the prophet] of the situation, and requested him to open the subject to my brother. A favorable opportunity soon presented, and, seated together on the bank of the Mississippi River, they had a most interesting conversation. The prophet afterward told me he found that my brother's mind had been previously enlightened on the subject in question. That Comforter which Jesus says shall "lead unto all truth" had penetrated his understanding, and, while in England, had given him an intimation of what at that time was to many a secret. This was the result of living near the Lord.
>
> It was at the private interview referred to above that the Prophet Joseph unbosomed his heart, and described the trying ordeal he experienced in overcoming the repugnance of his feelings, the natural result of the force of education and social custom, relative to the introduction of plural marriage. . . . Yet the prophet hesitated and deferred from time to time, until an angel of God stood by him with a drawn sword, and told him that, unless he moved forward and established plural marriage, his priesthood would be taken from him and he should be destroyed.

Early Mormons Publicly Repudiated the Doctrine

Not only did Joseph Smith and his intimates refrain from publicly teaching this doctrine, but they publicly denied it. From the year 1839 to 1846 the headquarters of the Mormon community were in Nauvoo, Illinois. It was here that the prophet reached his greatest splendor. It was here, likewise, that the identification of the Mormon religion with polygamy first became a public scandal. Everybody knew that the most irregular relations between men and women prevailed in this sacred city; but no one quite knew the explanation. In 1842 one J. C. Bennett, a man of notoriously bad character, who had been one of Joseph Smith's mainstays, but who afterward quarreled with the prophet, published a book attacking viciously the whole Mormon organization. Bennett portrayed the moral conditions prevailing in Nauvoo in shocking detail, and declared that the Mormon prophet was secretly teaching and practising

polygamy. In order to quiet these stories, several women of Nauvoo, on October 1, 1842, issued the following statement:

> We, the undersigned members of the Ladies' Relief Society, and married females, do certify and declare that we know of no other system of marriage being practised in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints save the one contained in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants,* and we give this certificate to show that J. C. Bennett's "secret wife system" is a disclosure of his own make.
>
> EMMA SMITH, *President*
> ELIZABETH ANN WHITNEY, *Councilor*
> SARAH M. CLEVELAND, *Councilor*
> ELIZA R. SNOW, *Secretary*
> (Fifteen other names)

How frank this statement was intended to be is evident from the signature of the secretary, Eliza R. Snow. This is the same Eliza R. Snow who, according to the extract from her own book, quoted above, was herself the plural wife of the Prophet Joseph. The Latter-Day Saints Biographical Encyclopedia says that she was plurally married to the prophet on June 29, 1842 — about three months before she signed this statement denying that plural marriage was practised in Nauvoo.

A Mormon Elder Excommunicated for Teaching Polygamy

While Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and their closest associates were stealthily teaching and practising this doctrine, they were excommunicating elders for preaching it publicly as a tenet of the church. The revelation on polygamy is dated July 12, 1843. Eight months after this date, the prophet and his brother Hyrum issued this bull of excommunication:

> As we have been credibly informed that an elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by the name of Hyrum Brown, has been preaching polygamy and other false and corrupt doctrines in the County of Lapeer and State of Michigan, this is to notify him and the church in general, that he has been cut off from the church for his iniquity, and he is further notified to appear at the special conference on the sixth day of April next, to make answer to these charges.
>
> JOSEPH SMITH.
> HYRUM SMITH,
> *President of the Church.*

John Taylor, Having Five Wives Himself, Denied that Polygamy Existed

In the course of a debate on Mormonism in Boulogne, France, in July, 1850, John Taylor, who many years afterward succeeded Brigham Young as president of the church, defended the Latter-Day Saints from the charge of polygamy. He said:

> We are accused here of polygamy, and actions the most indelicate, obscene, and disgusting, such as none but a corrupt heart could have contrived. These things are too outrageous to admit of belief. Therefore I shall content myself by reading our views of chastity and marriage from a work published by us, containing some articles of our faith.†

John Taylor made this statement seven years after the revelation on polygamy had been received. At the very moment when he repudiated the doctrine, he himself had five wives living in Salt Lake City.

Church Does Not Excommunicate the Offenders

It would be possible to trace the history of polygamy for several decades, and to show how, at nearly every stage, the official attitude has been one of deception. It is perhaps not strange, therefore, that, in Salt Lake City, few Gentiles believe in the sincerity of the present declarations against this practice. The Mormon Church, they say, never changes, and history is simply repeating itself. If President Smith wished to end polygamy, they declare, he could very easily do so. His first logical move would be to cease living in polygamous relations himself — to stop "defying the laws of God and man," as he has publicly testified that he is doing. Again, if the church really disapproves of new polygamists, why does it not summarily punish them? No religious organization has such perfect machinery for keeping in immediate contact with its followers. Is it not, then, folly to pretend that the church does not officially know that these marriages are going on? In 1891, President Woodruff, when asked what penalties would be visited upon Mormons who violated the manifesto, replied: "They would be liable to be turned from the church — excommunicated from the church." In only three or four cases has the church excommunicated any of its members for this offense.

Cases of Cowley and Taylor

The only prominent men who have ever suffered ecclesiastical discipline are Apostles Cowley and Taylor. In 1906 these men resigned from the apostles' quorum. They still retain their position as apostles, and, of course, as members of the church; they still travel through Utah, speaking publicly in Mormon pulpits. They are not now, however, as they

* This refers to the first revelation on marriage given to Joseph Smith, which strictly limited a man to one wife. It was taken out of the Doctrine and Covenants by Brigham Young, and the revelation on polygamy substituted.

† He then read the first revelation enjoining monogamy.

were formerly, members of the governing body of the church. The fact that the forced resignations of Cowley and Taylor came when these resignations were of great value to the church, in meeting a political crisis, largely destroys their value as evidences of the church's good faith. These cases of new polygamy had figured largely in the Smoot investigation. The church was called upon to take some decisive action that would substantiate its assertion that it was trying to uproot the evil. It is probably true that, had Cowley and Taylor not been removed, Senator Smoot would not have been permitted to retain his seat. The majority report of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections disposes of this incident as follows:

> The dropping of Taylor and Cowley from the quorum of the twelve apostles was so evidently done for popular effect that the act merits no consideration whatever, except as an admission by the first presidency and twelve apostles that Apostles Taylor and Cowley have each taken one or more plural wives since the manifesto.

Three or Four Inconspicuous Members Cut Off

In addition, four or five men have been publicly excommunicated, ostensibly for new plural marriage. But they all have been inconspicuous members; the important people, whose violation is open and continuous, are not disturbed. While the writer was in Salt Lake City, an old man named Tolman was brought before the apostles' quorum on the charge of having performed plural marriages in recent years. He presented a pitiable sight. More than eighty years old, white-haired and feeble, he trembled like a child, stammered, and seemed unable to follow the proceedings. He admitted that he had performed polygamous marriage, and seemed dazed that any one should imagine that he had no right to do so. He was promptly excommunicated.

One of Elder Tolman's judges was Apostle Anthony W. Ivins. Apostle Ivins was guilty of precisely the same offense as that charged against Tolman — that of having performed plural marriages in violation of the manifesto. As related above, among other similar ceremonies, he had performed the one that, in 1903, made his own daughter the plural wife of Guy C. Wilson, president of the Juarez Academy in Mexico. Moreover, there is strong circumstantial evidence to prove that President Joseph F. Smith had committed this same offense, in 1896, in the case of Lillian Hamlin and Abraham H. Cannon.

Only a few months ago, one Alpha J. Higgs, of Salt Lake City, was excommunicated for marrying polygamously. The presiding officer of the high council that tried Higgs was Hugh J. Cannon, president of the Liberty Stake. Mr. Cannon, as a new polygamist, is guilty of identically the same offense for which he excommunicated Higgs, a man of no ecclesiastical standing.

Certainly these proceedings strikingly recall the days when Joseph Smith, himself many times a polygamist and the recipient of an express revelation from Heaven commanding the practice, excommunicated members of his church for preaching this doctrine.

Fear of a Constitutional Amendment

The Mormons have the same reason for keeping the system under cover now that they had then — the fear of the law. The misfortune of the Mormon Church has always been that the chief article of its faith is a crime under the statutes of all Christian countries. It is simply a great secret society existing very largely for criminal purposes. That the great majority of its members, especially the women, are entirely sincere and conscientious, does not alter this fundamental fact. And there is only one way in which the American people can control the situation. In the old days, when Utah was a Territory, Congress could pass anti-polygamy laws, and the federal government could send its officers into Utah to enforce them. It cannot do this now, because Utah is a State, and the States, under our system of government, have exclusive jurisdiction over the marriage relation. The only way in which the American people can reach polygamy is for them to pass a constitutional amendment giving Congress power to legislate against it. With such an amendment, the federal government could again send its officers into Utah and the other Mormon communities and punish the offenders. If this amendment is adopted, one of two things will happen: either the Mormon Church will abandon polygamy, not only ostensibly, but actually, or it will migrate bodily into some other country — probably Mexico. Many observers believe that the church has established its colonies in the latter country because it has foreseen that the day will inevitably come when it will have to leave the United States.

But the church is not prepared to make this radical change yet. All its energies are, therefore, devoted to the stifling of a constitutional amendment. That is why it is going to such extremes to quiet public feeling on the subject of its present polygamous practices.

THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL

A Serial Novel

by

Mrs Humphry Ward

V

BREAKFAST at the White House, Upcote Minor, was an affair of somewhat minute regulation. About a fortnight after Mr. Barron's call on the new tenants of Maudeley Hall, his deaf daughter Theresa entered the dining-room, as usual, on the stroke of half-past eight. She glanced round her to see that all was in order — the breakfast-table ready and the chairs placed for prayers. Then she went up to a side-table on which were placed a large Bible and prayer-book and a pile of hymn-books. She looked at the lessons and psalms for the day and placed markers in the proper places. Then she chose a hymn, and laid six open hymn-books one upon another. After which she stood for a moment looking at the first verse of the psalm for the day: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills — whence cometh my help." The verse was one of her favourites, and she smiled vaguely, like one who recognises in the distance a familiar musical phrase.

Theresa Barron was nearly thirty. She had a long face with rather high cheek-bones, and timid grey eyes. Her complexion was sallow, her figure awkward. Her only beauty, indeed, lay in a certain shy and fleeting charm of expression, which very few people noticed. She passed generally for a dull and plain woman, ill dressed, with a stoop that was almost a deformity, and a deafness that made her socially useless. But the young servants whom she trained, and the few poor people on her father's estate to whom she was allowed to minister, were very fond of "Miss Theresa." But for her, the owner of Upcote Minor Park would have been even more unpopular than he was, both indoors and out. The wounds made by his brusque or haughty manner to his inferiors were to a certain extent healed by the gentleness and the good heart of his daughter. And a kind of glory was reflected on him by her unreasoning devotion to him. She suffered under his hardness or his self-will, but she adored him all the time; nor was her ingenuity ever at a loss for excuses for him. He always treated her carelessly, sometimes contemptuously; but he would not have known how to get through life without her, and she was aware of it.

On this August morning, having rung the bell for the butler, she placed the Bible and prayer-book beside her father's chair, and, opening the door between the library and the dining-room, she called, "Papa!"

Through the farther door into the hall there appeared a long procession of servants, headed by the butler majestically carrying the tea-urn. Something in this daily procession, and its urn-bearer, had once sent Stephen Barron, the eldest son,— then an Eton boy just home from school,— into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which had cost him his father's good graces for a week. But the procession had been in no way affected, and at this later date Stephen, on his visits home, took it as gravely as anybody else.

The tea-urn, pleasantly hissing, was deposited on the white cloth; the servants settled themselves on their chairs, while Theresa distributed

the open hymn-books among them; and, when they were all seated, the master of the house, like a chief actor for whom the stage waits, appeared from the library.

He read a whole chapter from the Bible. It told the story of Gehazi, and he read it with an emphasis which the footman opposite to him secretly though vaguely resented; then Theresa, at the piano, played the hymn, in which the butler and the scullery-maid supported the deep bass of Mr. Barron and the uncertain treble of his daughter. The other servants remained stolidly silent, the Scotch cook in particular looking straight before her with dark-spectacled eyes and a sulky expression. She was making up her mind that either she must be excused from prayers in future, or Mr. Barron must be content with less cooking for breakfast.

After the hymn, the prayer lasted about ten minutes. Stephen, of a fervently religious mind, had often fidgeted under the minute and detailed petitions of it, which seemed to lay down the Almighty's precise course of action towards mankind in general for the ensuing day. But Theresa, who was no less spiritual, under other forms, took it all simply and devoutly, and would have been uncomfortable if any item in the long catalogue had been omitted. When the Amen came, the footman, who never knew what to do with his legs during the time of kneeling, sprang up with particular alacrity.

As soon as the father and daughter were seated at breakfast — close together, for the benefit of Theresa's deafness — Mr. Barron opened the post-bag and took out the letters. They arrived half an hour before breakfast, but were not accessible to any one till the master of the house had distributed them.

Theresa looked up from hers with an exclamation:

"Stephen hopes to get over for dinner to-night!"

"Unfortunate — as I may very probably not see him," said her father sharply. "I am going to Markborough, and may have to stay the night."

"You are going to see the Bishop?" asked his daughter timidly. Her father nodded — adding, after a minute, as he began upon his egg:

"However, I must have some conversation with Stephen before long. He knows that I have not felt able to stay my hand to meet his wishes; and perhaps now he will let me understand a little more plainly than I do what his own position is."

The speaker's tone betrayed bitterness of feeling. Theresa looked pained.

"Father, I am sure ——"

"Don't be sure of anything, my dear, with regard to Stephen! He has fallen more and more under Meynell's influence of late, and I more than suspect that, when the time comes, he will take sides openly with him. It will be a bitter blow to me, but that he doesn't consider. I don't expect consideration from him, either as to that — or other things. Has he been hanging round the Fox-Wilsons' lately, as usual?"

Theresa looked troubled.

"He told me something the other night, father, I ought to have told you. Only ——"

"Only what? I am always kept in the dark between you."

"Oh, no, father! but it seems to annoy you when — when I talk about Stephen, so I waited. But the Rector and Lady Fox-Wilson have quite forbidden any engagement between Stephen and Hester. Stephen *did* propose, and they said — not for two years at least."

"You mean to say that Stephen actually was such a fool!" said her father violently, staring at her.

Theresa nodded.

"A girl of the most headstrong and frivolous character! — a trouble to everybody about her. Lady Fox-Wilson has often complained to me that she is perfectly unmanageable, with her temper and her vanity! Without a farthing of money, too! The worst conceivable wife for a clergyman! Really, Stephen ——"

The master of the house pushed his plate away from him in speechless disgust.

"And both Lady Fox-Wilson and the Rector have always taken such trouble about her — much more than about the other children!" murmured Theresa helplessly.

"What sort of a bringing up do you think Meynell can give anybody?" said her father, turning upon her.

Theresa only looked at him silently with her large, mild eyes. She knew it was of no use to argue. Besides, on the subject of the Rector she very much agreed with her father. Her deafness and her isolation had entirely protected her from Meynell's personal influence.

"A man with no religious principles — making a god of his own intellect — steeped in pride and unbelief — what can he do to train a girl like Hester? What can he do to train himself?" thundered Barron, bringing his hand down on the table-cloth.

"Every one says he is a good man," said Theresa timidly.

"In outward appearance. What's that? A man like Meynell who has thrown over the Christian faith may fall into sin at any moment. His unbelief is the result of sin. He can neither

help himself nor other people — and you need never be surprised to find that his supposed goodness is a mere sham and delusion. I don't say it is always so, of course," he added.

Theresa made no reply, and the subject dropped. Barron returned to his letters, and presently Theresa saw his brow darken afresh over one of them.

"Anything wrong, father?"

"There's always something wrong on this estate. Crawley" (Crawley was the head keeper) "has caught those boys of John Broad again, trespassing and stealing wood in the west plantation! Perfectly abominable! It's the second or third time. I shall give Broad notice at once, and we must put somebody into that cottage who will behave decently."

"Poor Broad!" said Theresa, with her gentle, scared look. "You know, father, there isn't a cottage to be had in the village — and those boys have no mother — and John works very hard."

"Let him find another cottage, all the same," said Barron briefly. "I shall go round, if I do get back from Markborough, and have a talk with him this evening."

There was silence for a little. Theresa was evidently sad. "Perhaps Lady Fox-Wilson would find him something," she said anxiously, at last. "His mother was her maid long ago. First she was their school-room maid; then she went back to them, when her husband died and John married, and was a kind of maid-housekeeper. Nobody knew why Lady Fox-Wilson kept her so long. They tell you in the village she had a shocking temper, and wasn't at all a good servant. Afterwards, I believe, she went to America, and I think she died. But she was with them a long while. I daresay they'd do something for John."

Barron made no reply. He had not been listening, and was already deep in other correspondence.

One letter still remained unopened. Theresa knew very well that it was from her brother Maurice, in London. And presently she pushed it towards Barron.

"Won't you open it? I do want to know if it's all right."

Barron opened it, rather unwillingly. His face cleared, however, as he read it.

"Not a bad report. He seems to like the work, and says they treat him kindly. He would like to come down for the Sunday — but he wants some money."

"He oughtn't to!" cried Theresa, flushing. "You gave him plenty."

"He makes out an account," said her father, glancing at the letter; "I shall send him a small cheque. I must say, Theresa, you are always rather inclined to a censorious temper towards your brother."

He looked at her with an unusual vivacity in his hard, handsome face. Theresa hastily excused herself, and the incident dropped. But, when breakfast was over and her father had left the room, Theresa remained sitting idly by the table, her eyes fixed on the envelope of Maurice's letter, which had fallen to the floor. Maurice's behaviour was simply disgraceful! He had lost employment after employment by lazy self-indulgence, trusting always to his father's boundless affection for him, and abusing it time after time. Theresa was vaguely certain that he was besmirched by all sorts of dreadful things — drinking and betting, if not worse. Her woman's instinct told her much more than his father had ever discovered about him. Though, at the same time, she had the good sense to remind herself that her own small knowledge of the world might lead her to exaggerate Maurice's misdoings. And for herself and Stephen, no less than for her father, Maurice was still the darling and Benjamin of the family, commended to them by a precious mother whose death had left the whole moral structure of their common life insecure.

She was still absorbed in uneasy thoughts about her brother, when the library door opened violently and her father came in with the *West Cumbrian Sentinel* in his hand.

His face was discomposed; his hand shook. Theresa sprang up.

"What is the matter, father?"

He pointed to the first page of the paper, and to the heading: "Extraordinary meeting at Markborough. Proceedings against the Rector of Upcote. Other clergy and congregations rally to his support."

She read the account with stupefaction. It described a meeting summoned by the Reformers' Club of Markborough to consider the announcement that a Commission of Enquiry had been issued by the Bishop of Markborough in the case of the Rector of Upcote, and that legal proceedings against him for heretical teaching and unauthorised services would be immediately begun by certain promoters, as soon as the Bishop's formal consent had been given.

The meeting, it seemed, had been so crowded and tumultuous that adjournment had been necessary from the rooms of the Reformers' Club to the town hall. And there, in spite of a strong orthodox opposition, a resolution in support of the Rector of Upcote had been passed amid scenes of astonishing enthusiasm.

Three or four well-known local clergy had made the most outspoken speeches, declaring that there must be room made within the Church for the Liberal wing as well as for the Ritualist wing; that both had a right to the shelter of the common and ancestral fold; and that the time had come when the two forms of Christianity now prevailing in Christendom should be given full and equal rights within the Church of the nation.

Meynell himself had spoken, urging on the meeting the profound responsibility resting on the Reformers — the need for gentleness no less than for courage; bidding them remember the sacredness of the ground they were treading, the tenacity and depth of the roots they might be thought to be disturbing.

"Yet, at the same time, we must *fight!* — and we must fight with all our strength. For, over whole classes of this nation, Christianity is either dying or dead; and it is only we — and the ideas we represent — that can save it."

The speech had been received with deep emotion rather than applause; and the meeting had there and then proceeded to the formation of a "Reformers' League," to extend throughout the diocese. "It is already rumoured," said the *Sentinel*, "that at least sixteen or eighteen beneficed clergy, with their congregations, have either joined or are about to join the Reformers. The next move now lies with the Bishop, and with the orthodox majority of the diocese. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Meynell and his companions in heresy will very soon find out that the Church has still power enough to put down such scandalous rebellions against her power and authority as that of the Rector of Upcote, and to purge her borders of disloyal and revolutionary priests."

Theresa looked up. Her face had grown pale. "How *terrible*, father! Did you know they were to hold the meeting?"

"I heard something about a debate at this precious club. What does that matter? Let them blaspheme in private as they please — it hurts nobody but themselves. But a public meeting at the Bishop's very door — and eighteen of his clergy!"

He paced up and down the room, in an excitement that he could hardly control.

"The poor, poor Bishop!" said Theresa softly, the tears in her eyes.

"He will have the triumph of his life!" exclaimed Barron, looking up. "If there are dry bones on our side, this will put life into them. Those fellows have given themselves into our hands!"

He paused in his walk, falling into a profound reverie, in which he lost all sense of his daughter's presence. She dared not rouse him; and, indeed, the magnitude of the scandal and distress left her speechless. She could only think of the Bishop — their frail, saintly Bishop, whom every one loved. At last a clock struck. She said gently:

"Father, I think it is time to go."

Barron started, drew a long breath, gathered up the newspaper, and took a letter from his pocket.

"That is for Maurice. Put in anything you like, but don't miss the morning post."

"Do you see the Bishop this morning, father?"

"No — this afternoon. But there will be plenty to do this morning." He named two or three heads of the Church party in Markborough on whom he must call. He must also see his solicitor, and find out whether the counsel whom the promoters of the writ against Meynell desired to secure had been already retained.

He kissed his daughter absently, and departed, settling all his home business before he left the house in his usual peremptory manner, leaving behind him, indeed, in the minds of his butler and head gardener, who had business with him, a number of small but smarting wraths which would ultimately have to be smoothed away by Theresa.

But, when Theresa explored the open envelope he had given her for her brother, she found in it a cheque for fifty pounds, and a letter that seemed to Maurice's sister — unselfish and tender though she was — deplorably lacking in the scolding it ought to have contained. If only her father had ever shown the same affection for Stephen!

Meanwhile, as Barron journeyed to Markborough under the shadow of the great Cathedral, quite another voice than his was in possession of the episcopal ear. Precisely at eleven o'clock, Richard Meynell appeared on the door-step of the palace, and was at once admitted to the Bishop's study.

As he entered the large, book-lined room, his name was announced in a tone that did not catch the Bishop's attention, and Meynell, as he hesitatingly advanced, became the spectator of a scene not intended for his eyes. On the Bishop's knee sat a little girl of seven or eight. She was crying bitterly, and the Bishop had his arms round her and was comforting her.

"There *was* bogeys, grandfather! — there *was!* And Nannie said I told lies — and I didn't tell lies."

"Darling, there aren't bogeys anywhere — but I'm sure you didn't tell lies. What did you think they were like?"

"Grandfather, they was all black — and they jumped — and wiggled — and spitted — o-o-oh!"

And the child went off in another wail, at which moment the Bishop perceived Meynell. His delicate cheek flushed, but he held up his hand in smiling entreaty; and Meynell disappeared behind a revolving bookcase.

The Bishop hastily returned to the charge, endeavouring to persuade his little granddaughter that the "bogey" had really been cook's black cat, generally condemned to the kitchen and black-beetles, but occasionally let loose to roam the upper floors in search of nobler game. The child dried her eyes and listened, gravely weighing his remarks. Her face gradually cleared, and when, at the end, he said slyly, "And even if there were bogeys, little girls shouldn't throw hair-brushes at their Nannies!" she nodded a judicial head, adding plaintively:

"But, then, Nannies mustn't talk *all* the time, grandfather! Little girls must talk a itty itty bit. If Nannies not let them, little girls *must* frow somefing at Nannies."

The Bishop laughed — a low, soft sound, from which Meynell in the distance caught the infection of mirth. A few murmured words — no doubt a scolding — and then:

"Are you good, Barbara?"

"Ye-s," said the child slowly — "not very."

"Good enough to say you're sorry to Nannie?"

The child smiled into his face.

"Go along, then, and say it!" said the Bishop; "and mind you say it nicely."

Barbara threw her arm round his neck and hugged him passionately. Then he set her down, and she ran happily away, through a door at the farther end of the room.

Meynell advanced, and the Bishop came to meet him. Over both faces, as they approached each other, there dropped a sudden shadow — a tremor as of men who knew themselves on the brink of a tragical collision, decisive of many things. And yet they smiled, the presence of the child still enwrapping them.

"Excuse these domesticities!" said the Bishop — "but there was such woe and lamentation just before you came. And childish griefs go deep. Bogeys — of all kinds — have much to answer for!"

Then the Bishop's smile disappeared. He beckoned Meynell to a chair, and sat down himself.

Francis Craye, Bishop of Markborough, was physically a person of great charm. He was small,— not more than five feet seven,— but so slenderly and perfectly made, so graceful and erect in bearing, that his height, or lack of it, never detracted in the smallest degree from his dignity, or from the reverence inspired by the innocence and unworldliness of his character. A broad brow, overshadowing and overweighting the face, combined with extreme delicacy of feature, a touch of emaciation, and a pure rose in the alabaster of the cheeks to produce the aspect of a most human ghost — a ghost that had just tasted the black blood, and recovered for an hour all the vivacity of life. The mouth, thin-lipped and mobile to excess, was as apt for laughter as for tenderness; the blue eyes were frankness and eagerness itself. And when the glance of the spectator pursued the Bishop downwards, it was to find that his legs, in the episcopal gaiters, were no less ethereal than his face; while his silky white hair added the last touch of refinement to a personality of spirit and fire.

Meynell was the first to speak:

"My lord, let me begin this conversation by once more thanking you, from my heart, for all the personal kindness that you have shown me in the last few months, and in the correspondence of the last fortnight."

His voice wavered a little. The Bishop made no sign.

"And perhaps," Meynell resumed, "I felt it the kindest thing of all that, after the letters I have written you this week,— after the meeting of yesterday,— you should have sent me that telegram, last night, saying that you wished to see me to-day. That was like you — that touched me indeed!" He spoke with visible emotion.

The Bishop looked up.

"There can be no question, Meynell, of any personal enmity between yourself and me," he said gravely. "I shall act in the matter entirely as the responsibilities of my office dictate — that you know. But I have owed you much in the past — much help, much affection. This diocese owes you much. I felt I must make one last appeal to you — terrible as the situation has grown. You could not have foreseen that meeting of yesterday!" he added impetuously, raising his head.

Meynell hesitated.

"No; I had no idea we were so strong. But it might have been foreseen. The forces that brought it about have been rising steadily for many years."

There was no answer for a moment. The Bishop sat with clasped hands, his legs stretched out before him, his white head bent. At last, without moving, he said:

"There are grave times coming on this diocese, Meynell — there are grave times coming on the Church!"

"Does any living church escape them?" said Meynell, watching him — with a heavy heart.

The Bishop shook his head.

"I am a man of peace. Where you see a hope of victory for what you think, no doubt, a great cause, I see above the *mêlée* strife and confusion and fate — 'red with the blood of men.' What can you — and those who were at that meeting yesterday — hope to gain by these proceedings? If you could succeed you would break up the Church,— the strongest weapon that exists in this country against sin and selfishness,— and who would be the better?"

"Believe me — we sha'n't break it up."

"Certainly you will! Do you imagine that men who are the spiritual sons and heirs of Pusey and Liddon are going to sit down quietly in the same church with you and the eighteen who started this League yesterday? They would sooner die."

Meynell bore the onslaught quietly.

"It depends upon our strength," he said slowly — "and the strength we develop as the fight goes on."

"Not at all! — a monstrous delusion!" The Bishop raised an indignant brow. "If you overwhelmed us — if you got the State on your side, as in France at the Revolution — you would still have done nothing towards your end — nothing whatever! We refuse — we shall always refuse — to be unequally yoked with those who deny the fundamental truths of the faith!"

"My lord, you are so yoked at the present moment," said Meynell firmly — the colour had flashed back into his cheeks. "It is the foundation of our case that half the educated men and women we gather into our churches to-day are — in our belief — Modernists already. Question them! They are with us — not with you. That is to say, they have tacitly shaken off the old forms — the Creeds and formularies that bind the visible, the legal Church. They do not even think much about them. Forgive me if I speak plainly! They are not grieving about the old. Their soul — those of them, I mean, that have the gift of religion — is travailing, dumbly travailing, with the new. Slowly, irresistibly, they are evolving for themselves new forms, new creeds — whether they know it or not. You, the traditional party, you, the bishops and the orthodox majority, can help them or hinder them. If you deny them organised expression and outlet, you prolong the dull friction between them and the current Christianity. You waste where you might gather — you quench where you might kindle. But there they are — in the same church with you — and you cannot drive them out!"

The Bishop made a sound of pain.

"I wish to drive no one out," he said, lifting a diaphanous hand. "To his own master let each man stand or fall. But you ask us — *us*, the appointed guardians of the faith, the *ecclesia docens*, the historic episcopate — to deny and betray the faith! You ask us to assent formally to the effacing of all difference between faith and unfaith! You bid us tell the world publicly that belief matters nothing — that a man may deny all the divine facts of redemption, and still be as good a Christian as any one else. History alone might tell you — and I am speaking, for the moment, as a student to a student — that the thing is inconceivable!"

"Unless — *solvitur vivendo!*" said Meynell, in a low voice. "What great change in the religious life of men has not seemed inconceivable — till it happened? Think of the great change that brought this English Church into being! Within a couple of generations men had to learn to be baptised, and married, and buried, with rites unknown to their fathers; to stand alone and cut off from the great whole of Christendom, to which they had once belonged; to see the Mass, the cult of our Lady and the saints, disappear from their lives. What change that any Modernist proposes could equal that? But England lived through it! — England emerged! She recovered her equilibrium. Looking back upon it all now, we see — you and I agree there! — that it was worth while — that the energising, revealing power behind the world was in the confusion and the dislocation; and that England gained more than she lost when she made for herself an English and a national Church in these islands out of the shattered débris of the Roman system."

He bent forward and looked intently into the Bishop's face. "What if another hour of travail be upon us? And is any birth possible without pain?"

"Don't let us argue the Reformation!" said the Bishop, with a new sharpness of tone. "We should be here all night. But let me at least point out to you that the Church kept her Creeds! — the Succession! — the four great Councils! — the unbroken unity of essential dogma. But you" — he turned with renewed passion on his companion — "what have you done with the Creeds? Every word in them steeped in the heart's blood of generations! — and you put them aside as a kind of theological bric-à-brac that concerns us no more. Meynell! — you have no conception of the forces that this movement of yours, if you persist in it, will

unchain against you! You are like children playing with the lightning!"

Denunciation and warning sat with a curious majesty on the little Bishop, as he launched these words. It was with a visible effort that Meynell braced himself against them.

"Perhaps I estimate the forces for and against differently from yourself, Bishop. But, when you prophesy war, I agree. There will be war! And that makes the novelty of the situation. Till now, there has never been equality enough for war. The heretic has been an excrescence to be cut away. Now you will have to make some terms with him! For the ideas behind him have invaded your inmost life. They are all about you and around you; and when you go out to fight him, you will discover that you are half on his side!"

"If that means," said the Bishop impatiently, "that the Church is accessible to new ideas — that she is now, as she has always been, a learned Church, the Church of Westcott and Lightfoot, of a host of younger scholars who are as well acquainted with the ideas and contentions of Modernism — as you call it — as any Modernist in Europe — and are still the faithful servants and guardians of Christian dogma — why, then, you say what is true! We perfectly understand your positions! — and we reject them."

Through Meynell's expression there passed a gleam, slight and gentle, of something like triumph.

"Forgive me! — but I think you have given me my point. Let me recall to you the French sayings — '*Comprendre, c'est pardonner — Comprendre, c'est aimer.*' It is because for the first time you do understand them — that, for the first time, the same arguments play upon you as play upon us — it is for that very reason that we regard the field as half won before the battle is even joined."

The Bishop gazed upon him with a thin, drooping lip — an expression of suffering in the clear blue eyes.

"That Christians," he said under his breath, "should divide the forces of Christ — with the sin and misery of this world devouring and defiling our brethren day by day!"

"What if it be, not 'dividing,' but doubling the forces of Christ!" said Meynell, with pale resolution. "All that we ask is that the Church should recognise existing facts — that organisation should shape itself to reality. In our eyes, Christendom is divided to-day — or is rapidly dividing itself — into two wholly new camps. The division between Catholic and Protestant is no longer the supreme division; for the force that is rising affects both Protestant and Catholic equally. Each of the new divisions has a philosophy and a criticism of its own; each of them has an immense hold on human life, though Modernism is only now slowly realising and putting out its power. Two camps! — two systems of thought! — both of them *Christian* thought. Yet one of them, one only, *is in possession* — of the churches, the forms, the institutions; the other is everywhere knocking at the gates. 'Give us our portion!' we say, 'in Christ's name.' But *only our portion!* We do not dream of dispossessing the old — it is the last thing, even, that we desire. But, for the sake of souls now wandering and desolate, we ask to live side by side with the old — in brotherly peace, in equal right — sharing what the past has bequeathed! Yes, even the loaves and fishes! — they ought to be justly divided out, like the rest. But, above all, the powers, the opportunities, the trials, the labours of the Christian Church!"

"In other words, so far as the English Church is concerned, you propose to reduce us within our own borders to a peddling confusion of sects, held together by the mere physical link of our buildings and our endowments!" said the Bishop, as he straightened himself in his chair.

He spoke with a stern and contemptuous force that transformed the small body and sensitive face. In the old room, the library of the palace, with its rows of calf-bound folios and its vaulted fifteenth-century roof, he sat as the embodiment of ancient, inherited things, his gentleness lost in that collective, that corporate pride which has been at once the noblest and the deadliest force in history.

Meynell's expression changed, in response. It, too, grew harder, more challenging.

"My lord, is there no loss already to be faced, of another kind? Is all well with the Church? How often have I found you here,— forgive me! — grieving for the loss of souls, the decline of faith, the empty churches, the dwindling communicants, the spread of secularist literature, the hostility of the workmen! And yet, what devotion, what zeal, there is in this diocese, beginning with our Bishop! Have we not often asked ourselves what such facts could possibly mean? — why God seemed to have forsaken us?"

"They mean luxury and selfishness — the loss of discipline at home and abroad," said the Bishop, with bitter emphasis. "It is hard indeed to turn the denial of Christ into an argument against his gospel!"

Meynell was silent. His heart was burning within him, with a passionate sense at once of the vast need and hungry unrest so sharply dismissed by the Bishop, and of the efficacy of

that "new teaching" for which he stood. But he ceased to try to convey it by argument. After a few moments he began, in his ordinary voice, to report various developments of the movement in the diocese, of which he believed the Bishop to be still ignorant.

"We wish to conceal nothing from you," he said at last, with emotion; "and, consistently with the trial of strength that must come, we desire to lighten the burden on our Bishop as much as we possibly can. This will be a solemn testing of great issues — we, on our side, are determined to do nothing to embitter or disgrace it!"

The Bishop, now grown very white, looked at him intently.

"I make one last appeal, Meynell — to your obedience! — and to the promises of your ordination."

"I was a boy then," said Meynell slowly; "I am a man now. I took those vows sincerely, in absolute good faith; and all the changes in me have come about, as it seems to me, by the inbreathing of a spirit not my own — partly from new knowledge, partly in trying to help my people to live — or to die. They represent to me things lawfully, divinely learnt. So that, in the change itself, I cannot acknowledge or feel wrong-doing. But you remind me — as you have every right to do — that I accepted certain rules and conditions. Now that I break them, must I not resign the position dependent on them? Clearly, if it were a question of any ordinary society. But the Christian Church is not an ordinary society. It is the sum of Christian life!"

The Bishop raised a hand of protest, but without speaking. Meynell resumed:

"And that life makes the Church — moulds it afresh, from age to age. There are times, we hold, when the Church very nearly expresses the life; there are others when there are great discordances between the life and its expression in the Church. We believe that there are such discordances now; because — once more — of a new learning. And we believe that to withdraw from the struggle to make the Church more fully represent the life would be sheer disloyalty and cowardice. We must stay it out, and do our best. We are not dishonest; for, unlike many Liberals of the past and the present, we speak out. We are inconsistent, indeed, with a past pledge; but are we any more inconsistent than the High-Churchman who repudiates the 'blasphemous fables' of the Mass when he signs the Articles, and then encourages adoration of the Reserved Sacrament in his church?"

The Bishop made no immediate reply. He was at that moment involved in a struggle with an incumbent in Markborough itself, who, under the very shadow of the Cathedral, had been celebrating the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, in flat disobedience to his diocesan. His mind wandered for a minute or two to this case. Then, rousing himself, he said abruptly, with a keen look at Meynell:

"I know, of course, that in your case there can be no question of clinging to the money of the Church."

Meynell flushed.

"I had not meant to speak of it — but your lordship knows that all I receive from my living is given back to Church purposes. I support myself by what I write. There are others of us who risk much more than I — who risk, indeed, their all!"

"You have done a noble work for your people, Meynell." The Bishop's voice was not unlike a groan.

"I have done nothing but what was my bounden duty to do."

"And practically your parish is with you in this terrible business?"

"The church people in it, by an immense majority — and some of the dissenters. Mr. Barron, as you know, is the chief complainant, and there are, of course, some others with him."

"I expect to see Mr. Barron this afternoon," remarked the Bishop, frowning.

Meynell said nothing.

The Bishop rose.

"I understand, from your letter this morning, that you have no intention of repeating the service of last Sunday?"

"Not at present. But the League will go to work at once on a revised service-book."

"Which you propose to introduce on a given Sunday — in all the Reformers' churches?"

"That is our plan."

"You are quite aware that this whole scheme may lead to tumults — breaches of the peace?"

"It may," said Meynell reluctantly.

"But you risk it?"

"We must," said Meynell, after a pause.

"And you refuse — I ask you once more — to resign your living, at my request?"

"I do — for the reasons I have given."

The Bishop's eyes sparkled.

"As to my course," he said drily, "letters of request will be sent at once to the Court of Arches, preferring charges of heretical teaching and unauthorised services against yourself and two other clergy. I shall be represented by ——" and he named the lawyers.

They stood exchanging a few technical informations of this kind for a few minutes. Then

Meynell took up his hat. The Bishop hesitated a moment, then held out his hand.

Meynell grasped it, and suddenly stooped and kissed the episcopal ring.

"I am an old man," said the Bishop brokenly, "— and a weary one. I pray God that he will give me strength to bear this burden that is laid upon me."

Meynell went away with bowed head. The Bishop was left alone. He moved to the window and stood looking out. Across the green of the quadrangle rose the noble mass of the Cathedral. His lips moved in prayer; but all the time it was as if he saw beside the visible structure — its ordered beauty, its proud and cherished antiquity — a ruined phantom of the great church, roofless and fissured, its sacred places open to the winds and rains, its pavements broken and desolate.

The imagination grew upon him, and it was only with a great effort that he escaped from it.

"My bogeys are as foolish as Barbara's!" he said to himself, with a smile, as he went back to the daily toil of his letters.

VI

Meynell left the palace, shaken and exhausted. He carried in his mind the image of his Bishop, and he walked in bitterness of soul. The quick, optimistic imagination that had alone made the action of these last weeks possible had for the moment deserted him, and he was paying the penalty of his temperament.

He turned into the Cathedral, and knelt there for some time, conscious less of articulate prayer than of the vague influences of the place: the warm grey of its shadows, the relief of its mere space and silence; the beauty of the creeping sunlight — gules, or, and purple — on the spreading pavements. And vaguely — while the Bishop's grief still, as it were, smarted within his own heart — there arose the sense that he was the mere instrument of a cause; that personal shrinking and compunction were not allowed him; that he was the guardian of nascent rights and claims far beyond anything affecting his own life. Some such conviction is essential to the religious leader — to the enthusiast, indeed, of any kind; and it was not withheld from Richard Meynell.

When he rose and went out, he saw coming towards him a man he knew well — Fenton, the vicar of a church on the outskirts of Markborough, famous for its "high" doctrine and services; a young, boyish fellow, curly-haired, in whom the "gaiety" that Catholicism, Anglican or Roman, prescribes to her most devout children was as conspicuous as an ascetic and laborious life. Meynell loved and admired him. At a small clerical meeting the two men had once held an argument that had been long remembered — Fenton maintaining hotly the doctrine of an intermediate and purgatorial state after death, basing it entirely on a vision of St. Perpetua recorded in the Acta of that saint. Impossible, said the fair-haired, frank-eyed priest, — who had been one of the best wicket-keeps of his day at Winchester, — that so solemn a vision, granted to a martyr at the moment almost of death, could be misleading. Purgatory, therefore, must be accepted and believed, even though it might not be expedient to proclaim it publicly from an Anglican pulpit. "Since the evening when I first read the Acta of SS. Perpetua and Felicitas," said the speaker, with an awed sincerity, "I have never doubted for myself, nor have I dared to hide from my penitents what is my own opinion."

In reply, Meynell, instead of any general argument, had gently taken the very proof offered him, namely, the vision — dissecting it, the time in which it arose, and the mind in which it occurred, with a historical knowledge and a quick and tender penetration that had presently absorbed the little company of listeners. Till Fenton said abruptly, with a frown of perplexity:

"In that way one might explain anything — the Transfiguration, for instance — or Pentecost."

Meynell looked up quickly.

"Except — the mind that dies for an idea!"

Yet the encounter had left them friends; and the two men had been associated not long afterwards in a heroic attempt to stop some dangerous rioting arising out of a strike in one of the larger collieries.

Meynell watched the young figure of Fenton approaching through the bands of light and shadow in the great nave. As it came nearer, some instinct made him stand still, as if he became the mere spectator of what was about to happen. Fenton lifted his head; his eyes met Meynell's, and without the smallest recognition, his gaze fixed on the pavement, he passed on towards the east end of the Cathedral.

Meynell straightened himself for a minute's "recollection," and went his way. On the pavement outside the western portal he ran into another acquaintance — a canon of the Cathedral, hurrying home to luncheon after a morning's work in the Cathedral library. Canon France looked up, saw who it was, and Meynell, every nerve strained to its keenest, perceived the instant change of expression. But there was no ignoring him — though the canon did not offer to shake hands.

"Ah, Meynell, is that you? A fine day at last!"

"Yes; we may save the harvest yet!" said Meynell, pausing in his walk.

A kind of nervous curiosity bade him try to detain the canon. But France — a man of sixty-five, with a large Buddha-like face and a pair of remarkably shrewd and humorous black eyes — looked him quickly over from top to toe, and hurried on, throwing a "good-bye" over his shoulder. When he and Meynell had last met, it had been to talk for a friendly hour over Monseigneur Duchesne's last book and its bearing on Ultramontane pretensions; and they had parted with a cordial grip of the hand, promising soon to meet again.

"Yet he knew me for a heretic then!" thought Meynell. "I never made any secret of my opinions."

All the same, as he walked on, he forced himself to acknowledge to the full the radical change in the situation. Acts of war suspend the normal order; and no combatant has any right to complain.

Then a moment's weariness seized him of the whole train of thought to which his days and nights were now committed; and he turned with eagerness to look at the streets of Markborough, full of a market-day crowd and of "the great mundane movement." Farmers and labourers were moving up and down; oxen and sheep in the temporary pens of the market-place were waiting for purchasers; there was a Socialist lecturer in one corner, and a Suffragist lady on a wagon in another. The late August sun shone upon the ruddy faces and broad backs of men to whom certainly it did not seem to be of great importance whether the Athanasian Creed were omitted from the devotions of Christian people or not. There was a great deal of chaffering going on, a little courting, and some cheating. Meynell recognised some of his parishioners, spoke to a farmer or two, exchanged greeting with a sub-agent of the miners' union, and gave some advice to a lad of his choir who had turned against the pits and come to "hire" himself at Markborough.

It was plain to him, however, after a little, that although he might wish to forget himself among the crowd, the crowd was, on the contrary, rather sharply aware of the Rector of Upcote. He perceived, as he moved slowly up the street, that he was, in fact, a marked man. Looks followed him; and the men he knew greeted him with a difference.

A little beyond the market-place, he turned down a narrow street leading to the mother church of the town — an older foundation even than the Cathedral. Knocking at the door in the wall, he was admitted to an old rectory house adjacent to the church, and in its low-ceiled dining-room he found seven of the already famous "eighteen" assembled; among them the two other clergy who with himself had been singled out for the first testing prosecution. A joint letter was being drawn up for the press.

Meynell was greeted with rejoicing — a quiet rejoicing, as of men occupied with grave matters that precluded any ebullience of talk. With Meynell's appearance the meeting became more formal, and it was proposed to put the vicar of the ancient church under whose shadow they were gathered into the chair. The old man, Treherne by name, had been a double-first in days when double-firsts were everything, and in a class-list not much more modern than Mr. Gladstone's. He was a gentle, scholarly person, silent and timid in ordinary life, and his adhesion to the "eighteen" had been an astonishment to friends and foes. But he was not to be inveigled into the "chair" on any occasion, least of all in his own dining-room.

"I should keep you here all night and you would get nothing done," he said, with a smiling wave of the hand. "Besides — *excludat jurgia finis!* — let there be an age limit in all things! Put Meynell in. It is he that has brought us all into this business."

So, for some hours or more, Meynell and the seven grappled with the letter that was to convey the challenge of the revolted congregations to the general public through the *Times*. It was not an easy matter, and some small jealousies and frictions lifted their heads that had been wholly lost sight of in the white-hot feeling of the inauguration meeting.

Yet, on the whole, the eight men gathered in this room were not unworthy to lead the "forlorn hope" they had long determined on. Besides Treherne, there were Darwen — young, handsome, spiritual, a Third Classic, and a Chancellor's medallist; Wilson, his Oxford friend, a man of the same type, both representing the recent flowing back of intellectual forces into the Church which for nearly half a century had abandoned her; Petitôt, Swiss by origin, small, black-eyed, irrepressible, with a great popularity among the hosiery operatives of whom his parish was mainly composed; Derrick, the Socialist, of humble origin and starved education, yet possessed of a natural sway over men, given him by a pair of marvellous blue eyes, a character of transparent simplicity, a tragic honesty, and the bitter-sweet gift of the orator; Chesham, a man who had left the army for the Church, had been grappling for ten years with a large parish of

secularist artisans, and was now preaching Modernism with a Francisan fervour and success; and Rollin, who owned a slashing literary style, was a passionate Liberal in all fields, had done excellent work in the clearing and cleaning of slums, with much loud and unnecessary talk by the way, and wrote occasionally for the *Daily Watchman*. Chesham and Darwen were Meynell's co-defendants in the suit brought by the Bishop.

Rollin alone seemed out of place in this gathering of men, drawing tense breath under a new and almost unbearable responsibility. He was so in love with the sensational, notoriety side of the business, so eager to pull wires and square editors, so frankly exultant in the "big row" coming on, that Meynell, with the Bishop's face still in his mind, could presently hardly endure him. He felt as Renan towards Gavroche. Was it worth while to go through so much that Rollin might cut a figure and talk at large about "modern thought"?

However, Darwen and Wilson, Derrick also, were just as determined as Meynell to keep down the frothy, self-advertising element in the campaign to the minimum that human nature seems unable to do without. So that Rollin found himself gradually brought into line, being not a bad fellow, but only a common one; and he abandoned with much inward chagrin the project of a flaming "interview" for the *Daily Watchman* on the following day.

And, indeed, as this handful of men settled down to the consideration of the agenda for a large Conference to be held in Markborough the following week, there might have been discerned in seven of them, at least, a temper that glorified both them and their enterprise — a temper of seriousness, courage, unalterable conviction, with such delicacy of feeling as befits men whose own brethren and familiar companions have become their foes. They were all pastors in the true sense; and every man of them knew that in a few months he would probably have lost his benefice and his prospects. Only Treherne was married, and only he and Rollin had private means.

Meynell was clearly their leader. Where the hopefulness of the others was intermittent, his was constant; his knowledge of the English situation generally, as well as of the lie of forces in the Markborough district, was greater than theirs; and his ability as a writer made him their natural exponent. It was he who drew up the greater part of their "encyclical" for the press; and by the time the meeting was over he had so heightened in them the sense of mission, so cheered them with the vision of a wide response from the mind of England, that all lesser thoughts were sunk, and they parted in quietness and courage.

Meynell left the outskirts of Markborough by the Maudeley road, meaning to walk to Upcote by Forkèd Pond and Maudeley Park.

It was now nearly a fortnight since he had seen Mary Elsmere, and for the first time, almost, in these days of storm and stress, he was able to give himself up to the soreness of the thought. He had dined at Maudeley, making time with infinite difficulty; Mrs. Elsmere and her daughter were not there. He had asked Mrs. Flaxman to tea at the Rectory, and had suggested that she should bring her sister and her niece. Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman appeared — without companions. Once or twice he had caught sight of Mary Elsmere's figure in the distance of Miss Puttenham's garden; yet he had not ventured to intrude upon the two friends. It had seemed to him it must be her will to avoid him, and he respected it.

It was a day towards the end of August. As Meynell entered the Maudeley lane, with the woods of Sandford Abbey on his left and the little trout-stream flashing and looping through the meadows on his right, his mind had passed altogether from public affairs. In the background hovered always the image of Mary Elsmere, vague influences flowing from it, now of pleasure, now of pain; but the detail of thought was made up of other things.

Stephen Barron had been with him the night before, and Meynell could not but think remorsefully of their conversation.

"And I can explain nothing to make it easier for the poor old fellow — nothing! He thinks if we had allowed the engagement it would all have come right — he would have got a hold upon her and been able to shape her. Oh, my dear boy — my dear boy! Yet, when the time comes, Stephen shall have his chance! — unless, indeed, she has settled her destiny for herself, by then, without any reference to us. And Stephen shall know — what there is to know!"

As to Hester herself, she seemed to have been keeping the Fox-Wilson household in perpetual fear. She went about in her mocking, mysterious way, denying that she knew anything about Sir Philip Meryon or had any dealings with him. Yet it was shrewdly suspected that letters had passed between them, and Hester's proceedings were so quicksilverish and incalculable that it was impossible to keep a constant watch upon her. In the wilderness of Maudeley Park, which lay directly between the two houses, they might quite well have met — they probably had met. Meynell noticed and rebuked

in himself a kind of settled pessimism as to Hester's conduct and future. "Do what you will," it seemed to say — "do all you can — but that life has in it the ferments of tragedy."

Had they at least been doing all they could? he asked himself anxiously, vowing that no public campaign must or should distract him from a private trust much older than it, and no less sacred. In the midst of the turmoil of these weeks, he had been corresponding, on Lady Fox-Wilson's behalf, with a lady in Paris to whom a girl of Hester's age and kind might be safely committed for the perfecting of her French and music. It had been necessary to warn the lady that in the case of such a *pensionnaire* as Hester the male sex might give trouble; and Hester had not yet signified her gracious consent to go.

But she would go — she must go — and Alice Puttenham would escort her. Good heavens — if one had only Edith Fox-Wilson to depend on in these troubles!

As for Philip Meryon, he was, of course, now and always, a man of vicious habits and no scruples. He seemed to be staying at Sandford with the usual crew of flashy, disreputable people, and to allow Hester to run any risks with regard to him would be simply criminal. Yet, with so inefficient a watch-dog as Lady Fox-Wilson, who could guarantee anything? Alice, of course, thought of nothing else than Hester, night and day; but it was part of the pathos of the situation that she had so little influence on the child's thoughts and deeds.

Poor, lonely woman! In Alice's sudden friendship for Mary Elsmere, her junior by some twelve years, the Rector, with an infinite pity, read the confession of a need that had become at last intolerable. For these seventeen years he had never known her to make an intimate friend, and to see her now with this charming, responsive girl was to realise what the long hunger for affection must have been. Yet, even now, how impossible to satisfy it as other women could satisfy it! What ghosts and shadows about the path of friendship!

"A dim and perilous way," his mind went sounding back along the paths of Alice Puttenham's story. The old problems arose in connection with it — problems now of ethics, now of expediency; and, interfused with them, a sense of dull amazement, and yet of intolerable repetition, in this difficulty that had risen with regard to Hester. The owner of Sandford — *and Hester*. When he had first seen them together, it had seemed a thing so sinister that his mind had refused to take it seriously. A sharp word to her, a word of warning to her natural guardians, and surely all was mended. Philip never stayed more than three weeks in the old house; he would very soon be gone, and Hester's fancy would turn to something else.

But that the passing shock should become anything more! There rose before Meynell's imagination a vision of the two by the river, not in the actual brightness of the August afternoon, but bathed, as it were, in angry storm-light; behind them, darkness, covering "old unhappy far-off things." From that tragical gloom it seemed as if their young figures had but just emerged, unnaturally clear; and yet the trailing clouds were already threatening the wild beauty of the girl.

He blamed himself for lack of foresight. It should have been utterly impossible for those two to meet! Meryon generally appeared at Sandford three times a year — for the fishing, the shooting, and the cub-hunting. Hester might easily have been sent away during these descents. But the fact was, she had grown up so rapidly — yesterday a mischievous child, to-day a woman in her first bloom — that they had all been taken by surprise. Besides, who could have imagined any communication whatever between the Fox-Wilson household and the riotous party at Sandford Abbey?

As to the girl herself, Meynell was always conscious of being engaged in some long struggle to save and protect his ward against her will. There were circumstances connected with Hester that should have stirred in the few people who knew them a special softness of heart in regard to her. But it was not easy to feel it. The Rector had helped two women to watch over her upbringing; he had brought her to her first communion, and tried hard, and quite in vain, to instil into her the wholesome mysticisms of the Christian faith; and the more efforts he made, the more sharply was he aware of the hard, egotistical core of the girl's nature, of Hester's fatal difference from other girls.

And yet, as he thought of her with sadness and perplexity, there came across him the memory of Mrs. Elsmere's sudden movement towards Hester — how she had drawn the child to her and kissed her — she, so unearthly and so spiritual, whose very aspect showed her the bondswoman of Christ.

The remembrance rebuked him, and he fell into fresh plans about the child. She must be sent away at once, and if there were really any sign of entanglement he must himself go to Sandford and beard Philip in his den. There was knowledge in his possession that might be used to frighten the fellow. He thought of his cousin with loathing and contempt.

But — to do him justice — Meryon knew nothing of those facts that gave such an intol-

erable significance to any contact whatever between his besmirched life and that of Hester Fox-Wilson.

Meryon knew nothing — and Stephen knew nothing — nor the child herself. Meynell shared his knowledge with only two other persons — no! — three. Was that woman, that odious, grasping woman whose knowledge had been for years the terror of three lives — was she alive still? Ralph Fox-Wilson had made it abundantly worth her while to go to the States; all covenants with her had been strictly carried out; and for years, as Meynell believed, she had not been heard of. But she had still a son and grandchildren living in Upcote village.

Meynell opened the gate leading into the Forkèd Pond enclosure. The pond had been made by the damming of part of the trout-stream at the point where it entered the Maudeley estate, and the diversion of the rest to a new channel. The narrow strip of land between the pond and the new channel made a little water-locked kingdom of its own for the cottage, which had originally been a fishing hut, built in an Izaak Walton-ish mood by one of the owners of Maudeley. But the public footpath through the park ran along the farther side of the pond, and the doings of the inhabitants of the cottage, thick though the leafage was, could sometimes be observed from it.

Involuntarily Meynell's footsteps lingered as the little thatched house became visible, its windows set wide to the sounds and scents of the August day. There was conveyed to him a sense of its warm loneliness in the summer nights, of the stars glimmering upon it through the trees, of the owls crying round it. And within — in one of those upper rooms — those soft deep eyes, at rest in sleep? — or looking out, perhaps, into the breathing glooms of the wood — the sweet face propped on the slender hand?

He felt certain that the inner life of such a personality as Mary Elsmere was rich and passionate. Sometimes, in these lonely hours, did she think of the man who had told her so much of himself on that, to him, memorable walk? Meynell looked back upon his confession with wonder and a hot cheek. It had been made partly to Elsmere's daughter, on a hint of sympathy — as to one entitled to it by inheritance, so to speak, should she desire it. But it had been made still more — he owned it — to a delightful woman. And it was the first time in Meynell's strenuous life, filled to the brim by intellectual and speculative effort on the one hand, and by the care of his parish on the other, that he had been conscious of any such feeling as now possessed him. In his first manhood it had been impossible for him to marry, because he had his brothers to educate. And when they were safely out in the world, the Rector, absorbed in the curing of sick bodies and the saving of sick souls, could not dream of spending the money thus set free on a household for himself.

He had had his temptations of the flesh, his gusts of inclination, like other men; but he had fought them down victoriously, for the soul's sake, and it was long now since anything of the sort had assailed him.

For the soul's sake? Yet, surely, it was an impulse from the soul, from the deepest and tenderest sources of consciousness, that was now seizing upon his will, fusing itself with the other strong currents of his life, and so transforming them.

He paused a moment among the trees, just before the cottage passed out of sight. The sun was sinking in a golden haze, the first prophecy of autumnal mists. Broad lights lay here and there upon the water, to be lost again in depths of shadow, wherein woods of dream gave back the woods that stooped to them from the shore. Everything was so still, he could hear the fish rising, the run of a squirrel along a branch, the passage of a coot through the water.

The very profundity of nature's peace suddenly showed him to himself. A man engaged in a struggle beyond his power! — committed to one of those tasks that rend and fever the human spirit, even while they ennoble it! He had talked boldly to Stephen and the Bishop of "war" — "inevitable" and "necessary war." At the same time, there was no one who would suffer from war more than he. The mere daily practice of Christianity as a man's life-work is a daily training in sensitiveness, involves a daily refining of the nerves. This sensitiveness in Meynell was balanced by an iron strength of will and a driving force of conviction. It had never yet crippled his action. But it meant suffering; and it might involve sudden collapse and deterioration.

If the memory of Fenton's cold, unrecognising eyes and rigid mouth, as they passed each other in the silence of the Cathedral, had power to cause so deep a stab of pain, how was he to brace himself in the future to what must come? — the alienation of friend after friend, the condemnation of the good, the tumult, the poisoned feeling, the abuse, public and private?

Only by the help of that Power behind the veil of things, perceived by the mind of faith! "'*Thou, Thou art being and breath!*' Thine is

this truth which, like a living hand, bridles and commands me. Grind my life as corn in Thy mill! — but forsake me not! Nay, Thou wilt not, Thou canst not, forsake me!"

Without this ultimate and complete dependence of the Christian crusader on what he knows as the "heart of God," — crusaders of other sorts give it other names,— no adventure in the spiritual fight has ever touched and fired the heart of man. Meynell was sternly and simply aware of it.

But everywhere the divine ultimate Power mediates itself through the earthly elements and forces, speaks through small, childish things, incarnates itself in lover, wife, or friend — flashing its mystic fire through the web of human relations.

It seemed to Meynell, as he stood in the evening stillness by the pond, hidden from sight by the light brushwood round him, that, absorbed as he had been from his youth in the symbolism and passion of the religious life, as other men are absorbed in art or science, he had never really understood one of these great words by which he imagined himself to live,— love, or endurance, or sacrifice, or joy,— because he had never known the most sacred, the most intimate things of human life out of which they grow.

And there uprose in him a sudden yearning — a sudden flame of desire — for the sustaining love of wife and child. As it thrilled through him, he seemed to be looking down into the eyes — so frank, so human — of Mary Elsmere.

Then, while he watched, lost in feeling, yet instinctively listening for any movement in the wood, there was a flicker of white among the trees opposite. A girl, book in hand, came down to the water's edge, and paused there a little, watching the glow of sunset on the water. Meynell retreated farther into the wood; but he was still able to see her. Presently she sat down, propping herself against a tree, and began to read.

Her presence, the grace of her bending neck, informed the silence of the woods with life and charm. Meynell watched her a few moments; then the hard truth of the situation — like "the storm-cloud that Zeus lets fly from the mountain-top" through the shining air — descended on him, darkening and quenching. His life was not his own. It was doubly and trebly pledged to a cause of the spirit with which no personal hunger must interfere. And, if that were not in the way, what hope of winning the daughter of that stern saint who at their first meeting had shown him with such icy gentleness the gulf between himself and them?

And yet, between himself and Mary he knew that there was no gulf. Spiritually she was her father's child and not her mother's.

But to suppose that she would consent to bring back into her mother's life the same tragic conflict, in new form, which had already rent and seared it, was madness. He read his dismissal in the timid coldness with which she had parted from him after his conversation with Mrs. Elsmere. Had she perhaps hoped — kind, dear one! — that her new friend would win upon her mother, find a way through her defences? — and had she been disappointed as she watched?

No! such a daughter would never inflict a second anguish of the same kind on such a mother. Meynell bowed his head and went slowly away. It was as if he left youth and all delightfulness behind him in the deepening dusk of the woods.

Meanwhile a very different scene, vitally connected with Meynell and his fortunes, was passing in a workman's cottage at Upcote Minor.

Barron had passed an agitated day. After his interview with the Bishop, in which he was rather angrily conscious that his devotion and his zeal were not rewarded with as much gratitude or as complete a confidence on the Bishop's part as he might have claimed, he called on Canon France.

To him he talked long and emphatically on the situation: on the excessive caution of the Bishop, who had entirely refused to inhibit any one of the eighteen, at present, lest there should be popular commotions; on the measures that he and his friends were taking; and on the strong feeling that he believed to be rising against the Modernists. It was evident that he was discontented with the Bishop, and believed himself the only saviour of the situation.

Canon France watched him, sunk deep in his arm-chair, the plump fingers of one hand playing with certain charter rolls of the fourteenth century, with their seals attached, which lay in a tray beside him. He had just brought them over from the Cathedral library, and was longing to be at work on them. Barron's conversation did not interest him in the least, and he even grudged him his second cup of tea. But he did not show his impatience. He prophesied a speedy end to a ridiculous movement; wondered what on earth would happen to some of the men, who had nothing but their livings; and finally said, with a humorous eye and no malicious intention:

"The Romanists have always an easy way of settling these things. They find a scandal,

or invent one. But Meynell, I suppose, is immaculate."

Barron shook his head.

"Meynell's life is absolutely correct, outwardly," he said slowly. "Of course, the Upcote people whom he has led away think him a saint."

"Ah, well," said the Canon, smiling; "no hope, then — that way. I rejoice, of course, for Meynell's sake. But the goodness of the unbeliever is becoming a great puzzle to mankind."

"Apparent goodness," said Barron hotly.

The Canon smiled again. He wished — and this time more intensely — that Barron would go, and let him get to his charters.

And in a few minutes Barron did take his departure. As he walked to the inn to find his carriage, he pondered the problem of the virtuous unbeliever. A certain Bampton lecture by a well-known and learned Bishop recurred to him, which most frankly and drastically connected "unbelief" with "sin." Yet, somehow, the view did not practically work out.

After all, he reached Upcote in good time before dinner, and, remembering that he had to inflict a well-deserved lecture on the children who had been caught injuring trees and stealing wood in his plantations, he dismissed the carriage and made his way, before going home, to the cottage which stood just outside the village, on the way from Maudeley to the Rectory and the Church.

He knocked peremptorily; but no one came. He knocked again, chafing at the delay; but still no one came. After going round the cottage, tapping at one of the windows, and getting no response, he was just going away, in the belief that the cottage was empty, when there was a rattling sound at the front door. It opened, and an old woman stood in the doorway.

"You've made a pretty noise," she said grimly, "but there's no one in but me."

"I am Mr. Barron," said her visitor sharply, "and I want to see John Broad. My keepers have been complaining to me about his children's behaviour in the woods."

The woman before him shook her head irritably.

"What's the good of asking me? I only came off the cars here last night."

"You're a lodger, I suppose?" said Barron, eyeing her suspiciously. (He did not allow his tenants to take in lodgers.)

And the more he examined her the stranger did her aspect seem. She was evidently a woman of seventy or upwards, and it struck him that she looked haggard and ill. Her greyish-white hair hung untidily about a thin, bony face; the eyes, hollow and wavering, infected the spectator with their own distress; yet the distress was so angry that it rather repelled than appealed. Her dress was quite out of keeping with the labourer's cottage in which she stood. It was a shabby blue silk, fashionably cut, and set off by numerous lockets and bangles.

She smiled scornfully at Barron's question.

"A lodger? Well, I daresay I am. I'm John's mother."

"His mother?" said Barron, astonished. "I didn't know he had a mother alive." But, as he spoke, some vague recollection of Theresa's talk in the morning came back upon him.

The strange person in the doorway looked at him oddly.

"Well, I daresay you didn't. There's a many as would say the same. I've been away this eighteen year, come October."

Barron, as she spoke, was struck with her accent, and recalled her mention of "the cars."

"Why, you've been in the States," he said.

"That's it — eighteen years." Then, suddenly, pressing her hand to her forehead, she said angrily: "I don't know what you mean. What do you come bothering me for? I don't know who you are — and I don't know nothing about your trees. Come in and sit down. John'll be in directly."

She held the door open, and Barron, impelled by a sudden curiosity, stepped in. He thought the woman was half-witted; but her silk dress and her jewelry, above all, her sudden appearance on the scene as the mother of a man whom he had always supposed to be alone in the world, with three motherless, neglected children, puzzled him.

So, as one accustomed to keep a sharp eye on the morals and affairs of his cottage tenants, he began to question her about herself. She had thrown herself confusedly on a chair, and sat with her head thrown back and her eyes half closed, as if in pain. The replies he got from her were short and grudging, but he made out from them that she had married a second time in the States, that she had only recently written to her son, who for some years had supposed her dead, and had now come home to him, having no other relation left in the world.

He soon convinced himself that she was not normally sane. That she had no idea as to his own identity was not surprising, for she had left Upcote for America years before his succession to the White House estate; but her memory in all directions was confused, and her strange talk made him suspect drugs. She had also, it seemed, the usual grievances of an unsound mind, and believed herself to be injured and

persecuted by persons to whom she darkly alluded.

As they sat talking, footsteps were heard in the road outside. Mrs. Sabin — so she gave her name — at once hurried to the door and looked out. The movement betrayed her excited, restless state — the state of one just returned to a scene once familiar, and trying, with a clouded brain, to recover old threads and clues.

Barron heard a low cry from her, and looked round.

"What's the matter?"

He saw her bent forward and pointing, her wrinkled face expressing a wild astonishment.

"That's her! That's my Miss Alice!"

And Barron, following her gesture, perceived Meynell standing on the other side of a bit of village green, talking to Miss Puttenham.

They seemed to be absorbed in what they were talking about, and had, of course, no idea that they were watched.

"Why do you say 'my Miss Alice'?" he asked her, wondering.

Mrs. Sabin gave a low laugh. And, at the moment, Meynell turned so that the level light now flooding the village street shone full upon him. Mrs. Sabin tottered back from the door with another stifled cry, and sank into her chair. Her eyes seemed to be starting out of her head. "But — but they told me he was dead. He'll have married her, then?"

She raised herself, peering eagerly at her companion.

"Married whom?" said Barron, utterly mystified, but affected himself, involuntarily, by the excitement of his strange companion.

"Why — Miss Alice!" she said, gasping.

"Why should he marry her?"

Mrs. Sabin tried to control herself. "I'm not to talk about that — I know I'm not. But they give me my money for fifteen year — and then they stopped giving it — three year ago. I suppose they thought I'd never be back here again. But John's my flesh and blood, all the same. I made Mr. Sabin write for me to Sir Ralph. But there came a lawyer's letter and fifty pounds — and that was to be the last, they said. So, when Mr. Sabin died, I said I'd come over and see for myself. But I'm ill — you see — and John's a fool — and I must find some one as 'ull tell me what to do. If you're a gentleman living here" — she peered into his face — "perhaps you'll tell me? Lady Fox-Wilson's left comfortable, I know. Why shouldn't she do what's handsome? Perhaps you'll give me a word of advice, sir? But you mustn't tell! — not a word to anybody. Perhaps they'll be for putting me in prison!"

She put her finger to her mouth; and then once more she bent forward, passionately scrutinising the two people in the distance.

Barron had grown white.

"If you want my advice you must try and tell me plainly what all this means," he said sternly.

She looked at him — with a mad expression flickering between doubt and desire.

"Then you must shut the door, sir," she said at last. Yet, as he moved to do so, she bent forward once more to look intently at the couple outside.

"And what did they tell me that lie for?" she repeated, in a tone half perplexed, half resentful. Then she turned peremptorily to Barron.

"Shut the door!"

Half an hour later Barron emerged into the road from the cottage. He walked like a man bewildered. All that was evil in him rejoiced; all that was good sorrowed. He felt that God had arisen and scattered his enemies; he also felt a genuine horror and awe in the presence of human frailty.

All night long he lay awake, pondering how to deal with the story that had been told him; how to clear up its confusions and implications; to find some firm foothold in the mad medley of the woman's talk — some reasonable scheme of time and place. Much of what she had told him had been frankly incoherent; and to press her had only made confusion worse. He was tolerably certain that she was suffering from some obscure brain trouble. The effort of talking to him had clearly exhausted her; but he had not been able to refrain from making her talk. At the end of the half hour he had advised her — in some alarm at her ghastly look — to see a doctor. But the suggestion had made her angry, and he had let it drop.

In the morning news was brought to him from Broad's cottage that John Broad's mother, Mrs. Richard Sabin, who had arrived from America only forty-eight hours before, had died suddenly in the night. The bursting of an unsuspected aneurism in the brain was, according to the doctor called in, the cause of death.

TO BE CONTINUED

WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE MAN FOR WHOM "THERE ARE NO MYSTERIES," WHO IS RELATING FOR McCLURE'S THE BEST SERIES OF REAL DETECTIVE STORIES EVER TOLD

WILLIAM J. BURNS was born in Baltimore in 1861. In his early life his family moved, first to Zanesville, and then to Columbus, Ohio, where his father became a leading merchant tailor. Young Burns was trained to be a cutter, but the election of his father as Police Commissioner of Columbus turned the young man's attention to the study of the detection of crime. He was twenty years old at this time. It was not long before his skill in discovering criminals and untangling "mysteries" became much talked about in the community where he lived, and when, in 1885, Burns solved the celebrated "tally-sheet forgeries" in a State election, his fame spread to other parts of the country.

From that time on, William J. Burns has been one of the most efficient public servants that we have ever had in this country. During his twenty-two years in the Secret Service of the United States he made a brilliant record, conducting many of the most important discoveries of counterfeiters and forgers.

It was he who traced Charles Ulrich, the notorious German counterfeiter. A more clever forger than Ulrich was never known in the criminal history of the United States and Europe, up to the time that Taylor and Bredell of Philadelphia made the Monroe head hundred-dollar silver certificate, which was so perfect that government experts declared it genuine. These men, and their entire gang, thirteen in all, were also run down by Burns. In 1895, by means of a piece of burlap wrapping, Burns traced the exportation of green goods from New York to Costa Rica, where at the time General Federica de Mora was starting a revolution, back to the prime conspirator, Ricardo de Requesens, in New York.

These are a few of the cases that Mr. Burns will relate to the readers of McCLURE'S.

Mr. Burns is modest about his achievements; he says, "There are no mysteries—every criminal leaves a track behind him." But it is his wonderful ability to see and follow traces so slight that others do not perceive them that makes him so successful.

Mr. Burns has a favorite expression which he often uses in speaking of the criminals he has known: "He was overtrained" — by which he means that, in trying to avoid detection, the criminal becomes abnormally cautious.

"That man was lying," said Mr. Burns to his associates, in many cases connected with the land-fraud investigation, when by every apparent indication the statement was truthful. "He overtrained himself — he told a little too much"; and, the following day, Mr. Burns would tell the perjurer just where he lied, and the whole truth would come out.

In San Francisco, after it became known that William J. Burns was investigating the graft scandals, the *Bulletin* published a picture of Burns, with the heading, "The Man Who Never Failed"; and, for a time, the crooks laughed — but only for a time. He still has the remarkable record of never having failed in any case that he has undertaken.

Mr. Burns' success is due largely to the fact that in his work he recognizes no obstacles. "If you come to a stone wall, there must be a way around," he says. "Frame up a situation that will get you around or over." He keeps steadily at his task until it is finished, and no one has yet found a way to make him quit. When he is asked how many times attempts have been made to bribe him, he gives the brief but significant answer, "As many times as I have had cases." In the famous Philadelphia-Lancaster counterfeiting case, he was offered twenty-five thousand dollars, and afterward forty thousand dollars, to stop. In the San Francisco graft case, he was offered one hundred thousand dollars to leave the city. This failing, another offer guaranteed him one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars if he would take up work elsewhere.

MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

McCLURE'S STUDY OF THE INEVITABLE MOVEMENT OF THE CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH IN THIS COUNTRY

"MASTERS of Capital in America"— John Moody's and George Kibbe Turner's study of the concentration of wealth in this country — was brought in our January number to the end of its first section, the culmination of the great monopoly movement in railway capital in 1906.

The next section, beginning next month, will deal with the similar movement, that created, and brought into the same few hands that controlled the railroads, the control of the great industrial monopolies.

On one side,— in the story of the growth of individual fortunes,— these matter-of-fact articles have the quality of the treasure stories of the "Arabian Nights"; indeed, the rolling up of American fortunes in the past generation exceeds imagination: for the ownership of hundreds of millions and the control of billions of capital is a thing no human mind can represent to itself.

On the other side, the cold, inevitable movement of capital disclosed in the series is the manifestation of a terrifying social fact; it is a concrete statement of a great menace, that is dimly before every individual of the population. Ought so much power to come into so few hands? The whole social and economic spirit of revolt of the present time results from a feeling that it should not, and from a suspicion that the power is being wrongly used.

Whatever we may think about this, one thing is sure: this movement is not the result, as is too often argued, of the malevolent action of a few human minds and wills. It is far too great for this. The concentration of capital and industry is a tremendous social readjustment — world-wide, but nowhere so marked as in this new country, the United States.

The inevitability of this movement has never been shown more clearly than in the studies of Mr. Moody and Mr. Turner. The control of nine tenths of the American railroads, including all the best of these roads, drifted by reason of normal economic forces and usual human motives, into the hands of interrelated groups of capitalists in New York. Under the existing economic conditions, it could not have done otherwise.

When this movement had, in 1906, reached its present general outlines ninety per cent of the capital in this greatest business of the continent, involving actual capital of eleven billion dollars, lay in this central control. It is useless to try to imagine either the amount of money controlled, or the power that such a control gave to those possessing it.

But the centripetal movement of capital described was not confined to the railroads alone. In other great enterprises it was as great, and much more rapid and startling. It was, in fact, all one movement — in railroads and in industries. It was a movement of capital, not merely of particular industrial operations, and it is for that reason that the same figures appear constantly as its center: the Masters of Capital, who now control our industrial life — the bread we eat, the houses we live in, and the daily "work for a living" which is the first concern of every man.

The articles of Mr. Moody and Mr. Turner began with a description of the movement of English capital to this country; they have treated also the movement from the other great European source of capital, Germany. The forthcoming articles will deal with the growth of American capital, and especially its wonderful concentration in that astonishing American creation — the Standard Oil Company.

The Standard Oil Company as an investor and banker will form the subject matter of the next article in the series, and from this the articles will pass very soon to the central theme of the series — the concentration of control of the fluid capital of this country in the hands of great banking institutions in New York; the causes of that centralization; and the forces that operate and place their control and the control of the country's capital in the hands of a constantly decreasing number of men.

FROM A SKYSCRAPER

BY

ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

ABOVE the city's somber face,
The West's gay bubble burst to stars.
Between the curved sky and the place
Of streets' and avenues' bright bars,
A newly made tenth sphere was ours,
In that quite Ptolemaic space.

We searched the city's gleaming lines,
Translating them, with mutual aid,
As they had been the ancient signs
Of some old parchment—overlaid
With rubrics on the inter-shade,
Edged by the rivers' weird designs.

We found diversion in the game
Until the eldest of our four—
Three having said they spelled out "Fame,"
And "Power," and even "Wealth"—forbore
To speak in turn; then, rallied more
Than was our wont, he murmured, "Shame!"

While still we wondered at the word,
He told, with silences between,
How once the Holiest Man had heard
That splendid offer: He had seen
The world's great glory, and had been
Strong to keep heart and brain unstirred.

But he, our friend, whose face was white
And lined, though still his hair was brown,
Had not stood steadfast on the height.
We knew not how we drifted down
And through the clamor of the town.
We have not seen him since that night.